This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

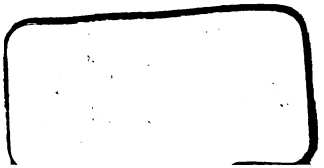
Coralie, or The wreck of the Sybille

Charles Henry Eden

TIATAVI FINDING CORALIE IN HER ROCKY CRADLE. P. 169.

Digitized by Google

600065409U



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CORALIE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TIATAVI FINDING CORALIE IN HER ROCKY CRADLE. P. 159.

Digitized by Google

CORALIE

OR THE

WRECK OF THE

SYBILLE

BY

Charles H. Eden

AUTHOR OF

Ralph Somerville.

The Twin Brothers of Elfvedale.

&c. &c.

MARCUS WARD & CO. LONDON & BELFAST

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CORALIE

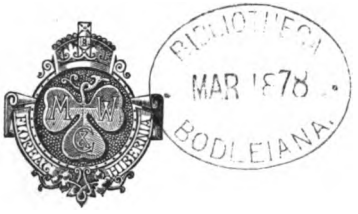
OR

The Wreck of the Sybille

BY

CHARLES H. EDEN

AUTHOR OF "RALPH SOMERVILLE," "THE TWIN BROTHERS OF ELFVEDALE," &C., &C.



London:
MARCUS WARD & CO., 67, CHANDOS STREET
AND ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST
1877

251. c. 655.

Digitized by Google

MARCUS WARD AND CO.
ROYAL ULSTER WORKS
BELFAST

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	7
I.	THE ELOPEMENT	21
II.	THE WRECK	34
III.	A FRIENDLY RECEPTION	52
IV.	THE CHIEF'S DWELLING	67
V.	A FRESH DISASTER	84
VI.	THE DIVER AND HIS FOE	99
VII.	"CORALIE"	117
VIII.	A CRUEL FATE	136
IX.	A PROPHECY FULFILLED	148
X.	L'ESPERANCE IN JEOPARDY	160
XI.	THE CONFLICT	173
XII.	HOW THE STRIFE TERMINATED	185
XIII.	HARMONY RESTORED	199
XIV.	A TIMELY RESCUE	211
XV.	THE YOUNG SMUGGLER	232
XVI.	THE "FLEETWING"	254
XVII.	UNDER THE CLIFFS	269
XVIII.	THE "NYMPH"	284
XIX.	THE AVENGER STARTED	299
XX.	THE CHASE ENDED	314
	CONCLUSION	322

Digitized by Google

Illustrations.

PAGE

TIATAVI FINDING CORALIE IN HER ROCKY CRADLE (p. 159) . . . *Frontispiece.*

A FRIENDLY RECEPTION 66

HINA-HINA WATCHES THE EFFECT OF THE SHOT 96

"SOON THE HEAD OF HAVILI APPEARED ABOVE THE BLOOD-STAINED WATER" 114

THE SERPENT CRUSHING LELLA . . . 145

"'ARE YOU READY?' CRIED CLAUDE, 'THEN FIRE!'" 154

SCHOONER BOARDED BY THE ENEMY . . . 172

"WITHOUT A GROAN OR STRUGGLE THE BRAVE BRETON FELL DEAD" 182

HAVILI DELIVERS THE LETTER . . . 198

"DOLORES AND HER CHILD WERE ONCE MORE REUNITED" 206

CAPTAIN STACEY AND JACK 246

STRAUSS'S TREACHERY PUNISHED . . . 262

"THIS FOR YOU, SCOUNDREL!" . . . 273

HOW THE PIRATES KILLED CAPTAIN TRANSOM . 296

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

THOUGH it would be absurd to say that the following little romance was descriptive of the loss of the celebrated French navigator La Pérouse, and though fiction far preponderates over fact in the pages of *Coralie*, still the idea of the story was undoubtedly suggested by the wrecks of the frigates *Astrolabe* and *Boussole;* and thinking that a brief account of all that is actually known concerning the fate of the illustrious Frenchman and the officers and men under his command would prove interesting to the reader, I have ventured to insert the following slight sketch in the shape of a preface.

Jean François de Galaup, Comte de la Pérouse, was born at Gus, in Languedoc,

Digitized by Google

August 22d, 1741. He early entered the French navy, and distinguished himself on attaining the rank of captain by the skill and judgment he displayed when sent to destroy the British settlements on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

In 1785 he was appointed to the command of an expedition, consisting of two frigates, the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*, fitted out for the purpose of marine exploration in the Pacific. Into the details of this it is unnecessary to follow him, it being sufficient to say that he performed his dangerous mission with perfect success.

In February, 1788, La Pérouse was at Botany Bay with his two vessels, from which place he wrote to the minister of marine announcing his intention of proceeding to the Isle of France by way of the Friendly Islands and New Guinea. Sailing from Australia shortly afterwards, all further trace of the expedition was lost for a great number of years, although d'Entrecasteaux was despatched by the French government in 1791

Digitized by Google

to clear up the mystery, and a reward of four hundred pounds offered for any information on the subject.

In the year 1813 Mr. Peter Dillon was an officer on board the Bengal ship *Hunter* when that ship left, at their own request, on the island of Tucopia a Prussian named Martin Bushart and a lascar named Achowlia.

Thirteen years later on Captain Dillon was in the same locality, and I cannot do better than to quote from the letter addressed by him to Mr. Lushington, chief secretary to the government in Bengal.

"On the 13th of May, 1826, in command of my own ship, the *St. Patrick*, bound from Valparaiso to Pondicherry, I came in sight of the island of Tucopia. Prompted by curiosity as well as regard for an old companion in danger, I hove my ship to off Tucopia, with the hope of ascertaining whether the persons left there in 1813 were still alive. Shortly a canoe put off from the land and came alongside; in it was the lascar. Immediately after another canoe came off with

Digitized by Google

Martin Bushart, the Prussian. They were both in sound health, and were exceedingly rejoiced to see me. They informed me that the natives had treated them kindly; that they lived very comfortably among them; that no ship had touched there from the time they were first landed until about a twelve-month previous to my arrival, when an English whaler visited the island for a short time, and a little after another whaler touched there. The lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he sold for a few fishing-hooks to one of my people. I inquired of the Prussian where it had come from: he told me that on his first arrival on the island he saw in the possession of the natives the sword-guard, several chain-plates belonging to a ship, also a number of iron bolts, five axes, the handle of a silver fork, a few knives, tea-cups, glass beads and bottles, one silver spoon with a crest and cipher, and a sword, all of French manufacture." The Prussian further stated that the articles in question came from a group of islands named Malicolo, distant two days'

Digitized by Google

canoe sail, and that the inhabitants of those islands had a number of similar articles in their possession.

"Upon examining the sword-guard minutely I discovered, or thought I discovered, the initials of Pérouse stamped upon it, which excited my suspicion, and made me more exact in my inquiries. I then, by means of Bushart and the lascar, questioned some of the islanders respecting the way in which their neighbours procured the silver and iron articles. They told me that the natives of Malicolo* stated that many years ago two large ships arrived at their islands; one anchored at the island of Whanoo, and the other at the island of Paiou, a little distance from each other. Some time after they anchored, and before they had any communication with the natives, a heavy gale arose, and both vessels were driven ashore. The ship that was anchored off Whanoo grounded

* It will be seen that the manner of spelling the names of the islands in the letter varies from that employed subsequently by Dillon; but Mannicolo and Malicolo, Whanoo and Wannow, &c., are the same places.

Digitized by Google

upon the rocks. The natives came in crowds to the sea-side, armed with clubs, spears, and bows and arrows, and shot some arrows into the ship, and the crew in return fired the guns and some musketry on them, and killed several. The vessel continuing to beat violently against the rocks, shortly went to pieces. Some of the crew took to their boats, and were driven on shore, where they were to a man murdered on landing by the infuriated natives; others threw themselves into the sea, but if they reached the shore it was only to share the fate of their wretched comrades, so that not a single soul escaped out of this vessel."

"The ship which grounded on Paiou was driven on a sandy beach, and the natives came down and also shot their arrows into her; but the crew prudently did not resent the aggression, but held up axes, beads, and other toys as peace-offerings, upon which the assailants desisted from hostilities. As soon as the wind moderated an aged chief put off in a canoe to the ship. He was received

Digitized by Google

with caresses, and presents offered him, which he accepted. He went on shore, pacified his countrymen, and assured them that the people on board were good and friendly men; upon which several of the natives came on board, and were all presented with toys. They soon supplied the crew with yams, fowls, bananas, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c., and confidence was established between them.

"The crew of the vessel were obliged to abandon her, and went on shore, bringing with them a great part of their stores. They remained for some time, and built a small vessel from the wreck of the large one. As soon as the small craft was ready to sail, as many as could conveniently get room embarked, being plentifully supplied with fresh provisions by the islanders. Several of their shipmates were left behind, and the commander promised to return speedily with presents for the natives, and to bring off the remainder of his crew: but she was never heard of afterwards by the islanders. Those who remained of the crew distributed

Digitized by Google

themselves among various chiefs, with whom they resided until their death. They had been left several muskets and some gunpowder by their comrades, and by means of these were of great service to their friends in battle with the neighbouring islanders."

Owing to the representations made by Captain Dillon the Indian government fitted out a vessel, the *Research*, for the prosecution of further inquiries, and placed him in command. He visited Mannicolo and found abundant proofs that the missing ships had been wrecked there.

Captain Dillon questioned the leading chief as follows:—

Q. "Have you ever seen any white men before?"—A. "No."

Q. "Did not you see the people who built the ship at Paiow?"—A. "No. I live at this side of the island, and we are constantly at war with the people residing at Paiow and Wannow. The chief who built the ship at Paiow wore clothes like you." The *Research*, be it recollected, was at this

Digitized by Google

time on the east side of Mannicolo; Wannow is on the west side.

Q. "How were the ships lost?"—A. "The island is surrounded by reefs at a distance off-shore. They got on the rocks at night, and one ship grounded near Wannow, and immediately went to the bottom."

Q. "Were none of the people from this ship saved?"—A. "Those that escaped from the wreck landed at Wannow, where they were killed by the natives. Several also were devoured by the sharks while swimming from the ship."

Q. "How many people were killed at Wannow?"—A. "Two at Wannow, two at Amma, and two more near to Paiow. These were all the white men who were killed."

Q. "If there were only six white men killed on shore, how, or from whence, came the sixty skulls that were in the spirit-house at Wannow, as described by Ta Fow, the hump-backed Tucopian, and others?"—A. "These were the heads of people killed by the sharks."

Digitized by Google

Q. "But would not the sharks eat the heads as well as the bodies of the white men?"—No answer.

Q. "How was the ship lost near Paiow?" —A. "She got on the reef at night, and afterwards drifted over it into a good place. She did not immediately break up, for the people had time to remove things from her, with which they built a two-masted ship."

Q. "How many moons were they in building it?"—A. "Plenty of moons."

Q. "How did they procure anything to eat?"—A. "They used to go into the *tara* fields and pull up the roots, and then plant the tops for a new crop. After they sailed away the people put their fields in order again."

Q. "Had these people no friends among the natives?"—A. "No. They were ship-spirits; their noses were two hands long before their faces. Their chief used always to be looking at the sun and stars, and beckoning to them. There was one of them who stood as a watch at their fence, with a bar of iron in

Digitized by Google

his hand, which he used to turn round his head. This man stood only upon one leg."

Dillon says, "This last answer imports that the cocked hats worn by the officers were mistaken by the natives for natural appendages to their heads; the chief beckoning to the sun and stars, the officer taking astronomical observations; and the man on one leg at the fence with the bar of iron in his hand, a sentinel with his musket."

Another man, examined some days later, stated "that at daylight one morning the Wannow people went out from their houses and found several white men with the kind of noses before described on the beach, and supposing them to be ghosts, immediately killed them. At this time the shore was strewed with dead bodies very much mutilated by the sharks; some without heads, the bowels of others torn out, and some with their legs off."

The following statement was also made by a native named Owallie:—"A long time ago the people of this island, upon coming out one morning, saw part of a ship on the reef oppo-

Digitized by Google

site to Paiow, where it held together till the middle of the day, when it was broken by the sea, fell to pieces, and large parts of it floated on shore along the coast. The ship got on the reef in the night, when it blew a tremendous hurricane, which broke down a considerable number of our fruit-trees. We had not seen the ship the day before. Four men were saved from her, and were on the beach at this place, whom we were about to kill, supposing them spirits, when they made a present to our chief of something, and he saved their lives. They lived with us a short time, and then joined their people at Paiow, who built a small ship there and went away in it. None of those four men were chiefs: they were only subordinate men. Those things which we sell you now have been procured from the ship wrecked on that reef, on which, at low water, our people were in the habit of diving and bringing up what they could find. . . . We killed none of the ship's people at this place, but several dead bodies were cast on shore, with the legs and other mem-

Digitized by Google

bers mutilated by the sharks. The same night another ship struck on a reef near Whannow and went down. There were several men saved from her, who built a little ship, and went away five moons after the big one was lost. While building it they had a great fence of trees round them to keep out the islanders, who, being equally afraid of them, they kept up but little intercourse. The white men used often to look at the sun through something, but we have none of those things. Two white men remained behind after the rest went away; the one was a chief and the other a common man, who used to attend on the white chief, who died about three years ago."

To enumerate all the articles found by the *Research* would occupy many pages, and any of my readers who care to follow the subject further will find every information in Captain Dillon's most interesting book, entitled *Narrative and Successful Result of a Voyage in the South Seas, performed by order of the Government of British India, to ascertain the*

Digitized by Google

Actual Fate of La Pérouse's Expedition, from which I have extracted the above quotations.

The French were not slow to acknowledge Captain Dillon's services. He was admitted to a private audience by Charles X., who conferred upon him the grade of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, together with an annuity of 4000 francs per annum for his own life, and half that amount to his family should they survive him.

In case natural historians may feel inclined to question the existence of serpents in the South Sea Islands, I again quote Dillon, but for the last time.

"Snakes as long as a Tucopian canoe (about twenty feet), and as thick as a man's arm, are numerous in the woods and jungles: they will boldly attack a man" (vol. ii. page 170).

The description of a fortress similar in construction and size to that mentioned in the text may be found in Mariner's *Tonga Islands,* vol. i. page 97.

Digitized by Google

CORALIE.

CHAP. I.—THE ELOPEMENT.

IT was midnight in the valley of Quillota, and perfect silence reigned throughout the large hacienda of Don José Zumala. No light was visible in all the many casements, and save the neighing of some wanton colt galloping playfully round the *corral*, to the disturbance of its more sober seniors, no sound broke the stillness of the station. Hardly had the clock in the bell-tower of the small chapel sounded the last stroke of the hour when a dark form was seen approaching from the direction of the yard in which the horses required for service on the following day were confined. Stealthily and with bare feet

Digitized by Google

the figure glided on to the broad verandah of the dwelling, and keeping well within the shadow of the wall crept cautiously onward until the centre casement of the left wing of the straggling mansion—the portion appropriated to visitors—was reached. Here the mysterious intruder paused, listened attentively for a few seconds, and then rapped gently at the Venetian blinds that shrouded the entrance to the chamber. A light tap in reply announced that the occupant of the room was astir, and with lowered tones the figure whispered in Spanish, "The horses are ready, Señor."

"Thanks, Pedro, and the Señorita?" replied a voice from within.

"I saw my sister Maria before I went to the *corral*, and she assured me her mistress would be ready. But dress quickly, Señor, for time presses. Give me your boots, or carry them in your hand, for not a footfall must be heard. The Don sleeps lightly."

Even as Pedro finished his sentence the Venetian blinds were thrust silently aside and

Digitized by Google

a young man in the uniform of a French naval officer stepped noiselessly on to the verandah, "I am quite ready. Do you think I should need to dress at such a time as this?" he whispered.

Pedro made no audible reply, but pressing his companion's arm to enjoin silence, he stole away into the darkness closely followed by the young man.

"Where are they to meet us?" asked the latter anxiously.

"At the three willows by the bank of the river," answered Pedro, in a more natural voice, for a hundred yards now separated them from the silent station; "but you can put on your boots, Señor, all danger of being overheard is past."

Claude de Chateaupré complied, and the two men then hastened onward. The distance to the trysting-place was less than a quarter of a mile, but who can picture the wild thoughts that ran riot in the young officer's breast during the short interval required to traverse those few hundred yards? His whole future

Digitized by Google

happiness depended on the issue of events during the next twenty-four hours. Was his elopement with the young Spaniard even suspected by her fierce guardian, no punishment short of death would be meted out to him by the lawless Chilian; or did he escape with life all prospect of a future union with Dolores de Llenera would be effectually barred by her ruthless consignment to a convent. Nor were these the only obstacles with which he had to contend. Supposing that he effected his escape, and could afford to laugh the wrath of the angry Don to scorn, how would the Emperor regard his conduct in making one of the imperial war-vessels a cage for two love-birds; and how would the stern old Count, his father, receive a bride entering his family under such peculiar circumstances? All this rushed through his brain as he sped over the well-beaten cattle track, but the sight of two muffled figures standing beside a group of horses dispelled all thought of the future, and outstripping his guide, the eager lover clasped in his arms the trembling form of the

Digitized by Google

weeping girl, whose heart he had so truly won that for the stranger's sake she was willing to leave guardian, country, home, and to enter upon an existence unknown to her, content in the thought that it was shared by him she loved.

"Oh! Claude, Claude, is it very wicked?"

"To fly from your uncle who has so ill-treated you? No!" but all further conversation was promptly checked by both Maria and her brother Pedro, who insisted on the necessity of immediate flight.

"Caramba, Señor," said the latter, "if you valued the Señorita's happiness and your own safety you would put foot in stirrup and lose no time. Come, mount; if one of the horses neighs we are lost."

Claude, whispering a few words of comfort to the girl, that caused her to smile through her tears, helped her to the saddle, Pedro performed the same kind office for his sister, and in a few minutes the fugitives were hastening out of the valley at the utmost speed of their fiery Chilian steeds. In half an hour

Digitized by Google

the rude, roughly-paved bridge over the river was reached, and at the summit of its peaked centre arch the party reined up and surveyed the level country behind them.

It was a sight on which the artist might gaze with admiration—overhead sailed the silvery moon amidst the dense deep-blue back-ground of the sky, fretted with a myriad stars, not feebly twinkling as in vapoury northern climes, but gazing placidly down with an unbroken radiance from realms so distant that their immensity was unfathomable and awe-inspiring. In the rear lay the portion of the valley they had just traversed, its broad expanse broken only by the tall poplars, whose gaunt forms marked the course of the river; and beneath them babbled the stream as it broke against the buttresses of the bridge, and, ruffled at the obstacle, wreathed itself into many a curling and foam-flecked eddy, ere rushing onward to the mountain pass that led it to the vast Pacific. Overshadowing the valley stood a range of mountains, the queens of the Southern Hemisphere—the

Digitized by Google

giant Andes. Aconcagua thrust its head proudly aloft into the serene azure, its summit emitting a thin volume of smoke, which, together with its snow-clad sides, caught a lustre from the moon that tinged the mighty range with an indescribable splendour.

"Oh! Claude, was ever anything so lovely?" murmured Dolores, as her lover pressed closer to her side. "Shall I ever see such mountains in France, eh! Claude?"

The young man was spared a reply, for Maria's horse suddenly neighed and Pedro's voice struck in abruptly—"Onward, Señor el Capitano, we are pursued."

One long piercing gaze in the direction of the hacienda revealed a black speck moving on the plain. It was a band of horsemen on their trail, and wheeling round, the fugitives struck home the spur, and clattering down the steep arch of the bridge, bent low in their saddles as the headlong gallop towards Valparaiso was resumed.

Yes, their flight had been discovered. A peon roaming about—for what purpose he

Digitized by Google

would probably have been unwilling to say—had witnessed the elopement, and, in hopes of a reward, had lost no time in communicating the discovery to his master. His just recompense he received in the deep curse and heavy blow with which the enraged haciendero welcomed the intelligence, but none the less was the mischief done, and in less than half an hour a dozen gauchos were in the saddle, pricking madly after the fugitives; at their head, speechless with rage and mortification, rode Don José Zumala.

Onward for many a weary league sped the lovers and their two faithful attendants. The Bell of Quillota is rounded and left far behind, and the sleeping villagers at *Péña Blanca* turn in their beds and cross themselves as the silence of the night is broken by iron-shod hoofs ringing on the flinty pavement. Still onward, and now the little *posada* or roadside inn kept by Juan Morales, an old friend of Pedro's, comes in sight.

"Señor, we *must* pull up here for ten minutes, otherwise the horses will never reach

Digitized by Google

the sea," cries the latter, spurring his willing animal alongside the lovers, who are riding side by side. "We must wash out their mouths with some beer, and then they will carry us through."

"As you please; you know best," replies Claude, and in a moment more they have reined in and committed their steeds to the care of Pedro and the innkeeper.

Dolores is faint with terror and fatigue, but somewhat reassured by the bold bearing of her maid Maria, and by the tender encouragement lavished upon her by her lover, she takes a few mouthfuls of refreshment, and remounts invigorated and hopeful.

"Oh Maria! my scarf, I have left it on the bench."

"No, Señorita, I have got it here."

And now the weary gallop is resumed, the tension of the riders' minds making each minute seem an hour. At length the summit of a small ridge is reached, and before them lies the sea, the broad bay of Valparaiso, its surface unruffled by the faintest breeze.

Digitized by Google

"*Dieu soit béni!*" shouts the young man joyously, inspirited by the sight of his native element. "Now, *ma chérie*, we shall soon be in safety. Pray Heaven that de Kergnac has attended to my orders and that the boat is in readiness," he adds to himself as they sweep onward over the sand of the bay, left firm by the receding tide.

But soon all uncertainty is cleared away, for day breaks, and not a mile ahead they see the frigate's barge. A few minutes more and they will be safe from the pursuit of the savage band, the clatter of whose horses' hoofs can be plainly heard as they rush headlong down the side of the little ridge fringing the margin of the sea.

And now the barge is reached, and de Kergnac himself rushes forward to welcome his Captain's bride.

"Shove off, shove off," cries the latter, after helping his three companions on board, "for Heaven's sake let us get off before they come up."

But by some mischance the boat has

Digitized by Google

grounded, and only by half a dozen of the crew jumping out can she be lightened sufficiently to move, and during the few seconds required to perform this Don José has reached the spot, and, livid with passion, has commanded his niece to return. Terrified at the voice of the savage Chilian, both Dolores and Maria hide their faces; but now the boat yields to the pressure of the seamen's shoulders, and she glides out tranquilly into deep water.

"*Adio, Señor,*" cries Pedro, waving his hand to his old master.

With a fearful imprecation the latter draws a pistol from his holster, and, taking steady aim at the crouching figure of his niece, pulls the trigger. A scream of agony follows the report, but before the smoke has cleared away the murderer has wrenched his horse's head round and has joined the gauchos, who, seeing further pursuit is useless, have reined up on an adjoining eminence.

"Give way, men, for God's sake, give way, and let us see if the surgeon can be of any use!" cries Claude, as, assisted by de Ker-

Digitized by Google

gnac and Pedro, he supports the motionless form of the poor girl.

"It is useless," says Pedro, quietly, after placing his hand on the region of the heart, "you had better look to the Señorita now; my poor sister is past earthly care."

Two days after the above occurrence the French twenty-eight gun frigate *Sybille* hove-to a couple of hundred miles from the coast of Chili. A deep gloom pervaded the vessel, and the mournful tone of the ship's bell, struck at intervals, announced that a body was about to be committed to the deep. Even the rugged seamen could hardly refrain from tears as the *Padre* read the funeral service, and the good old priest's own voice shook so that he had great difficulty in concluding the ceremony. At last it was ended, and the ocean closed over the mortal remains of Maria Moreno, whom Don José had mistaken for his niece, owing to the scarf she carried on her shoulders.

The frigate filled and stood westward, bound for New Zealand; but long ere she

Digitized by Google

reached those wild islands the old *Padre* had performed another duty,—the marriage of Dolores de Llenero with the Viscomte de Chateaupré, Capitaine de Frégate in the service of his imperial majesty the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and from this point my story may be said fairly to begin.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. II.—THE WRECK.

WITH her white wings expanded to the favouring breeze the *Sybille* speeded onward. The warm air was laden with the fragrance of sandal-wood wafted across the waters from the lovely islands amongst which she held her course, and clouds of flying-fish arising from the foam under her bows, glittered in the sun as they skimmed over the tiny waves closely pursued by rainbow-hued dolphins, to whose superior swiftness and agility many of their number fell victims. On the starboard beam, and distant not more than a mile, lay an island, on whose rock-bound shore the surf was beating lazily and dreamily, with a gentle subdued moan that added not a little to the enjoyment of the scene. As the vessel held on her way deep inlets opened to the

Digitized by Google

view, and the beholders caught glimpses of valleys thickly covered with tropical vegetation, amidst whose depths the feathery palms shot proudly skyward, and tossed their plumage in the wind, as though in salutation to the passing ship. In the rear lay rugged mountains, clothed with a mantle of emerald sward, and ever and anon a tiny white streak would be visible amongst their fastnesses, where a rivulet leaping from crag to crag threw itself seaward in a snowy cascade. On the beach many habitations were seen, clustering amongst the cocoa-nut trees that fringed the sand, and from these the natives, on perceiving the vessel, came rushing down, waving green bows in token of friendship and welcome, or launching their canoes through the surf, plied the paddles in the vain hope of overtaking the stately frigate.

"Oh! Claude, how lovely!" exclaimed Dolores, who with her husband was leaning over the lee quarter watching the ever-changing but ever beautiful scene, "how lovely! Surely life can offer nothing more

Digitized by Google

enjoyable than a home in one of these secluded islands. Fancy living in that little valley, Claude, far from any of the cares and anxieties of the civilized world; existing on the bread-fruit and the plantain, and striving to ennoble the existence of these simple islanders."

"What, dear! and you would give up the great fêtes at the Tuileries, in which you formerly professed so deep an interest. Do you remember one afternoon at the *hacienda* —" but a pained expression had passed over the girl's fair face, and stopping abruptly, Claude gently encircled her waist, and proceeded in a lower tone: "You are still grieving, my darling; surely you do not regret leaving your uncle when—"

"Never name him before me!" she broke in impetuously. "If I am at times sad it is only that I think of poor Maria, and too great happiness is always tinged with a certain melancholy."

As she uttered the last words Dolores looked up affectionately at her husband and nestled yet closer to his side.

Digitized by Google

"No, Claude," she continued, "you need never fear that I shall regret the past, only the change from despair to perfect happiness has come so suddenly that I often think it must all be a dream, and that I shall wake up some morning to find myself once more at Quillota. You know how my uncle treated me; how, to release himself from the results of his mania for gambling, he insisted on my marrying Ramon de Ramirez, a man known throughout the length and breadth of South America as a gamester and an unprincipled profligate; and you know how, on my refusal, he threatened to immure me in a convent. And those were not vain threats, Claude, for poor Maria found out that he had written to the Bishop of Santiago, and obtained an order for my admittance amongst the Carmelite sisterhood in case I persisted in disregarding his commandment. It was to meet Ramon de Ramirez that he took me down to Valparaiso, to appear at the ball where I first saw you, Claude. From my earliest childhood he has treated me with harshness and

Digitized by Google

disregard; even during my poor mother's lifetime he could not dissemble the dislike he felt to me as the one obstacle between himself and the large property left by my father, and her last hours were embittered by the thought that she left her only child in the power of such a man; but there was no alternative, he was my lawful guardian, and he lost no opportunity of asserting his authority. Affection for him I never felt, all respect soon became lost in disgust at his rapacity, and latterly in actual fear of his violence. The last dread deed, to which poor Maria fell a victim, has severed every tie, and turned my fear to actual abhorrence. By that cruel act he has placed a gulf between us which time can never bridge over: and now, dear, we will never, if you please, mention his name again."

It would be tedious were I to describe the daily events on board of the *Sybille*. In due course she arrived at New Zealand, and from thence proceeded to Sydney for the purpose of taking in provisions and water. Even then—though it was in the early part of the

Digitized by Google

present century, and the colony of New South Wales had been settled less than twenty years—the town gave some indication of the eminence to which it was hereafter to attain. Having laid in the necessary supplies, and forwarded despatches to the Minister of Marine, the *Sybille* sailed for the Coral Seas, from whence she was to return to Toulon, having been now absent from France for more than three years. The whole crew were in excellent spirits at the thought of again seeing their native country, and the most ardent wish of de Chateaupré was to complete the dangerous surveying service in an almost unknown sea, on which the vessel was engaged, in a creditable manner, which might possibly avert the censure of the authorities incurred by his having his wife on board, a proceeding which was contrary to the rules of the service, but less culpable on his part from the fact that the *Sybille* was employed on a scientific mission, and by mutual agreement between the governments of England and France, then engaged in a deadly

Digitized by Google

warfare, expeditions of this nature were exempted from capture, and might even call at an enemy's port to refit; a clause of which the French frigate had taken advantage in visiting the British colony of New South Wales.

In nine months after leaving Sydney the *Sybille's* work was nearly done. New Caledonia had been carefully surveyed and several inaccuracies in previous charts corrected; the Solomon Islands had been visited—those islands upon whose dangerous shores an old legend asserts that a noble Spanish galleon, freighted with gallant cavaliers and fair ladies, was lost, and proceeds to say that the white colour of the inhabitants is due to the intermarriage of the latter with the natives; several additions to geographical knowledge had been made; and now, at an entertainment given by de Chateaupré to his officers, whilst the frigate was snugly moored in a quiet cove at Tonga, he announced that in three days' time the good ship's prow would be pointed homeward, and that upon wind and

Digitized by Google

weather alone depended the date of their arrival in "*la belle France.*" Cheers, loud and prolonged, hailed the joyful intelligence, and as the creamy champagne passed around the future was largely discounted, and all the pleasure of meeting wives, friends, and those most dear to them, talked over excitedly by the happy group.

Will these anticipations of happiness be fulfilled? Will Paul de Kergnac ever return to the old Breton chateau, and, saddling the swiftest horse in his father's stables, ride forth to meet the fair girl to whom he plighted his troth four long years ago? or will Raoul d'Entreville, that handsome lad with the raven hair and the liquid eyes of the sunny south, ever embrace the little sister who counts the days of his absence amidst the vines of Provence? To answer these questions here would be out of place; the sequel will show how their dreams of happiness were realized.

It had been blowing in sudden squalls for some days; the barometer had fallen un-

Digitized by Google

usually low, and the leaden sky overhead looked gloomy and threatening. It was now a dead calm, and Claude de Chateaupré paced the deck in manifest uneasiness, for recent observations had revealed the existence of an unsuspected current, and the frigate was traversing a portion of the Coral Seas marked "unknown" in the latest charts.

"The glass is going down still, sir," said de Kergnac, the first lieutenant, "what had we better do?"

"Nothing more is possible," replied the Captain; "we have sounded and found no bottom at 120 fathoms, and all the light canvas has been taken in. Our only plan now is to wait and see from what quarter the wind will spring up."

For several hours the frigate lay rolling heavily, her yard-arms almost dipping in the water, but not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the sea. The atmosphere was painfully oppressive; the crew, stifled in the confined region between decks, gathered themselves in knots upon the forecastle and

Digitized by Google

gangways, and muttered ominously as they glanced aloft, where several sea-birds had perched upon the spars and standing rigging, terrified at the unwonted stillness reigning around.

"Is there any danger, Claude?" asked Dolores, who had made her way upon deck, and joined her husband.

He supported her with one arm whilst he maintained his position by grasping a belaying pin with the other hand, and answered, "Danger! how can you think so when there is no wind?"

"But look at the sailors how anxious they seem; and I am sure M. de Kergnac has been into the cabin twenty times to look at the barometer; now I know he would never do that unless something unusual was expected, and the ship is rolling so dreadfully I can neither read nor work down below. What is that line of white there, Claude? I hope it is a breeze, and then the ship will be more steady."

As she spoke Dolores pointed to the dis-

Digitized by Google

tant horizon, where a narrow streak of foam was faintly visible. Seizing a speaking-trumpet the captain thundered out his orders, for it was now evident from which quarter the wind was coming, and it would require the utmost expedition to trim the sails to meet its fury.

"Go below, Dolores," he said to his wife, "you can come up again when quiet is restored."

And indeed the bustle of the deck, where the crew were hauling frantically at the braces, rendered it a place totally unfitted for a lady. Round swung the yards, and the lifts and trusses were barely steadied taut before the blast was upon them, and even under her reduced canvas the frigate heeled over until it seemed improbable that she would ever reassume an upright position without sacrificing one or more of her masts.

"Hard a-larboard the helm," cried Claude, "up with it!" and as the vessel gathered way her head fell off, and she slowly rose to an even keel.

Digitized by Google

"There is nothing left but to run before it," said de Chateaupré to the first lieutenant. "To lay to in this unknown sea, where coral reefs are as thick as herrings in *La Manche* would be madness. We must stand on, keep a good look-out for breakers, and trust in Providence. Take in the foretop-sail, de Kergnac, we don't want more way on her than we can help, and with the close-reefed main-top-sail and reefed foresail she will be more handy."

As the time drew on towards sunset, the wind increased rather than abated, and aided by the heavy swell that had existed before the arrival of the wind, the waves now ran very high, threatening at every moment to break over the frigate's stern and overwhelm her.

"We must make more sail, de Kergnac," said Claude, as a towering sea curled up under the counter and seemed in the act of toppling inboard. "Send the men aloft to loose the mainsail."

The seamen crowded into the main rigging,

Digitized by Google

but before the foremost had reached the futtock-shrouds he stopped abruptly, pointing ahead, and striving to make his voice audible amidst the roar of the tempest.

"Hard a-starboard," hailed Claude, who had sprung into the mizzen rigging, and could make out a long line of breakers towards which the ship was standing with fearful velocity.

Though no sound reached the deck the motion of his arms denoted the Captain's wish, and the men at the wheel turned the spokes hurriedly in the required direction. As the vessel, answering her helm readily despite the heavy sea running, came to the wind, the suspense was awful; but now the fury of the gale, that had hitherto been felt only in a modified form owing to their having scudded before it, broke upon them in all its intensity, and the canvas that they then carried with impunity now proved too much for the standing rigging, rotten and worn out with nearly four years' exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather. With a crack that made it-

Digitized by Google

self heard above the wind the after swifter of the fore rigging parted. The remaining shrouds held on bravely for a while, but a heavy sea struck the weather-bow and poured a body of water into the belly of the foresail. The strain was too great for the hemp, and the foremast went crashing over the side, dragging with it the jibboom, and leaving the unfortunate frigate helpless within a league of the angry breakers.

Their doom was now sealed, and destruction inevitable. The men became paralyzed with fear, and no longer thought of obeying the orders of their officers. Claude and de Kergnac, rushing forward, seized axes and cut away the best bower anchor from the bows, but the depth of water was too great, and it never reached the bottom. In such a position seamanship was of no avail. That the vessel must go ashore was certain, unless some opening occurred in the reef at the place towards which she was drifting.

Finding the anchor would not hold Claude and his first lieutenant made their way aft,

Digitized by Google

and ascending the mizzen rigging anxiously scanned the line of surf ahead, but no patch of unbroken water met their expectant eyes. The darkness which now enshrouded the vessel added to the confusion, and some of the seamen, rendered desperate by the near approach of death, broke into the spirit room, and drowned their fears in helpless intoxication.

"I think I can make out a place where the foam is not quite so continuous as elsewhere," said de Kergnac, pointing in the indicated direction.

"You are right," replied the Captain, "you remain here and endeavour to point out the passage as we near it, and I will try to head the vessel for it."

Descending upon deck de Chateaupré rallied his men, and some of the most resolute went aloft to loose the mainsail, and by that means endeavour to get some command over the ship, for the maintop-sail had been blown out of the bolt-ropes when the foremast went over the side, and the frigate was now drifting

Digitized by Google

broadside on to the reef, as helpless as a log of wood. Placing four men at the helm upon whom he could depend, the Captain saw the main-tack and sheet well manned, and the moment the canvas quitted the yard it was hauled aboard, and by the mercy of Providence without splitting. Immediately the frigate felt its influence, and gathering way, soon became once more obedient to her helm. Standing on one of the quarter-deck guns the Captain kept his eyes steadily fixed on de Kergnac, who by motions of either hand indicated whether the ship's head was to move to starboard or larboard. The *Sybille* was now rushing onward with terrible velocity, and to all appearance speeding to certain destruction, for within a mile of her lay a line of jagged coral breakers, upon which, in five minutes, the stoutest ship ever launched would be dashed to atoms. It was an awful sight, and the men on the forecastle came aft as they neared the reef, to place a longer distance between them and destruction. But the gallant Breton upon whose coolness and self-posses-

Digitized by Google

sion so much depended, never lost nerve. Seated in the mizzen rigging he fearlessly surveyed the boiling surge and conned the ship as calmly as though she were entering Brest harbour.

"God have mercy on Dolores, and upon us all!" muttered Claude fervently, as the frigate swooped into the seething foam, amidst whose fleecy mass her hull was almost enshrouded.

For the space of twenty seconds every man held his breath as he clung to the bitts or bulwarks in expectation of the coming shock, but the voice of Claude rang out above the hoarse breakers, "Stand by the small bower anchor. Hard a-starboard the helm."

The outer reef was passed by a miracle, but before the seamen could obey their Captain's order a sudden shock threw them all prostrate on the deck, and the mainmast, which had stood out so gallantly, went crashing over the bows—the *Sybille* had escaped destruction on the outer coral barrier, but had rushed headlong on to the island that lay

Digitized by Google

within the centre of the reef. That the ship was lost no one could doubt, but by the Divine mercy their lives were all secured, and many heartfelt prayers ascended that night to the Heavenly Throne from the crew of the stranded ship, and by no two people were thanks more humbly offered than by the Captain, to whose courage they were all indebted for their lives, and brave little Dolores, whose keen eyes had first detected the coming hurricane, and thus allowed many extra and valuable minutes for the preparations to meet it.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. III.—A FRIENDLY RECEPTION.

THERE was but little rest for any of the *Sybille's* ship's company on that eventful night, and daylight was awaited by the whole crew with the utmost anxiety. The frigate was perfectly steady, for, though the hurricane still raged around her, the water inside the outer reef was smooth, and the imperfect examination they were enabled to conduct revealed that the *Sybille* had been driven on to the island with a force that precluded all hope of ever launching her into deep water again. The velocity at which she had been moving had firmly imbedded the fore part of the vessel in the sandy coral, and a hole was torn in her bows through which the water rushed impetuously until the

Digitized by Google

lower deck and holds were completely submerged.

The first step taken by de Chateaupré and his officers was the restoration of order and discipline. Some of the men who had shown themselves most prominent in breaking into the spirit room were arrested and lodged in irons; others, less culpable, were simply exempted from any share of the double allowance of grog which the Captain now ordered to be served out to the weary crew. Owing to these vigorous and conciliatory measures the men soon showed all their customary alacrity, their confidence in the officers returned tenfold, and the buoyancy of spirit innate in every Frenchman soon asserted itself throughout the whole ship's company.

And whilst the men were assembled round the grog tub, Claude was holding a consultation in his cabin with de Kergnac and the second lieutenant.

"We must be prepared to meet any attack," said the latter, "so ammunition had better be served out for the small arms."

Digitized by Google

"True. But how can we get at the magazine? It is several feet under water."

"Oh, we must wait until daylight to manage that," said Claude; "meanwhile, a skilful diver can easily recover some of the arms chests. We must get the boom boats over the side and then try to stop the leak sufficiently to admit of our using the pumps and freeing the ship of some of the water."

Under the directions of de Kergnac the arms chests were hauled upon deck, their contents distributed, and each man at once set to work cleaning his musket and rendering it efficient; whether they would be required or not daybreak would soon show. A party under the command of Beaumanoir, the second lieutenant, cast loose the lashings of the boom boats, and with axes cut away the hammock netting on the shore side, so as to launch them at the earliest opportunity. This would be a work of considerable difficulty, for the boats were very heavy, and owing to the loss of the fore and main masts, derricks were necessary to get them safely over the side.

Digitized by Google

And having seen all hands cheerfully at work Claude entered the cabin in search of his wife. Any fear she may have felt when the ship was seemingly speeding to destruction had now entirely disappeared, and the young husband gave vent to an expression of delight on finding his little wife as cheerful as though the frigate had still a thousand fathoms of blue water under her keel.

"Oh, Claude," she exclaimed as he entered, "I am so glad to see you at last. I knew your duty did not permit you to come to me any sooner, but now you shall tell me everything."

"Everything can be told in a very few words, my darling. The *Sybille* is a total wreck, and we shall have to live on the island until assistance arrives. I shall send Beaumanoir in the launch to Sydney, and the governor is sure to despatch a British man-of-war to our rescue without delay."

"Then we shall picnic on the island for a few weeks. Do you remember my saying how delightful it would be to spend one's

Digitized by Google

whole life on one of these lovely spots? Well, Claude, my wish has been realized. You will find me no trouble, I assure you."

"You are a brave little woman," replied her husband, affectionately, "and you set me a noble example by looking at the matter in its best light. How we shall fare in the future the dawn of day will show us. Perhaps the islanders may be hostile, but we are nearly 200 in number, and have little to fear on that score. A great load is taken from my breast at finding my wife so courageous. But I must go on deck again now; you had better collect everything of value, and have your wardrobe ready for transfer to the shore."

On leaving the cabin Claude was met by de Kergnac, who imparted to him the welcome intelligence that the tide was falling, and that the water in the ship was consequently considerably reduced. "I think we shall soon be able to get at the magazine," he added, "but in the meantime the gunner has drawn the charges from the guns, and

Digitized by Google

made them up into musket cartridges. The men have improvised bullets by hammering their buttons round, and by rolling up pieces of broken bottle in rags. Altogether, if the natives venture to attack us we shall be able to give them a warm reception."

"Well, half an hour will clear up all doubts," replied the captain, "it is already getting light to the eastward."

Shortly after the ill-fated *Sybille* ran upon the island the wind had sensibly abated, and from its veering round gradually it became apparent that she had fallen in with one of the fearful rotatory storms or cyclones which occasionally sweep over the Coral Seas. When the sun arose only a fresh breeze was blowing, and daylight gave the shipwrecked men an opportunity of examining the coast upon which an adverse fate had driven them. It was then found that the frigate had run ashore upon a coral island of considerable extent, surrounded by a reef, from whose jagged projections she had so narrowly escaped, and over which the roar of the heavy swell

Digitized by Google

was still audible, affording ample proof how near they had been to instant destruction.

A closer examination showed that a smaller reef existed some 300 yards from the beach, and in this the frigate was firmly imbedded. As the tide had now fallen several feet, portions of this ledge were visible above the surface, and the lead showed that deep water lay under the stern of the vessel. This discovery revealed a new danger, for if the tide fell much more she might slip back off the reef and founder before they could get at the provisions, and land the bare necessaries of life.

To prevent this the small bower anchor was dropped under the forefoot, and a kedge carried out by one of the quarter boats. These precautionary measures occupied the attention of the ship's company until eight o'clock, by which time some fresh water had been got from the hold, and being mixed with wine, was served out to the men as some sort of an apology for breakfast.

Meanwhile Claude and de Kergnac were

Digitized by Google

scrutinizing the shores of the island, which, for some months to come, seemed likely to be their home. It was mountainous on the east side, where the *Sybille* had run ashore, the hills rising straight from the sea, and covered with dense vegetation to their very summits. On their right hand a rocky point jutted out into the sea, over which smoke arose, denoting that the island was inhabited. As yet no natives had made their appearance, so Claude determined to man his gig and survey the coast beyond this point, for the mountains rose too abruptly to allow of an encampment being formed abreast of the ship, and before landing the men fresh water must be discovered. Dolores betrayed such repugnance to being separated from her husband even for a few hours, and begged so earnestly for permission to accompany him, that he was quite unable to withstand her entreaties, and she accordingly took her seat in the stern-sheets of the gig, which shoved off after Claude had given directions to the first lieutenant to get out the boom boats and

Digitized by Google

endeavour to reach the powder in the magazine.

Propelled by six sturdy pairs of arms the boat swept onward, and soon opened to sight a spacious bay situated on the further side of the rocky point. Here was seen a large native village, the inhabitants of which speedily perceived the boat, and rushing into their huts, shortly afterwards emerged with clubs, bows, and spears, and running down to the beach, ranged themselves in a line, brandishing their weapons, pointing their arrows, and showing every intention to prevent the Europeans from landing. As the gig neared the shore an opening in the dense foliage revealed a cascade falling from the hills, and it became evident that the village was situated in the immediate vicinity of fresh water. To open a friendly communication with the natives now became of the utmost importance, so, stopping for a moment at the point to cut down a green palm bough —the Polynesian flag of truce, or perhaps, rather, token of friendship—Claude, hold-

Digitized by Google

ing the bough in one hand and his musket in the other, steered for a small opening at one end of the village, where he saw several canoes hauled up on the beach, and where it seemed probable that the stream fell into the sea.

On seeing that the Europeans were determined to land, the islanders divided into two bodies, which drew up in battle array some fifty yards apart from each other, on either side of the spot for which the boat was heading. De Chateaupré had visited many of the Polynesian Islands, but never had he seen a more formidable race than those now before him. The warriors were of great stature, and every motion marked the deep enmity with which they regarded the new-comers. In front of each division stood several chiefs, who, turning round from time to time, harangued their men, and swung their mighty war-clubs round their heads, as though they had been no heavier than feathers. But with a dauntless countenance Claude stood facing them, waving his bough, and shouting out the

Digitized by Google

customary salutation amongst the islands, "*Ehöa! Ehöa!*"

When the gig was within forty yards of the beach Claude ordered the men to lay on their oars, whilst he advanced to the bows, showing his palm branch. It was a service of great danger, for the warriors held their bent bows in readiness to discharge a volley of arrows at the slightest sign from their chiefs.

As the boat drifted onward a gigantic savage, armed with a huge carved club, who seemed the leader, turned round, and said something to his men, in a language with which Claude was utterly unacquainted.

"He is giving the order to fire. For Heaven's sake do not expose yourself, Claude!" cried Dolores, and, regardless of the peril to which she exposed herself, the anxious girl stood upright in the stern-sheets of the boat, an easy mark for the missiles of the hostile islanders.

At sight of her fair form, clad in thin white muslin, from which the boat-cloak that Claude had carefully wrapped round her had slipped

Digitized by Google

unheeded in her excitement, the savages stood petrified with awe and astonishment. Probably they had never seen a white man before, and this radiant vision visiting them from the stormy ocean filled them with admiring wonder. Seeing the impression she had produced, Dolores remained erect with her arms extended towards the natives, who were now within less than twenty yards, for the boat continued to drift inshore. It was a moment of intense excitement to the Europeans, who knew that their safety hung upon a thread, for retreat was now impossible, and by one discharge of their poisoned arrows the whole of the occupants of the gig would be doomed to destruction. Claude continued gently waving his bough and calling out "*Ehöa!*" while the savages remained motionless as though carved in stone, their eyes fixed upon Dolores.

But suddenly the spell was broken. A native standing in the rear of the leader stepped forward, released his bow-string, and the arrow passed amidst the raven hair flowing over the girl's shoulder.

Digitized by Google

"Back of all!" thundered Claude, as he dropped the bough and raised his musket for the purpose of sending a bullet through the aggressor.

But there was no need for him to fire. Quick as lightning the gigantic Chieftain turned round, and swinging his formidable club around his head, brought it down with the full strength of both his arms on the offender's forehead. The miserable man fell lifeless to the sand, his skull crushed as though it had been no thicker than an egg-shell, whilst the Chief poured forth a torrent of indignation on the other warriors, who, throwing down their weapons, fled precipitately into the jungle, leaving him alone to receive the Europeans, who were naturally rather startled at the sudden alteration in the state of affairs.

A couple of strokes of the oars ran the boat's bow upon the beach, when Claude immediately jumping ashore, advanced to meet the Chief, who had thrown aside the club of whose destructive powers he had given so recent a proof. With a dignified and yet respectful

Digitized by Google

bearing the latter came forward, and to Claude's astonishment, folded him in a loving embrace, kissing him on the forehead, and pronouncing repeatedly the words "Motohico" and "Hina-hina." By gestures he gave de Chateaupré to understand that the former stood for his name and the latter for the Chieftain's, since he had taken the newcomer under his protection, the first assurance of which was an exchange of titles.

When Dolores came forward to the bows of the boat Hina-hina prostrated himself upon the sand with his face hidden by both hands, and remained in that position until she stepped ashore, and advancing towards the Chief, touched him lightly on the shoulder. He then arose and stood before her in simple wonderment. Evidently the islander had never seen a European before, and the fair form now presented to his view struck his untutored mind with mingled awe and admiration. Claude was in some doubt as to whether their new acquaintance would fold his wife in the same kindly embrace that had

Digitized by Google

been bestowed upon himself, but the Chief's attitude was one of dignified submission and respect, and turning round towards the village he motioned with his hand in token that the party were to follow his guidance.

Digitized by Google

A FRIENDLY RECEPTION.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAP. IV.—THE CHIEF'S DWELLING.

THE cluster of houses or huts composing the village stood inside a grove of cocoa-nuts that grew within a hundred yards of the sea. The habitations occupied both sides of the stream, which was here about knee-deep, and access to either bank of which was gained by large stepping-stones, evenly laid, and worn perfectly smooth by the feet of the natives in passing and repassing. The houses or "*falles*" were of considerable size, erected upon piles some three feet high and neatly thatched with palm leaves. Around each dwelling was a fenced-in plot of cultivated land, very carefully tended, and producing sweet-potatoes, yams, and the cava root. The

Digitized by Google

signs of the hurricane that had proved so disastrous to the *Sybille* were painfully evident in every direction, some of the *falles* were blown completely down, others had the thatched roofs displaced and deranged, and many noble cocoa-nut trees—the main source of wealth in the South Sea Islands—were fairly torn up by the roots, and now lay prostrate on the ground. Meanwhile the party advanced, Hina-hina leading the way, closely followed by Claude and Dolores, behind whom marched the gig's crew with their muskets ready in case of treachery, and as they proceeded the heads of many curious natives were visible gazing from behind bushes, rocks, and trunks of trees at the strange visitors. On perceiving them Hina-hina halted, spoke several sentences in a tone of command, and then again led the way onward. The purport of his speech became speedily apparent, for the inhabitants, men, women, and children, at once showed fearlessly in the open, and crossing the stepping-stones followed in the rear of the party.

Digitized by Google

"See, Claude," said Dolores, "the warriors have all laid aside their arms, would it not show greater confidence in our new friends if you ordered your men to do the same?"

"Of course it would, dear. Your little head is worth a dozen in an emergency like the present. But these islanders are terrible pilferers, and if we stacked the muskets under a tree we should probably search in vain for them on our return."

"Never mind, you must run a little risk; the Chief will take care they are left untouched; I will try and explain to him our object."

Stepping forward, Dolores arrested their guide's attention, and by means of gestures, and pointing at the unarmed warriors, made him understand their wishes. He seemed highly gratified at this mark of confidence, and prostrated himself upon the ground whilst the boat's crew were piling their arms, his recumbent position being immediately followed by the whole of the tribe in the rear, who might now muster over 500 souls.

Digitized by Google

Immediately the clang of iron, arising from the interlocking of the ramrods, had ceased, Hina-hina arose, and calling a lad from among the islanders, gave him some instructions in a few words, whereupon the little fellow darted backwards, flew across the stepping-stones, and was lost to sight only to reappear in a few moments with a chaplet of leaves twined together in a peculiar manner, which he handed to the Chief with marks of great respect. The latter, advancing towards the stack of arms, placed the wreath over the muzzles of the pile of firelocks, smiling pleasantly and repeating the words "taboo," "taboo."

"Oh! come, they are safe enough now," said Claude, "and the ceremony is good proof that they entertain no evil intentions. We can go on fearlessly; all danger of treachery is at an end."

The word "taboo" is of common use among ourselves, and may be said to have become incorporated into the English language as signifying some object that must be left untouched. The custom of setting things apart

Digitized by Google

by this curious rite is common to all the Polynesian Islands, though entirely unknown in any other part of the world. The signification of the word itself is "sacred," and the prohibitory fillet is usually attached by a priest, though high chiefs have also the power of tabooing. The causes giving rise to this extraordinary custom seem quite inexplicable, for no two writers agree upon the subject. Herman Melville says:—

"I cannot determine with anything approaching to certainty what power it is that imposes the taboo. When I consider the slight disparity of condition among the islanders—the very limited and inconsiderable prerogatives of the king and chiefs—and the loose and indefinite functions of the priesthood, most of whom are hardly to be distinguished from the rest of their countrymen, I am wholly at a loss where to look for the authority which regulates this potent institution. It is imposed upon something to-day, and withdrawn to-morrow; while its operations in other cases are perpetual. Some-

Digitized by Google

times its restrictions only affect a single individual—sometimes a particular family—sometimes a whole tribe; and in a few instances they extend not merely over the various clans on a single island, but over all the inhabitants of an entire group.

"The word itself (taboo) is used in more than one signification. It is sometimes used by a parent to his child, when in the exercise of parental authority he forbids it to perform a particular action. Anything opposed to the ordinary custom of the islanders, although not expressly prohibited, is said to be 'taboo.'"

The amusing writer from whom I have quoted the above was on one occasion tabooed himself when in the Typee Valley at the Marquesas. The ceremony was performed by the king, who placed around Mr. Melville's wrist a band of woven grass resembling the Turk's heads that in England are often seen worked on whip handles. This mystic emblem secured his life and obtained for him the greatest kindness and consideration. But

Digitized by Google

I am digressing, and must return to the thread of my story.

Following closely in the footsteps of Hina-hina the whole party advanced by a well-beaten track that ran through the grove of cocoa-nuts, skirting one side of the stream. For some time past the sound of falling water had been audible, and it was apparent that their course lay in the direction of the cascade that they had perceived when closing the shore in the gig, though the thick brushwood now screened it from the view. At length an open clearing was reached, and here the Europeans came to a sudden stand, struck mute with admiration at the beauty of the scene.

Before them was seen the snow-white torrent of the cascade that threw itself down from a perpendicular rock in a sheer fall of seventy feet, sending up clouds of rainbow-hued spray from the natural basin that received it. On either side of the stream extended a clearing of perhaps five or six acres in extent, palisaded in by a lofty fence, and showing

Digitized by Google

evident tokens of most careful cultivation. Here grew, in all the tropical luxuriance of that lovely clime, the bread-fruit, the plantain and banana, the cassava and the yam. The whole of the level ground outside the palisade was dense with numberless cocoa-nut trees, whilst the precipitous sides of the mountain presented an evergreen mass of tropical vegetation, amidst which could be distinguished the graceful tree-fern, and the gorgeous hues of many-coloured orchids, which found sustenance and life in the forks of the larger trees. Immediately beneath the basin into which the cascade fell, and sufficiently distant to avoid the eternal cloud of spray, a small hand-bridge traversed the stream and led to the Chief's house, a larger building than the Europeans had as yet seen, surrounded and sheltered by numerous bread-fruit trees

Doubtless the bread-fruit tree is familiar to all my readers by name, but when its great utility to the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands is considered, I feel confident that I shall not be doing amiss in describing this

Digitized by Google

extraordinary vegetable product a little more at length.

The bread-fruit tree (*Artocarpus incisa*) attains to the height of forty or fifty feet, throwing out branches of considerable magnitude, and growing in a similar manner to our English elm, though here all resemblance ends, for the beauty of the Polynesian tree exceeds tenfold that of the British. It is easily known by the size of the leaves, which are over a foot in length by ten inches in breadth, and are remarkable for the depth of the incisions round their edges. Towards the autumn, when the leaves begin to decay, they assume a variety of brilliant hues of exquisite beauty, during which period they are frequently gathered and worked up into head-dresses by the islanders, who possess the fondness of children for gorgeous colours.

The fruit, which is commonly of an oval form, reaches the size of an ostrich egg, and is covered with little projecting knobs or protuberances. For immediate consumption the fruit is usually split in quarters and baked in

Digitized by Google

an oven by means of hot stones, each section being carefully wrapped in one of its own leaves to preserve it from dust or other dirt. In this stage all travellers unite in singing the praises of the bread-fruit, comparing it to wheaten bread made with eggs, though possessing a closer texture. But one advantage that the indigenous Polynesian bread can boast of is that it will keep for several years, and, indeed, is supposed to become the better from age. To prepare it for laying up but little care is necessary. The ripe fruit is collected, the rind taken off, and the pulp worked into a paste in a stone mortar. It is then divided into parcels, wrapped in leaves, securely bound with cord, and buried in the earth until required for use. When mixed with cocoa-nut milk this material forms an admirable pudding.

The bark of the artocarpus is sometimes used in the manufacture of tappa, or native cloth, but only, of course, where the tree is very abundant. Some species produce no seeds, and these are the most highly valued;

Digitized by Google

they are then propagated by means of suckers. The seeds, when roasted, much resemble the Spanish chestnut.

Following Hina-hina, who seemed very proud at the evident admiration of his visitors, the party soon arrived at the foot-bridge over which the Chief led the way, after motioning to his followers to remain on the left bank of the stream. A hundred yards along a well-beaten path brought them to the house, into which, at a sign from its owner, they entered.

The Chief's dwelling was not only of much larger dimensions than any of the falles they had passed on their way from the boat, but was also constructed in a different manner. Those they had seen in the village were built upon piles, and access was gained to the floor by means of a stout stick in which were hewn notches for the feet, forming a very primitive kind of ladder. The house in which they now stood was built in the form of a shed, having the sides open all around, though the landscape was shut out by the eaves of the thatch, which approached within three feet

Digitized by Google

of the ground. The interior of this simple dwelling was remarkably neat, the floor being covered with matting, and the same material hanging down from the wall-plates to the ground, and so arranged—somewhat on the same system as a modern Venetian blind—that it could be hauled up and leave free access to the breeze, or lowered down and form an effectual screen, at the pleasure of the proprietor. The house consisted of but one large apartment, some thirty feet in length by twenty in breadth, and on the sloping ceiling were arranged the weapons of the Chief, consisting of spears jagged with human bones and shark's teeth, rude hatchets or tomahawks fashioned from a hard, dull-green coloured stone, and numerous clubs of immense size and weight, some carved, others plain, but all of them fearful-looking instruments, and well worthy of the powerful warrior to whom they belonged, whose real name of Motohico signified, in the native language, "a hard hitter."

Immediately on entering, Dolores and Claude found themselves face to face with two

Digitized by Google

pretty young women who were seated on the floor mats weaving baskets, but who at sight of the Europeans first turned an ashy gray with surprise and fear, then commenced to tremble violently, and finally fell down prostrate on the ground, where they remained speechless with terror. Dolores ran forward and tried to induce them to rise, but all her efforts were useless until Hina-hina addressed them in their own tongue, when they precipitately fled out of the opening at the back of the house, and returned in a few minutes laden with delicious green cocoa-nuts and ripe bananas, which they deposited in fear and trembling at the feet of Dolores, and then withdrew to the furthest extremity of the hut, where they remained with their large dark eyes wistfully fixed upon their guests, who were doing ample justice to the simple refreshment set before them by the Chief. These two ladies were Hina-hina's wives.

During his lengthened cruise amongst the South Sea Islands Claude had acquired a very fair knowledge of some of the dialects, and he

Digitized by Google

now tried to enter into communication with the Chief, and was delighted to find that although many of the words he employed were evidently strange to his host, still a kind of conversation, helped out by signs and gestures, could be maintained, thus establishing another bond of union between himself and a man to gain whose friendship was of the greatest moment in the unfortunate position in which de Chateaupré was now placed. The gig's crew had crossed the bridge, and were seated on the ground outside the house regaling themselves on cocoa-nut milk and bananas, a welcome treat to men so lately escaped from all the horrors of impending shipwreck.

Claude now attempted to explain to Hinahina the circumstances that had brought him to the island, but the Chief had never seen any vessel larger than the double canoes in use amongst his tribe, and was quite at a loss to understand the Captain's meaning. He, however, willingly volunteered to launch a canoe and accompany the gig to the scene of

Digitized by Google

the disaster, and had risen from his squatting position on the floor for that purpose, when the dull sound of a heavy gun came booming over the neck of land beyond which the wreck lay, on hearing which the warrior and his wives darted out into the open, displaying much agitation, and repeating the word, "*Mofooige!*" "*Mofooige!!*" an earthquake! an earthquake!!

To the best of his power Claude assured him that there was no cause for alarm, the noise proceeding from the lightning-weapon of the white men, and signifying only that the Captain's presence was required at the wreck. Though evidently sorely mystified the Chief showed no apprehensions, and quitted the house with Claude and Dolores, who were both burning with anxiety to know the cause of the sudden recall.

Seeing Hina-hina in a whispered conversation with her husband Dolores inquired its purport, and found that the Chief had proposed her remaining with his wives, whilst he accompanied the gig.

Digitized by Google

"And what did you reply, Claude?"

"I told him that it was impossible, for that with our nation husband and wife always remained together."

"Then, dear, I think you were a little wrong, for no harm can happen to me here, and by leaving me to make friends with the women you will show a mark of confidence in Hina-hina that he is not likely to forget."

"But I shall be in a state of perpetual anxiety until I rejoin you again."

"Don't be silly," replied brave little Dolores laughing, "make him taboo me and then I shall be safe enough."

She said this in jest, but when Claude told the Chief that his wife would be delighted to stay, the savage manifested the greatest satisfaction, and actually did encircle her neck with the mystic wreath that carried with it safety and respect in those distant islands.

Bidding Dolores a tender adieu, Claude started with his host, who directed some of the warriors to launch and man a canoe, and the crew having repossessed themselves of

Digitized by Google

their muskets—after the taboo had been removed—the Frenchmen hurried down to the beach, shoved off their boat, and gave way with a will for the headland, beyond which the frigate lay, closely followed by Hina-hina in a large double canoe manned by twenty men.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. V.—A FRESH DISASTER.

ON rounding the point, Claude, who was standing up in the stern-sheets steering, ordered the men to lay on their oars, and dropping the yoke-lines, rubbed his eyes in astonishment—only half of the ill-fated *Sybille* was visible, the stern portion had disappeared from view, and a part of the mizen-mast alone, projecting above the water, indicated the place in which it had sunk. With a deep sigh at the total loss of his noble ship, and at the knowledge that most of the articles needful to lighten their captivity on the island were now lost for ever, de Chateaupré bid his men resume their oars, and dropping dejectedly into the stern-sheets, steered the gig for the wreck, around which several boats were gathered.

Digitized by Google

On nearing the remains of the *Sybille*, de Kergnac pulled out in one of the cutters to meet the Captain, and stepping into the gig, gave him an account of the new disaster.

Although the description of the visit paid by Claude to the native village has occupied a considerable space, yet actually the occurrences had followed each other with great rapidity, and not more than an hour and a half had elapsed from the departure of the gig to her return. De Kergnac's first question was, "Where is Madame?" and this having been satisfactorily answered, he inquired whether the natives in the double canoe were friendly or the reverse. Claude set the lieutenant's mind at rest on this subject, and the latter then entered into full particulars of what had befallen them since the Captain's departure.

"Directly you had gone, sir," he proceeded, "I commenced following out your instructions regarding the boom boats, but when the tackles were rove and the derricks rigged, I found that the tide had fallen so considerably

Digitized by Google

that the fore part of the ship was quite out of water, and certain ominous cracks in the timbers announced that unless all weights in the after part of the vessel were removed, she would either slip backwards into deep water and founder, or part amidships. To avoid either of these contingencies I sent Beaumanoir with every hand I could spare down upon the main deck to lighten the ship by throwing the guns overboard and by transferring the provisions from the after hold to the fore part of the main deck; the quantity of water in the hold was now but small, and lessening every moment owing to the rapid falling of the tide. Beaumanoir and his party were busily at work, and already a couple of the guns had been launched out of the ports, when, with a fearful crash, the frigate parted midway between the foremast and mainmast, and disappeared in the deep water beyond the reef. I was in the cutter under the bows at the time, trying to find out what hold the fore part had on the reef, and whether another anchor laid out would assist

Digitized by Google

in maintaining the ship in position. I had just ascertained that huge pieces of coral rock had pierced the sheathing and penetrated so deeply into the inner skin that all danger of her sliding backwards was removed, when the catastrophe occurred. Some few of the poor fellows were washed up from between decks, but I fear that Beaumanoir and the greater portion of the crew have sunk with the wreck. The crash was so sudden that only one cry of agony arose from the doomed men, and then all was silent save the seething of the troubled waters as the confined air bubbled upwards to the surface."

"Good God, how horrible!" muttered Claude, deeply affected at the recital, "my ship and all my gallant men gone at one fell swoop!" and the young man hid his face in his hands to hide the tears of sorrow that slowly wound their way through his fingers, despite his efforts to control his emotion.

The sturdy Breton laid his hand gently on Claude's shoulder, "We have all sustained a fearful loss, de Chateaupré, and France may

Digitized by Google

mourn for some of her finest seamen, but one consolation remains—that they died in the execution of their duty. Think what it would have been had Madame remained on board."

"Hush, hush, de Kergnac, the idea is too horrible. Tell me the rest, I can bear it now."

"There is little more to say," replied the first lieutenant. "After picking up the few survivors I fired a forecastle gun to attract your attention, and have since been busied in rescuing any provisions that came to the surface, and in clearing the fore magazine, thinking we might perhaps want powder. When the after part of the ship parted the boom boats were carried with it, but being cut adrift from the lashings the pinnace floated, though the iron crutch upon which she rested, on the butt end of a spar, must have stove in the launch, for she filled rapidly and then sunk like a stone."

"Well, we will go on board what remains of the *Sybille* now, and muster the men. Order them all on to the forecastle, de Kergnac."

Digitized by Google

The lieutenant stepped into his own boat, and Claude pulled for Hina-hina's canoe, which had been made fast to the futtock-shrouds of the mizen-mast, from whence he and his followers were gazing in speechless wonder at the remains of the white man's war-canoe, whose size and solid framework filled them with astonishment.

As well as lay in his power de Chateaupré explained to the Chief how the hurricane had driven them on to the island, and described how the recent catastrophe had diminished their numbers by half. Even as he spoke some of the islanders pointed to the water, exclaiming, *Vackyange! Vackyange!!*—look! look!! and peering down over the side he saw a human form entangled in the ratlines of the mizen rigging. Through the placid water a golden gleam of lace was plainly visible, showing that the body was that of an officer. Ordering the bowman to pass the boat-hook aft, and lashing it to the loom of one of the oars, Claude bent over the gig's side and gently guided the corpse clear of the shrouds.

Digitized by Google

The hook caught in some portion of the dress, and by careful management the body approached slowly to the surface.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, as the features became visible, "it is poor young Raoul d'Entreville! If I ever return to France what shall I say to the old father and the motherless sister who will ask for tidings of the boy they committed to my care. But at all events he shall have Christian burial. I could almost wish my fate had been his. Were it not for Dolores I would willingly exchange places with the drowned lad."

Thus in bitterness muttered Claude as the corpse came upwards to the surface, but the horrors of the day were not yet over. Startled by a cry of "*Anga! anga!*" raised by the islanders, he slightly jerked the boat-hook, which at once became disengaged, and the body slowly sank. Whilst attempting to regain his hold Claude saw a dusky mass rush swiftly to the spot, a white gleam was visible beneath the wave as the monster turned on his back to seize the prey, then the

Digitized by Google

dark form disappeared, and the horror-stricken beholders knew that no earthly grave would ever close over the young Provençal, for Raoul d'Entreville had found his last resting-place in the maw of the hungry shark.

"Look! plenty of them," exclaimed the Chief in his own language, and glancing round Claude saw the sinister triangular fins approaching from every direction, foretelling too plainly the end that awaited the remains of his drowned shipmates.

"Give way, men, and let us get away from this accursed spot," and beckoning Hina-hina to follow him, the Captain steered for the fore-chains of the frigate, from whence a Jacob's ladder had been suspended to enable the boat's crew to ascend, for it must be remembered that the tide was now very low, and the wreck stood a great height out of water. Claude stepped on to the forecastle, where he was soon joined by the Chief and some of the most curious or courageous of the islanders. De Kergnac had drawn the men up in a compact body, and on their Captain's

Digitized by Google

appearance he was received with as many marks of respect as when he had first set foot on board the *Sybille* in Toulon harbour.

Alas! how different was all now! Then he had a noble ship under his command, a gallant crew stood ready to obey his slightest order, and a mission of great importance had been confided to his care. Now but a shattered portion of the fine frigate remained, half of the crew who had accompanied him throughout so many dangers lay seven fathoms deep beneath the treacherous waves, and the surveys and plans obtained at such risk and trouble were shut out for ever from mortal eye.

De Kergnac came forward and made his report. Out of a ship's company that two hours ago mustered, inclusive of officers, one hundred and seventy men, but eighty-three now remained. Beaumanoir and Raoul d'Entreville (the second and third lieutenants), the sailing-master, the boatswain, three *enseignes-de-vaisseau*, seven petty officers, and seventy-three seamen had perished when the ship parted.

Digitized by Google

Bitter indeed was de Chateaupré's grief as he ran his eye over the diminished band. But at sight of the resolution and hope displayed on every countenance, a thrill of pride ran through his breast, and he addressed the crew in a few words of encouragement.

"*Mes braves*, you know the position in which we are all placed as well as I can tell you. That nobody can feel the loss of our gallant shipmates more than your Captain you know me too well to doubt; but the present is no time for idle lamentation, and we must look to the preservation of our own lives. We are so far lucky that I have been able to gain the good-will of the native chief—the warrior you now see standing by my side—but a continuance of his friendship will depend in a great measure on the way that you conduct yourselves towards the islanders when ashore. My intentions are as follows:—half of your number will land at the north end of the village and erect a stockade; the other half will remain by the wreck and secure such articles as may float to the surface and are

Digitized by Google

likely to prove useful to us, and I have no doubt the islanders will assist us in transporting some of the heavy things to the shore. Water we shall find in abundance, and food we shall doubtless obtain in exchange for iron. When we have settled down I propose building a small vessel, which I shall despatch to Sydney with a request for assistance addressed to the British governor. Only obey your officers and maintain the same gallant spirit that animates you now, and all will turn out well in the end. Luckily the galley is uninjured, and we have enough provisions at hand to give us all a good dinner. The cooks can see to this at once, and meanwhile, M. Pincefromage, see if you can ferret out a cask of *eau-de-vie* and serve out a measure all round. Now, *mes braves*, join me in *vive l'Empereur*, and then after your grog set about your work until dinner is ready."

The men responded to this oration by loud shouts, and declared their readiness to obey without question any command given by their officers. When the noise had subsided Claude

Digitized by Google

turned to Hina-hina, who was looking on with a puzzled expression, and asked his permission to form a camp at a short distance from the village, explaining that his men would in no way interfere with the natives, and that their property should remain perfectly unmolested. To this the chief willingly acceded, and moreover offered to transport some of the stores on shore at once in his canoe, and then send it back for another load. Accordingly two brass twelve-pounder howitzers were hoisted over the side, and carefully placed on piles of bedding and blankets arranged on the platform between the double boats, from which the warriors launched their spears when engaged in hostilities with other tribes.

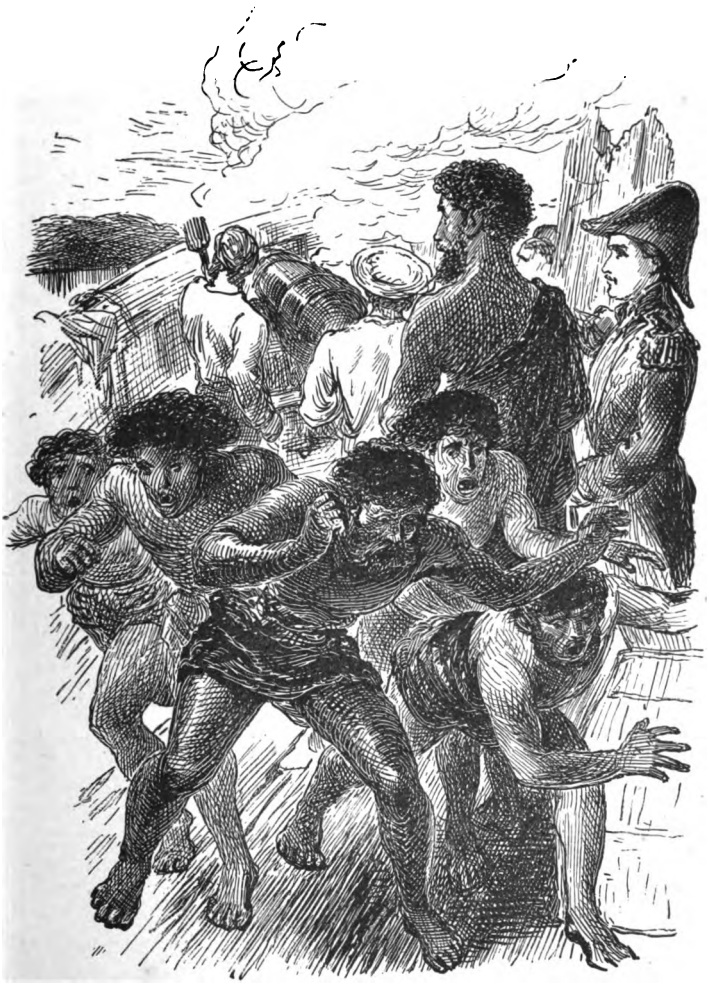
Metal was perfectly unknown to the natives, and the great weight of the cannons, which they all in turns attempted to lift, called forth exclamations of astonishment. When Hina-hina asked what they were for, Claude determined to give him a specimen of the power of gunpowder, and accordingly one of the forecastle carronades was loaded and pointed at a

Digitized by Google

bare white rock some three hundred yards distant. Directing the chief to watch the rock, and warning him that there would be another report such as he had before mistaken for an earthquake, Claude told the gunner to fire as soon as the carronade was laid. At the Chief's command all his men left the canoe and scrambled on board the *Sybille* to watch the effect of the shot.

The aim was carefully adjusted, the trigger-line pulled. A column of white smoke issued from the muzzle, and the roar of the cannon rang through the air. It was too much for the islanders; in the twinkling of an eye every one of them dived head foremost into the sea —regardless of sharks—and tumbling on board their canoe, paddled vigorously away. Hina-hina alone stood fast, but his ashen hue betokened the terror that possessed him, though he was too proud to acknowledge it. Directly the smoke cleared away Claude touched him lightly on the arm and pointed to the rock, whose white surface now presented a dark coloured patch where the shot

Digitized by Google



HINA-HINA WATCHES THE EFFECT OF THE SHOT.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

had struck and splintered the stone. Recovering himself in a moment the warrior leaped upon the gunwale, and ordered his flying countrymen to return. When the canoe came slowly alongside he swung himself down into it and pulled directly for the target, on reaching which he and his companions minutely scrutinized the shot mark and collected such fragments of the stone as they could carry. He then returned to the *Sybille*, and, mounting on the forecastle, made a long speech, only portions of which Claude could understand, but he gathered that the Chief spoke in the highest terms of the strangers, pointing out the danger of offending people armed with so potent a weapon as the *Mana-tao*—thunder-spear—and hinting how easily they could now repel the attacks of enemies, if only the white men could be induced to espouse their cause.

After dinner the party told off for the erection of the stockade pulled on shore in the pinnace and gig, accompanied by the double-canoe, carrying the brass howitzers and some

Digitized by Google

ammunition, both for the guns and for the muskets with which each of the sailors was armed.

Immediately on landing Hina-hina pointed out a spot of ground within easy distance of the stream upon which an encampment could be formed, and, leaving the task of unloading the boats to the supervision of the gunner, Claude hurried up to the Chief's house, where he found Dolores nursing a dusky little piccaninny, and carrying on an animated conversation by means of signs with the women, and that she had managed thoroughly to gain their hearts was evident by the sounds of laughter that resounded through the building.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. VI.—THE DIVER AND HIS FOE.

IT was Claude's first intention to erect only a simple stockade, pierced with openings for such cannons as they should be able to land from the wreck, and of sufficient strength both to protect the carpenter and his crew whilst employed in constructing the small schooner destined to procure them relief from Sydney, and to present a barrier against any attack of the natives. But after a few days this plan was abandoned, and a much more pretentious work commenced.

It soon became evident that the natives were thoroughly to be relied on, and in the long conversations held every evening between the French Captain and the Chief, the latter explained of how much service a fortress

Digitized by Google

would be to his tribe, sheltered behind which they could defy the incursions of a numerous and powerful race inhabiting the other side of the island, who every few moons came round in a large fleet of canoes and attacked them, slaughtering the men without mercy, and carrying off the women and children into captivity. From this it became evident that the shipwrecked men had more to fear from these savages than from the friendly islanders with whom they were now domesticated, and when Hina-hina offered the assistance of all his tribe in the construction of a fortress, Claude assented at once, and the work was forthwith commenced.

Into the minute details of the daily progress made I shall not attempt to enter, and shall simply confine myself to a description of the fort when, in four months' time, it was completed and named "Fort Napoleon," amidst the firing of guns and muskets, and the cheers of both Europeans and natives.

The new fortress occupied some two acres and a-half of ground, and was situated within

Digitized by Google

twenty yards of the beach. It was constructed in the following manner. First, the outline of the works was measured and pegged out in an oval, that being the shape agreed on between Claude and the Chief. A large body of islanders,—indeed every available man and woman—now set to work digging a ditch of twelve feet in depth by as much in breadth immediately outside the line, and the earth taken out was thrown up as a bank on either side of the trench, thus adding considerably to its depth and width. As may be imagined this was a work of no little labour, but the tribe mustered over seven hundred men, and Hina-hina kept them constantly at work, sometimes even after darkness had set in. Whilst the natives were excavating the ditch, such of the *Sybille's* crew as were not employed in the construction of the schooner felled trees of from eight to nine inches in diameter, and cut them into posts of fourteen feet in length. These were sunk in the ground immediately inside the ditch to the depth of four feet—leaving ten feet above the surface—and were planted at

Digitized by Google

a distance of eighteen inches from each other, an opening being left immediately abreast of the sea large enough to admit of their launching the schooner when finished, and seven other passages being also kept open at different parts of the fort,—three to afford entry and egress to the inhabitants, and the other four serving as embrasures for the cannon which had been landed from the wreck. The whole of the intervals between the posts were now filled up with a fencing of tough reeds, cleverly woven by the natives in a wicker-work fashion, and forming a strong elastic wall that reached up to within a foot of the ends of the posts, which were further secured by strong lashings of cocoa-nut fibre. Above each opening, and at intervals of every twenty yards, were erected platforms on a level with the top of the fencing, supported on posts, and projecting three feet beyond the wall. These stages were about ten feet square, and were protected with a bulwark of reeds about six feet high, worked with loopholes, through which the natives might cast their spears or discharge their

Digitized by Google

arrows; the wall beneath was also provided with similar apertures.

It would almost be thought that the tough wall and ditch above described were sufficiently strong, when ably defended, to keep out any assailants that were likely to present themselves in so remote a part of the world, but either the enemies whom Hina-hina dreaded were ferocious beyond the average, or he was determined to make assurance doubly sure, for he insisted on another ditch being dug inside the outer wall, which was in its turn surrounded by a fencing, having platforms and loopholes in every respect similar to the first. Access to the doors and platforms was gained by means of movable bridges, and in the rear of the embrasures, out of which frowned the muzzles of the guns, no ditch was sunk; the doors themselves were defended by slabs of cocoa-nut planking working in a groove, and altogether Fort Napoleon was a very strong place that seemed likely to baffle any enemy unprovided with artillery.

Digitized by Google

In the centre of the inclosure stood the Captain's house, and the huts erected for the accommodation of the men, as well as a substantial shed in which were deposited the gunpowder and such weapons and tools as were not in daily use. Another building was used as a storehouse, and in this were stowed the spirits, provisions, and such other valuables as they had been enabled to collect.

During the time that the fort was building the carpenter—who luckily escaped drowning when carried down with the after part of the ship—and such of the crew as possessed any mechanical knowledge, had been hard at work building the small vessel that was to bring them relief; but the task was one of great difficulty, the native wood being green and unseasoned, whilst both iron bolts and nails were exceedingly scarce. In this dilemma de Kergnac proposed that they should wait until the spring tides, at which time the forepart of the ship was nearly high and dry, and during low water blow her up, when much of her seasoned timber could be rescued, and

Digitized by Google

plenty of copper or iron bolts would be brought to light. His suggestion was acted upon and with the happiest results, for the violence with which the frigate ran ashore had loosened the fastenings considerably, and on a small charge of powder being exploded in the fore-hold her sides opened out, and with the assistance of the native canoes large masses of uninjured timber, admirably adapted to their wants, were secured and towed round to the fortress.

For at least a month after the shipwreck the survivors were horrified at finding the remains of their late shipmates drifted ashore in every stage of mutilation. Some of the corpses were without limbs, in others the head was wanting, and with only one or two exceptions the poor remnants of humanity were totally unrecognizable. A small plot in the immediate vicinity of the wreck had been fenced off as a burial ground, and here the remains were laid to rest, after a service conducted by the priest, at which the whole crew reverently attended. Having exhausted their

Digitized by Google

human prey the sharks who had hitherto swarmed around the wreck gradually disappeared, and in a couple of months it was a rare thing to see one.

One evening when Claude was in conversation with the Chief he expressed regret at the number of valuable articles that lay buried in the after portion of the ship, upon which Hina-hina at once proposed that his men should dive down and see if nothing could be rescued.

"But the sharks?" suggested Claude.

"Oh, they will not hurt us; and besides, my warriors are nearly as much at home in the water as on land, and if you will supply the divers with knives they will face a stray shark without hesitation. We will try to-morrow at low water if the weather is fine."

Amongst the most valuable of the articles saved from the wreck was a grindstone, without which the men employed in felling timber would have made but little way, for the hard-grained trees soon rendered the sharpest axe dull and notched. Upon this half a dozen

Digitized by Google

sheath knives were ground as sharp as razors and delivered to Hina-hina for distribution among the divers.

At low water on the following day the Chief's double canoe and the gig repaired to the wreck, and made fast to the stump of the mizen-mast. Before starting Claude had sketched out a rough plan of the ship, on which was indicated the position of the hatchways and after-hold. This Hina-hina had explained to his followers, who with ready intelligence grasped the meaning, and after peering down intently into the deep, a native, carrying a heavy stone in his hands as a sinker, and with a knife thrust in the girdle round his waist, slid overboard and disappeared from view. The beholders anxiously gazed around in expectation of his rising to the surface, but a minute and a half elapsed by Claude's watch, and still there were no signs of the adventurous diver.

"Some accident must have befallen him," murmured de Chateaupré, but even as he spoke there was a shout from the canoe, and

Digitized by Google

the black head of the native shot upwards at a distance of some twenty yards from the gig, his eyes rolling and his whole countenance betraying symptoms of exhaustion from the long submersion.

"Anga," "anga," yelled the islanders, as a huge shark thrust itself half out of the water in eagerness to secure the coveted prey.

But breathless though he was, the swimmer's keen eye had followed every motion of his foe, and as the moor-hen dives at the flash of a gun, so rapidly did he disappear beneath his enemy, while a crimson tinge suffusing the water announced that the latter had not escaped scathless.

But a hungry shark is not easily induced to forego the chance of a meal, and after performing a circuit of some twenty yards in diameter, the monster again dashed at the native. To the Europeans it seemed that the man's death was inevitable, for he disappeared almost within the jaws of the ravenous brute, but Havili knew well what he was about, and when his head again showed on

Digitized by Google

the surface a deeper tinge on the water announced that the keen blade had again found a living sheath.

A third time the attack was renewed and a third time the intrepid swimmer eluded his formidable adversary in the same manner, amidst the joyful shouts of his comrades, who looked on at this novel tournament without a shade of anxiety, feeling confident of the ultimate success of their companion, whose skill in the water was well known to all the tribe.

And now the tables seemed turned, for although he still sailed round and round the swimmer, crimsoning the sea in his wake, the shark showed little disposition to renew a contest in which he not only failed to secure his prey, but received a succession of hard knocks by no means to his liking. As he circled round Havili the latter always kept his front towards the enemy, his eyes flashing with the excitement of the combat, and his white teeth showing as he smiled in answer to the plaudits of the onlookers.

Digitized by Google

For at least three minutes the adversaries maintained this attitude, the shark sometimes closing a little as though determined on another onslaught, but always sheering off again when within three or four yards of the native. Several of the other divers were burning with anxiety to leap overboard and engage the foe, but this Hina-hina would on no account permit, saying that the credit of destroying the monster should belong entirely to Havili.

The few minutes respite enabled the latter thoroughly to regain his breath, and when his excited companions raised a cry of "*Tamatéä*," "*Tamatéä*,"—kill him, kill him—the diver flourished his knife in the air and struck out slowly towards the shark.

The rapt attention with which the Europeans in the gig followed every detail of this daring contest may easily be imagined. To a white man the idea of attacking either a shark or an alligator in its own element appears so inconceivably rash, owing to the great disparity of forces, that it would never be

Digitized by Google

entertained by any one in his proper senses. But with the natives of some of the South Sea Islands it is far otherwise. From their earliest childhood these people are accustomed to regard the water as their home, and leaning on their surf boards boys and girls may be seen disporting themselves for hours amidst the roaring breakers, immersion in whose midst would be instant destruction to a European. Mr. Herman Melville gives such a curious instance of the early age at which children are initiated into the mysteries of swimming that I am tempted to quote it at full for the information of such of my readers as have not read his highly interesting book.

"One day, in company with Kory-kory, I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the

Digitized by Google

spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being hatched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally the delighted parent stretched out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would sidle for the rock, and the next moment be clasped to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as if on the point of strangling. At such times, however, the mother snatched it up, and by a process scarcely to be mentioned obliged it to eject the fluid. For several weeks afterwards I observed this woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea

Digitized by Google

islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light. I am convinced that it is as natural for a human being to swim as it is for a duck. And yet in civilized communities how many able-bodied individuals die, like so many drowning kittens, from the occurrence of the most trivial accidents!"

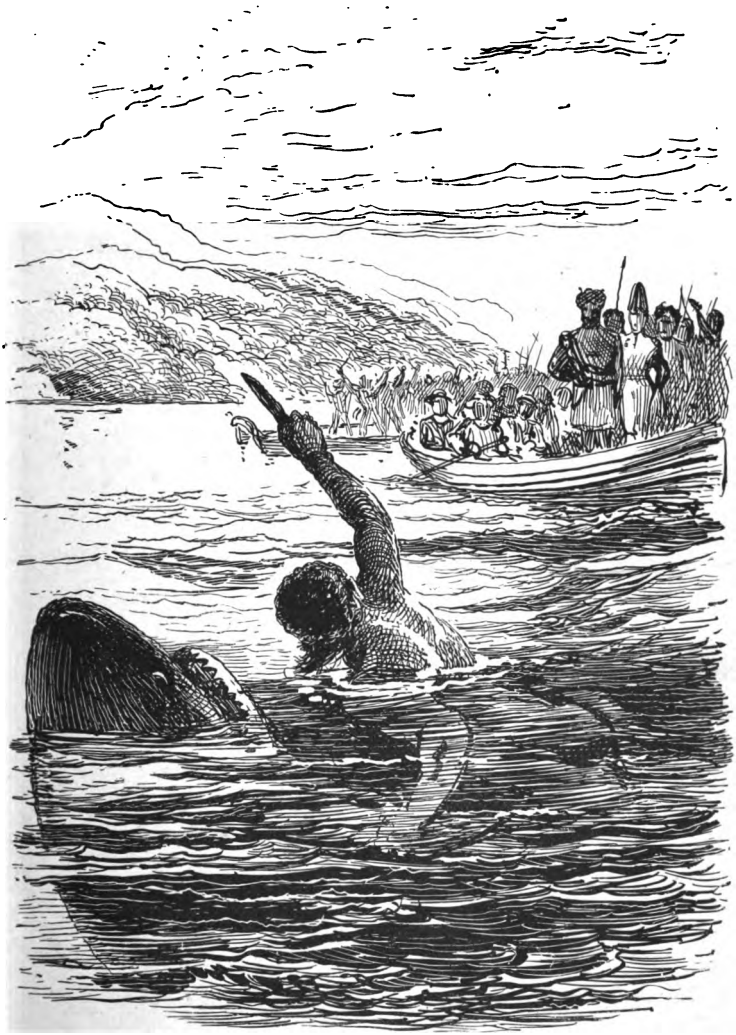
Thus speaks Melville of the inhabitants of the Marquesas, and all writers on the South Seas unite with him in remarking the extraordinary powers of swimming possessed by this singular people. On some of the islands the "taboo" forbids women to enter a canoe, even when drawn up on the shore, under pain of death; they are thus compelled to rely on their own resources in the water. It is not uncommon for them to visit neighbouring islands in this primitive fashion, and it is an acknowledged fact that a dusky beauty swam in safety to an island forty miles distant from her own, the ground travelled over being really considerably more owing to the strong current. Captain Webb would have

Digitized by Google

to look to his laurels in the South Seas. But I must return to Havili, whom we left slowly advancing towards his antagonist.

When the shark saw that its human enemy was approaching it lay motionless, seemingly in doubt whether to move away or to recommence the attack. Probably, also, the fish was suffering from the loss of blood that oozed from the deep stabs it had already received. The native paddled slowly forward, and when within a couple of yards of his object sank silently beneath the surface. In a moment the shark commenced lashing the water furiously, and turning half over on its side in an impotent endeavour to shake off its assailant exhibited for an instant to the gaze of the beholders a brown hand tightly clasped round one of its fins. All the fish's efforts were in vain, its struggles became feebler and feebler, and soon the head of Havili appeared above the blood-stained water, when he struck out for the canoe breathless with exertion, but his visage radiant with joy at the prolonged shouts that hailed his victory over the com-

Digitized by Google



"SOON THE HEAD OF HAVILI APPEARED ABOVE THE BLOOD-STAINED WATER."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

mon enemy. The shark was towed alongside the boats by some of the other divers, who jumped overboard for the purpose, and on examination it was seen that the active islander had ripped it completely open, besides nearly severing both the principal fins, and thus rendering its escape impossible.

Although this contest has taken several pages to describe, its actual duration scarcely exceeded seven minutes, and when the excitement had in a measure subsided, and the victor had recovered his breath, the important business that had brought them to the spot was resumed.

From Havili's account he found no difficulty in descending the after-hatchway and reaching the main deck, but on moving any distance from the opening the darkness became so great that further progress was impossible. He had therefore returned to the hatchway with the intention of at once ascending to the surface, but found that the shark—which had probably watched his movements—was swimming guard over his head. To stop longer

Digitized by Google

under water was impossible, so the gallant fellow struck out right at his unwelcome guardian in the hopes of wounding him. with his knife and perhaps frightening him away from the place altogether; but the monster was evidently very hungry and had attacked him on his reaching the surface with the result above related. Another diver who had descended whilst Havili was telling his story fully confirmed the latter in every particular, and convinced Claude that no hope remained of recovering the stores unless gunpowder could be used and the decks blown up. Evidently nothing more could be done that day, so they returned to the village with the dead shark towed in triumph astern of the Chief's canoe.

A great dance was held that night in honour of Havili's victory, and many black eyes were bent in visible admiration upon the shark-slayer, who received the complimentary speeches regarding his skill and courage with a quiet modesty that is one of the peculiar characteristics of the South Sea islanders.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. VII.—"CORALIE."

THE only obstacle that existed to the plan of blowing up the decks of the submerged portion of the wreck was the absence of any material to act as a fuse and burn under water, but ingenuity conquered even this. A long bamboo was prepared and formed into a tube, the interior being stuffed with meal powder, and one end tightly caulked into the bung-hole of a small cask of gunpowder. This was weighted with a pig of ballast to keep it in its proper position, and when the whole apparatus was carefully placed and fired, the object in view was fully attained, and many articles urgently needed by the shipwrecked men were placed within easy reach of the native divers. Of course the

Digitized by Google

flour and all provisions of that nature were spoiled by the salt water, but many casks of wine and spirits were recovered, as well as a large supply of ammunition. Of food itself there had never been any lack. The island abounded with bread-fruit trees, cassavas, plantains and cocoa-nuts, and numerous pigs afforded a plentiful supply of a more nourishing diet—indeed, with the profusion of good things that Nature had bestowed upon the island, and the prospect of a speedy relief through the instrumentality of the schooner—now rapidly verging on completion—the castaways were perfectly happy and contented.

But I find myself, whilst following the fortunes of the party, neglecting to state how matters fared with Dolores.

When the outline of the fortress had been traced the first care of Claude was to erect a comfortable roomy house for his wife within the *enceinte;* nor was this the lengthy operation that might be supposed, for the natives are very dexterous at building the frail huts which in that genial climate afford an ample

Digitized by Google

protection from the weather. But at the stage to which our narrative has now advanced the *Hina-fafine* (white lady) no longer dwelt at Fort Napoleon; the noise of the people employed in digging the trenches, and the constant hammering at the ribs of the schooner were so distressing to the girl that she gladly accepted an offer made by the Chief's wives and retired to the solitude of a plantation situated within a couple of miles of the village. In this lovely and secluded spot she took up her abode until such time as her dearest wish should be accomplished, and she should have given birth to the child that she now carried within her bosom. On the very day that the schooner was completed this happy event took place, and Claude had the intense satisfaction of finding himself the father of a lovely little girl, and of knowing that under the tender care of the Chief's wives both mother and infant were progressing as favourably as even he himself could desire.

The driving of the last bolt into the little

Digitized by Google

vessel destined to bring them relief and the addition to their number happening at the same time gave great pleasure to the ship-wrecked men, who regarded the coincidence as a favourable omen, for sailors as a rule are somewhat tinged with superstition, and on Claude announcing that the baby should be received into the bosom of Mother Church on the same day that the schooner was launched, when a double allowance of grog would be served out, and a grand feast provided for all hands, a ringing cheer arose from Fort Napoleon, and the men set to work with the utmost alacrity cutting out and fitting the rigging, and altering to their proper dimensions such sails as were destined for the use of the little vessel.

"Are you feeling very weak, my darling?" asked Claude, bending fondly over his young wife, who, with her little one pressed lovingly in her arms, was lying in the pleasant house prepared by her island friends, whose solicitude for her comfort was unceasing.

"Of course, dear, I am a little pulled down,

Digitized by Google

but oh! Claude, I am *so* happy. Just look at our little angel and see if she is not the very image of her papa. Lella (the Chief's favourite wife) pointed out the likeness to me directly she was born."

Claude looked at the helpless little atom of humanity held triumphantly towards him by Dolores, and though failing to recognize much similitude between his sunburnt features and the delicate hues of the infant, acquiesced in the suggestion—as all good husbands should—without the slightest hesitation.

"And Claude, dear, what is to be our darling's name? I have been thinking about it the whole day. Don't you think it ought to be something bearing on the peculiar circumstances under which it first saw light?"

"Of course it ought," replied her husband, "tell me what have been the results of your meditations. Have you hit upon any name that you think adapted to the situation? I would stake my commission that your clever little brain has solved the problem long ago."

Digitized by Google

"Well, dear, I did think of a name that might do. You know we are in the Coral Seas, and our poor *Sybille* was lost on a coral reef; coral is around us in every direction, the very island itself is nothing more than a coral formation, so it struck me that we should do well to call our little one 'Coralie,' a pretty name, and one that will always serve to remind us of our sojourn here, should God permit of our escape from the island."

"Nothing could be be better," said Claude. "The name is both pretty and appropriate. 'Coralie' she shall be, poor little ocean waif, and she is to be christened the day the schooner is launched, which will be in about three weeks' time. I will tell the good old Padre to have everything in readiness. But, apropos of names, I have not yet thought of one for the little craft. She must be christened, you know, before she takes to her native element. Being constructed from the remains of the frigate the name that most naturally presents itself is *Sybille*, but I feel that luck would

Digitized by Google

attend her more surely were she called anything else. Now try, dear, if you can help me to a name."

"I quite agree with you, Claude, *Sybille* would never do. Every time the word was pronounced it would recal past misfortune; and besides, the men are so superstitious that they would be certain to associate it with evil and forebode sinister events. Why not call her the *Esperance?* it is a fit name enough when you consider that all our hopes of release are centred in her frail timbers."

"The very name of all others!" cried de Chateaupré joyfully. "You have hit the right nail at once, whilst my thick head would have been hammering all round the dictionary without finding anything half so good."

Dolores smiled fondly at her handsome husband, but all further conversation was put an end to by the entrance of Lella, the Chief's favourite wife and the invalid's principal nurse. This dusky young lady treated Claude with scant ceremony, for, motioning towards her patient and closing her eyes as a sign that

Digitized by Google

she required repose and quiet, she seized the astonished husband by both shoulders, and wheeling him abruptly round before surprise permitted him to make any resistance, marched him outside the building and slammed the door to, leaving him to recover this summary ejection at his own leisure, a merry burst of laughter from within announcing her glee at having thus signally routed the enemy.

Within three weeks from the date of the above conversation the schooner was rigged, caulked, and ready for launching. Grand preparations were made for this great event. The natives, who had viewed the daily progress of the vessel towards completion with astonishment, not unmingled with awe, had ascended the steep mountain side and returned laden with armsful of a magnificent crimson creeper, which the women wove into gorgeous ropes wherewith the fort was decorated, whilst quantities of the same were festooned amidst the rigging and between the masts of the schooner, causing a pleasing and most striking effect.

Digitized by Google

Nor were the preparations for the baptism of Dolores' infant neglected. Immediately after the completion of the fortress, Claude, at the request of the priest, had caused a building to be erected as a chapel, on the roof of which, under the protection of a small pent, the ship's bell—which being situated in the fore part of the frigate had escaped destruction—was hung, and its iron tongue each morning summoned the castaways to mass before they separated for the arduous labours of the day.

Under the direction of Lella this primitive placeof worship was gaily dressed with flowers, conspicuous amongst which could be seen the glorious magnolia, huge bunches of which were deposited on the altar, sending forth a perfume almost overpowering in its intensity. The natives of nearly all the more civilized South Sea Islands have a deeply rooted love for Nature and its productions, and though many persons are prone to regard them as savages, yet these untutored children of the Pacific display a taste in the blending of colours

Digitized by Google

that many a fair Belgravian dame would be happy to possess.

At a little after noon the tide would be at its highest, and this was the time selected for the launching of the schooner, whilst the baptismal ceremony was fixed for two hours earlier. Of godfathers there was an abundant choice, but how to supply the want of a god-mother seemed an insuperable difficulty, as there was no other Christian woman on the island but the infant's mother. The priest, however, smoothed away all difficulties by saying that under the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves placed it would be perfectly legitimate for one of the sterner sex to act in the capacity of proxy, and volunteered to fill the office himself, an offer that both Dolores and Claude eagerly embraced. De Kergnac willingly consented to become the other sponsor.

On the whole of the day preceding the accomplishment of these important ceremonies both the fortress and the village displayed a scene of unwonted animation. The last touch

Digitized by Google

of paint had been given to the schooner, and within a scroll on her stern stood out in bold relief the name she was destined to bear. The purser, M. Pincefromage, was busy amongst his stores serving out provisions to the cooks for the forthcoming feast. The natives had engaged in a successful hunt, and the odour of roasting pig was borne upon the breeze, causing many of the shipwrecked men to lick their lips as the savoury fragrance reached their nostrils.

When I said "roasting pig" the expression was, strictly speaking, incorrect, for the island method of cooking these animals is by baking. A hole is dug in the ground, the bottom of which is lined with hot stones, upon which leaves are spread to prevent scorching. The inside of the animal is also lined with green leaves and the interior filled with heated stones before being sewn up. More of the latter are arranged round the carcass after it has been deposited in this primitive oven, and the whole is then first covered with leaves and lastly with earth. Simple though this plan

Digitized by Google

seems, yet considerable experience is requisite to know when the flesh is thoroughly cooked. The natives are adepts in this, and few things are better than a succulent porker that has passed through the hands of a skilled Polynesian cook. It may be added that among the cannibal tribes the method of dressing their enemies—or, as it is euphemistically called, "*long pig*"—is precisely similar.

The sun arose on the eventful morning bright and fair, lighting up for a few brief minutes before his powerful rays absorbed them for ever, the rain drops—tokens of a nocturnal shower—that twinkled on every leaf of the lofty palms and dense foliage. It was a morn on which all nature seemed to rejoice, and the faces of the castaways wore a joyous expression, as, dressed in their best garments (some of which were of rather an incongruous nature, being composed of a strange medley of tappa and serge), they trooped towards the little chapel, whose bell announced that the celebration of early mass was about to commence.

Digitized by Google

The natives also were astir, and assembled outside the fortress in great numbers, waiting for the conclusion of Divine service, when the gates would be thrown open and they would be allowed to enter. The warriors were all perfectly unarmed, their loins girded with fine tappa, or native cloth, whilst a cloak of the same material hung gracefully from their shoulders. The women also had donned all their bravery, and with wreaths of freshly-culled flowers deftly entwined amidst their long raven locks, presented to the Europeans a scene picturesque and striking in the highest degree. On the opening of the gates—for all natives with the exception of the Chief and his wives were compelled to quit the fortress at sundown—the light-hearted islanders rushed tumultuously in, some bearing baskets of cooked yams or cassava; others, cocoa-nuts taken from the trees that very morning, whose milk, cooled by the shower that had fallen during the night, formed a grateful and refreshing beverage; whilst not a few carried between them sundry noble hogs designed by the

Digitized by Google

Chief as a present to de Chateaupré, and destined ere long to assuage the hunger of the shipwrecked Frenchmen.

Immediately after mass was concluded Claude retired to his house preparatory to visiting Dolores, who was still at the plantation with Lella, her health precluding her attendance at the baptism of her infant. · Flinging himself upon the rude couch that formed a portion of the scanty furniture of the dwelling, the young man resigned himself to thought, and meditated deeply over the chequered events of the last few months. But his retrospections were of short duration, and the trampling of approaching feet, followed immediately by a knocking at his door, announced that his presence was required without.

On stepping into the open a loud cheer greeted his appearance, and he then perceived that the whole surviving members of the *Sybille* were before the house, headed by de Kergnac and the other officers. The former at once stepped forward, and in the name of the ship's company expressed to the Captain

Digitized by Google

their united felicitations on the happy events they were about to celebrate that day, and to assure him, not only of their strong personal affection, but also of their gratitude for his constant exertions in respect of their welfare, and their keen appreciation of the pluck manifested by the Vicomtesse, whereby a race of warlike savages were transformed into peaceable and friendly allies.

Claude replied in a short and pithy speech, with which I shall not trouble the reader, and after much cheering, both for himself and Dolores, the men withdrew, and the officers accompanied their captain into the hut, when he regaled them with sundry bottles of champagne, several cases of which had been saved from the wreck and reserved for such festive occasions as the present.

De Kergnac accompanied Claude to the plantation, where they found the Père seated beside the young mother's bed, reading aloud an appropriate selection from the breviary. Dolores was necessarily much chagrined at being unable to attend the ceremony of her

Digitized by Google

infant's baptism, and was exceedingly loath to part with her even for so short a time; but on Claude promising that the baby should be brought back the moment the rite was completed she became quite reconciled, more particularly as Lella had promised to carry the little idol to the fortress herself and to return with her as early as possible.

At ten o'clock punctually our tiny heroine became a member of the Roman Catholic Church, the service being conducted with as much pomp as the scanty means at the disposal of the priest would permit. Hina-hina and several of the leading men were present with their wives, and seemed much struck with the solemnity of the rite. Though the chaplain had tried hard to induce some of the natives to embrace the Christian faith, his efforts as yet had been unavailing, but from the rapt attention with which his dusky audience followed every detail of the ceremony, and the reverential demeanour they assumed, it seemed probable that his labours might yet be crowned with success.

Digitized by Google

And now noon had arrived, and the spring-tide had attained its utmost height. All hands hurried down to the schooner. The natives manned the ropes that had been attached to each quarter, the timber ways laid down to guide the little craft into the water were glistening in the sun from the hog's lard with which they had been saturated to avoid any hitch in the transit; the carpenter and his mates stood by with their mauls to knock away the dog-shores; the Father, Claude, and the other officers were grouped under the bows, the first-mentioned with the bottle of champagne slung across the cut-water in his hand; the signal is given by the Captain; the tricolor flutters at each mast-head; the Padre exclaiming in a voice husky with suppressed emotion, "*Je vous nomme l'Esperance. Que le bon Dieu vous bénit,*" releases the bottle, which, falling across the stem, shivers into a thousand fragments; the carpenters ply their mauls; the islanders strain at the ropes; the dog-shores yield, and amidst the prolonged shouts of the beholders, both European and

Digitized by Google

native, the schooner moves—slowly at first—but ere long gathering way, glides gracefully into the blue water, to the inexpressible joy of the shipwrecked seamen, who, in the fulness of their hearts, embrace each other enthusiastically, and then turn towards the sea to admire the little craft now lying snugly at anchor within fifty yards of the shore.

But what causes Hina-hina to jump up so suddenly on one of the platforms of the fortress, and shading his eyes with his hands peer eagerly along the coast? The mystery is soon solved. With a voice of thunder he shouts the ominous word, "Magwangui," and both the French and the natives know that the hostile tribe inhabiting the other side of the island are advancing to attack them, and in force too, for Claude, who has mounted the platform with his telescope, can count at least one hundred and fifty canoes, the smallest of which must hold seventy warriors. Evidently the whole tribe has turned out for the destruction of Hina-hina and his village; however, they know nothing of the presence of the Euro-

Digitized by Google

peans, nor of the stockade, and will be received with a welcome they are far from expecting.

Thus thinks Claude while watching the approaching canoes through his glass, but suddenly his bronzed cheek becomes pale, and the instrument almost drops from his grasp—the vanguard of the fleet are altering their course, and are heading direct for the plantation containing a treasure dearer to him than life itself—his wife and child!

Digitized by Google

CHAP. VIII.—A CRUEL FATE.

WHILST the natives are hurriedly moving 'their families and all their portable goods and chattels within the shelter of the fortress, which the Europeans are preparing to defend against the overwhelming force of advancing savages, let us return to the plantation where Dolores, her infant daughter Coralie, and Lella are left alone at the mercy of the marauding host.

The first thought that flashed through Claude's brain was to arm his men and hurry to the rescue of the helpless women, but the canoes moved with great celerity, and before his followers could seize their muskets the foremost of the flotilla had gained the beach, and a dense column of smoke rising high into

Digitized by Google

the pure still air announced that the plantation building had been fired, and that all hopes of affording relief to its inmates was at an end, for they were already either prisoners or had met with a worse fate.

"Let my brother take courage," said the Chief, laying his hands on Claude's shoulder, "the eyes of Lella are never closed, and she will have conducted the *Hina-fafine* to a place of safety."

The young man could only hope that his friend was a true prophet, and seeing that any attempt to ascertain the truth of his conjecture would only divide the small body of Europeans and thus weaken the garrison of the fortress, he smothered the deep sigh that arose to his lips and turned round to superintend the means of defence which were being actively carried out under the directions of de Kergnac.

Hina-hina, however, had paid no unmerited tribute to his pretty little wife in speaking of her unceasing vigilance. No sooner had the hostile canoes rounded the furthest point than

Digitized by Google

her keen sight detected them, and she became at once alive to the imminence of the danger threatening the plantation and themselves. Rushing to the couch on which Dolores was reclining with little Coralie in a placid slumber beside her, Lella explained the reason of her abrupt entry, and urged an immediate retreat to the mountains as the only means of avoiding capture by the foe.

Weak though she was, Dolores sprang to her feet at once, and snatching up her sleeping infant followed the native girl outside the plantation fence, when a few yards brought them to a dense thicket of undergrowth, into which they unhesitatingly plunged. Nor were the fugitives a moment too soon, for the voices of the savage depredators reached their ears even in the leafy covert, and ere long a more ominous sound became audible, the crackling of the flames as they consumed the light fabric that had so recently afforded them a comfortable shelter.

Though the thick undergrowth relieved them of all fear of immediate discovery, yet

Digitized by Google

the position of the wanderers was painful in the extreme, more particularly so to the delicate young mother, who was utterly unequal to bear either the bodily exertion or the mental strain so abruptly forced upon her.

"What shall we do, Lella?" she asked her companion; "must we creep through this jungle until we reach the back of the fortress, or had we better remain here until assistance arrives? I am sure my husband will come to our relief as early as possible."

"We must push on the moment you have rested sufficiently, and endeavour to enter the stockade before the Magwangui have landed. They are desperate enemies, and will not return to their own side of the island until they have exhausted every means for the capture or destruction of the fortress."

Of course my readers will readily understand that the Chief's wife did not make use of exactly the above words, but spoke in the native language, with which Dolores was now quite conversant.

"Then let us start at once, Lella," exclaimed

Digitized by Google

the lady rising from the rock on which she had sat down to rest. "I shall be miserable until I place my baby within the shelter of the fortress."

And now commenced a tedious journey through the tangled brushwood skirting the base of the mountain. It may be remembered that the plantation was two miles distant from Fort Napoleon, and when following the open road along the beach the walk between the two places was both easy and pleasant; but now it was absolutely necessary that the fugitives should keep themselves from the sight of the savages, many of whom were roaming along the shore cutting down and destroying the palm groves, and penetrating to the very border of the scrub. To effect this Dolores and her companion were compelled to make their way through the tangled vegetation clothing the side of the hill, a task laborious in the extreme from the resistance offered by the tough and thorny creepers and the numerous boulders of rock that at every few paces impeded their progress and forced

Digitized by Google

them to make frequent and painful détours. Still they struggled onward with the energy of despair, Lella leading the way, and the delicate Spanish lady, with her infant clasped tightly in her arms, following closely in her footsteps, and shielding her precious burden from the rebound of the branches that lacerated her own fair face unfelt and unheeded.

For more than an hour the fugitives advanced in the direction of the fortress, and yet during that time not more than half of the journey had been accomplished. They had reached the rocky bed of a mountain rivulet, now dwindled down to a tiny thread across which a child could have jumped with ease, but during the rainy season a stream of some magnitude. Here fatigue compelled Dolores to halt, and she sat down on a flat stone and bathed her bruised feet, whilst Lella ascended the water-course in search of fruits or berries by which the failing strength of her companion might be in a measure recruited. Whilst thus resting the boom of cannon and the war yells of the savages met

Digitized by Google

her ear, adding anxiety for the welfare of Claude and his sailors to the apprehensions that already beset her.

But we have seen how stout a heart the brave little woman bore within her, and, already much relieved by the cooling water that rippled over her feet, she longed only for the return of her companion and guide that the journey might be resumed without delay.

For quite half an hour she sat in expectation, listening to the sound of the conflict raging beneath her, but still there was no sign of the approach of the Chief's wife.

"Good Heavens! she can never have purposely deserted me," muttered the young mother as the many stories regarding treachery practised by the islanders shot like lightning through her brain, and blanched the cheeks that the roar of the surf and the cannon had been unable to pale.

But a few minutes' consideration sufficed to convince Dolores that her fears were groundless, for had any evil design ever entered the thoughts of the native, would she not have

Digitized by Google

abandoned her helpless charge at the plantation, and, seeking safety in flight, have left the lady at the mercy of the foe? "No!" thought Dolores, "poor Lella is only anxious to get some food for me, and I ought to feel ashamed of myself for allowing the slightest suspicion to take root in my mind. I must wait patiently, doubtless she will return ere long."

Still seated on the flat rock in the bed of the rivulet the mother and infant bided the arrival of their companion; but suddenly the former sprung to her feet, terror depicted on every lineament of her countenance, and her limbs trembling so violently that they almost refused to support her frail form.

"My God! what new evil has befallen us now?" she murmured as a piercing scream rang through the air, succeeded by others in a fainter tone, until a low wailing only was heard, which soon dropped into silence unbroken save by the rustling of branches in the direction from whence the cries had proceeded.

Digitized by Google

"What ought I to do?" thought the poor girl. "Something has evidently happened to Lella, and I am in honour bound to go to her assistance. "But then baby? I cannot take her into danger. Surely no harm can befall if I leave her here for a few minutes. Here is almost a natural cradle between these two rocks, where she can rest in perfect safety until my return."

Hastily plucking some young boughs Dolores laid them in the selected spot as a protection against the hard stone, and having gently deposited Coralie upon them, plunged into the undergrowth in search of her companion.

With trembling hands, regardless of the cruel thorns that pierced them, and with a desperate strength, the offspring of intense excitement, the girl fought her way through the scrub in the direction of the rustling, now plainly audible. As she advanced another sound became mingled with the snapping of dry twigs, a dull crushing sound, the meaning of which the awe-stricken lady was unable to

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE SERPENT CRUSHING LELLA.

Digitized by Google

divine. But a few paces more brought her to the edge of a small natural clearing some twenty yards in diameter, and then the affrighted beholder's eye rested on a scene of horror such as had never presented itself in her wildest dreams, and which froze up the very blood so recently running riot through her veins.

At the further edge of the open space, with its tail twisted round the trunk of a small sapling, which shook violently from the immense strain brought to bear upon it, Dolores beheld an enormous serpent, whose massive convolutions were folded round an object barely visible amidst the tightening rings. But the long tresses of jet black hair and a fragment of fine tappa that protruded between the folds of the reptile assured the beholder at a glance that poor Lella had fallen a victim to the monster's voracity, and that the noise which had so puzzled her was the crushing of her late unfortunate companion's bones beneath the tightening muscles of the huge constrictor.

At so awful a spectacle reason nearly

Digitized by Google

deserted the fugitive, and she reeled backwards against a tree, to whose trunk she clung for support. Here she endeavoured to rally her senses, but in vain. The horrible cracking sound still continued, increased in volume by the nervous and excited condition of the listener. To render any assistance was impossible, for the poor native girl was far beyond the reach of human aid; and while racking her brain to discover what course was the best to pursue under circumstances of so appalling a character, Dolores felt the surrounding objects swimming before her eyes, and despite a desperate effort to preserve her senses her unstrung hands released their grasp, and she sank down at the foot of the tree unconscious and inanimate, the last sounds she could recall being the fearful cracking of her faithful nurse's bones and the distant sounds of the conflict waged at the fortress.

How long Dolores remained insensible will never be known. On recovering from the swoon into which weakness, fatigue, and terror had thrown her, all was silent. Pain-

Digitized by Google

fully collecting her senses she ventured to glance at the spot lately tenanted by the serpent and his victim—it was deserted. The noise of battle had ceased, and twilight was throwing its gray mantle over the island. This occupied but a few seconds, then with a lightning rush the maternal instinct came home to the young matron's breast, and every other consideration became lost in anxiety concerning the infant she had deposited in its sylvan cradle. Rallying her strength Dolores painfully retraced the track she had forced through the undergrowth. The failing light caused her to miss the ill-defined path more than once, but a mother's instinct prevailed over every obstacle, and before darkness had completely closed around the long-desired spot was reached.

With a cry of joyful expectation Dolores rushed forward, but only—for the second time on that eventful day—to sink prostrate to the earth; the leafy boughs were still there, but the occupant of the rocky cradle was GONE!

Digitized by Google

CHAP. IX.—A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

WE must now return to Fort Napoleon and see how it fared with Claude de Chateaupré and his ship's company. The reader will remember that when the defence was erected four embrasures had been constructed in the palisade, from which protruded the muzzles of as many nine-pounder guns, rescued from the wreck of the *Sybille*. Of powder there was abundance, but shot was scarce, and in the event of a protracted siege the scanty supply would soon be exhausted. This, however, was but a minor evil, for stones and numberless other articles could be made use of as missiles should the enemy come to close quarters. Much also was expected from the consternation into which

Digitized by Google

such powerful agents as artillery would throw a savage tribe to whom the very existence of these potent engines of destruction was utterly unknown; and judging from the effect that the discharge of a single cannon had produced on Hina-hina and his companions, many of the Frenchmen confidently expected that the hostile force would take to flight on the first discharge. That these optimists greatly underrated the courage and determination of their foes the sequel will show.

Into the feelings of the young husband on seeing the savages land at the plantation and fire the dwelling containing his wife and child I shall not enter, for each of my readers can mentally place himself in the same position and realize the agony that Claude must have suffered. But he felt powerless to afford his beloved ones any assistance, and conscience told him unmistakably that his first duty was towards the brave men who looked up to him as their leader, and with whom he had shared so many perils, as well as towards the friendly islanders, who had shown them-

Digitized by Google

selves such faithful allies to the shipwrecked crew.

The latter had hurriedly removed everything of value from their village, and the whole tribe, men, women, and children, were collected within the shelter of the fort; the warriors, armed with club and spear, manning the platforms, on which were gathered heaps of large stones destined to be hurled at the enemy should he advance to close quarters; and the non-combatant portion of the natives taking refuge behind the chapel and other dwellings, where at least they would be sheltered from the missiles of the foe.

Under the directions of the sturdy Breton de Kergnac twenty rounds of ammunition had been served out to each of the men carrying muskets, and the supply of shot at their command was piled in the rear of each gun, whilst some of the native youths were told off to bring up cartridges from the magazine. When building the fort it had been the unanimous opinion of both Europeans and islanders that any attack must necessarily take place from

Digitized by Google

seaward, therefore the embrasures had all been constructed so that the cannon faced in that direction, whilst the landward portion of the stockade was, comparatively speaking, unprotected, and the cocoa-nut grove—well capable of affording a certain shelter to a daring foe—came within a few paces of the ditch; for although it was apparent to the least experienced eye that this cover would give great advantage to an enemy, yet Claude had hesitated to fell trees of such value to his allies, and now there was no time, had he wished to do so, for the main body of the canoes were advancing with great rapidity.

Notwithstanding the heavy cares that oppressed him, de Chateaupré could hardly repress an exclamation of wonder at the resolute bearing of the Magwangui, and of admiration at the skilful manner in which they handled their fleet. This comprised more than one hundred war canoes, of which some twenty had landed their crews at the plantation, whilst the main body dashed on-

Digitized by Google

ward in the evident expectation of speedily capturing the village.

The large war vessels of the more savage and predatory inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands merit a slight description, being totally different from the smaller craft pursuing a more peaceful avocation, such as fishing, catching turtle, &c. &c. An immense amount of ingenuity and labour is bestowed upon these vessels, which are for the most part double, that is to say they consist of two separate canoes joined together by bamboo scantling (very much in the same manner that the double ship *Castalia* is united—indeed the idea of that vessel may have been originated by reminiscences of the South Seas), having a raised platform, or fighting deck, running completely over both hulls, and forming an admirable "coign of vantage" from whence the combatant portion of the crew can discharge their spears, arrows, and other missiles. They are usually fitted with one or more masts, each carrying a large leg-of-mutton sail of native manufacture; but the

Digitized by Google

general mode of progression is by means of paddles, the portion of the crew to whom this arduous task is allotted being distributed amongst the seats in the open parts of each hull—for it need hardly be said that the platform mentioned above occupies only the central portion of the double craft. In the large quarto edition of Captain Cook's *Voyages* will be found most elaborate plans of these curious vessels, designed on a scale so ample that a perfect idea of their appearance is at once presented to the inquirer.

That the Magwangui were ignorant of the loss of the French frigate and of the presence of Europeans on the island was evident from the momentary indecision apparent throughout the fleet when they descried the taper spars of the little *Esperance* and the tricolor floating from the flagstaff within the fort. The foremost canoes ceased paddling, and a consultation seemed to be held between the occupants of two of the largest war vessels. The halt, however, was but of short duration, for the paddles were soon plied with redoubled vigour,

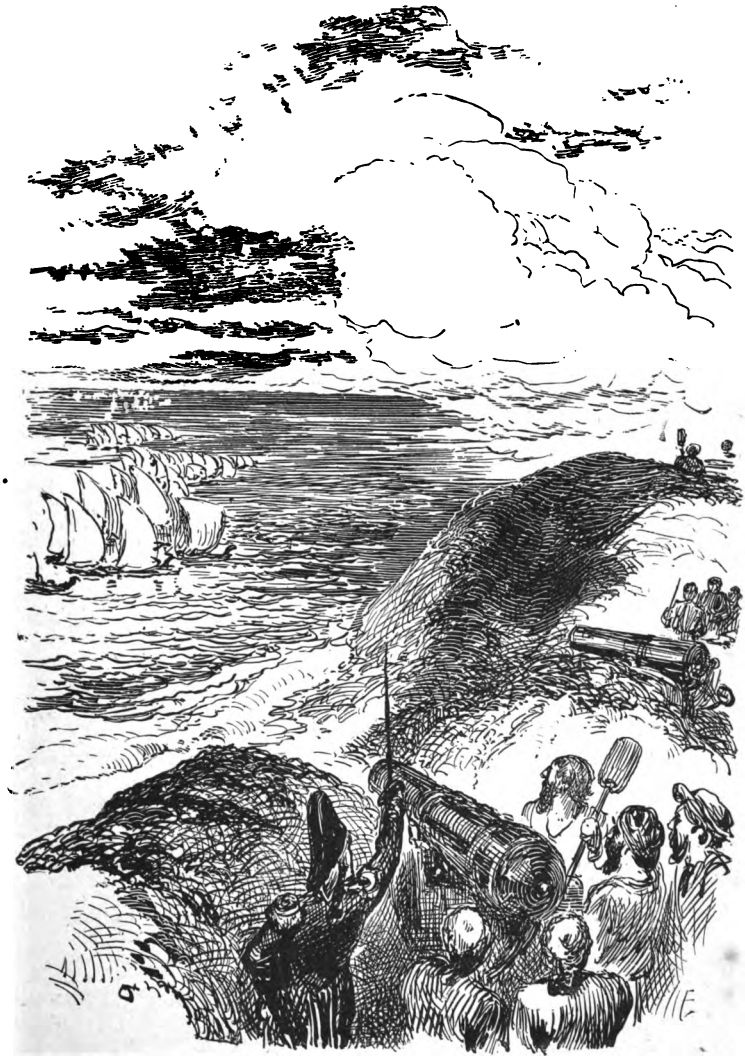
Digitized by Google

while a savage yell from many hundred throats proclaimed the hostile intentions of the Magwangui. At the distance of half a mile from the shore the fleet swept onward until abreast of Fort Napoleon. Here they suddenly altered course, and turning at right angles to the direction they had hitherto pursued, dashed onward for the beach.

But Claude had been watching every movement with unrelaxing vigilance, and when the change of front occurred he saw that the moment for giving the savages a lesson in the destructive qualities of gunpowder had arrived. The men stood beside the double-shotted cannons, the captain of each gun with a lighted match in his hand. At the order from Claude the handspikemen plied their levers, and the guns were brought to bear upon the advancing canoes, now huddled together in a mass that the smallest boy in the garrison could hardly have missed.

"Are you ready?" cried Claude, "then fire!" and almost simultaneously the four

Digitized by Google



"'ARE YOU READY?' CRIED CLAUDE, 'THEN FIRE!'"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

pieces of ordnance bellowed forth, and a yell of anguish from the Magwangui announced the destruction that had been dealt amongst their crowded ranks. Consternation seemed to deprive them for the moment of all power of movement; the rowers held their paddles motionless in the same position in which the shot had reached them, and not until the *Sybille's* gunners had poured in another round did it seem to dawn upon the warriors that in the immediate dispersion of the fleet lay their only hope of escape from the long-reaching arm of the terrible enemy. With straining muscles the men at the paddles dipped the broad blades into the water, and some of the war-canoes stood out to sea, whilst others pursued their original course parallel to the beach. The wisdom of these tacties was soon apparent, for although the fort sent forth a few more shot they had little or no effect upon the extended line of canoes, and as night was now approaching and ammunition precious, Claude soon gave the order to cease firing.

Digitized by Google

But meanwhile the party that had burned the hut at the plantation had not remained idle. Bent on crippling the hated Maricopans (the tribe in whose midst the castaways had received so warm a welcome), the marauders destroyed the whole of the growing crops that fell within their reach, tore down the fences erected as a protection against wild swine, and finally dispersed themselves along the beach, hewing down the cocoa-nut groves and inflicting every injury upon their enemies that the malignity of savages could suggest. Several hundred men were comprised in the shore party, and were commanded by Tiatavi, the eldest son of Lafimorni, reigning chief of the Magwangui, and heir-apparent to the leadership of that powerful nation on his father's demise. He was young in years, but already distinguished for the ferocity of his character and his relentless pursuit of those whom he deemed, in however remote a degree, his foes. Although these personal traits endeared him to the younger members of his tribe, who burned with anxiety to dis-

Digitized by Google

play their prowess in warfare, they caused much uneasiness to the elders, who foresaw that on his accession to power their nation would be plunged into interminable wars initiated by his ambition, and fostered by his inordinate lust for military renown. Tiatavi had been told off by his father, who commanded the fleet, to destroy the cocoa-nut groves and taro plantations of the Maricopans, and right willingly had he betaken himself to a task in every way congenial to his nature.

After devastating the crops of the Maricopans the invaders spread themselves along the beach in the direction of Fort Napoleon, but the fire opened upon the canoes brought them to a sudden standstill. Assembling his scattered forces, Tiatavi held a hurried council of war with the leading chiefs, which resulted in a determination to halt in their present position until further instructions arrived from Lafimorni, for it was evident from the abrupt dispersion of the fleet that the savages had a foe of no ordinary calibre to contend with. Whatever were his other faults timidity

Digitized by Google

formed no portion of Tiatavi's nature; therefore, ordering his followers to remain perfectly quiet, he announced his intention of stealing towards the fort alone, for the purpose of reconnoitring the position of the Maricopans, and of ascertaining the number and quality of the unknown allies, who had so mysteriously come to their assistance.

Skirting the border of the scrub, and in fact almost pursuing the same course that the fugitives had recently held, Tiatavi crept cautiously onward, and had arrived within fifty yards of the little stream in whose waters Dolores was bathing her weary feet, when the dying shriek of the unhappy Lella rang in his ears.

After a moment's hesitation the young chief advanced, redoubling his precautions, and worming his lithe body through the undergrowth with the noiseless dexterity of a savage. The sounds of agony soon died away, but the crashing of the brushwood as Dolores hastened to the assistance of her companion was plainly audible. Another pause

Digitized by Google

ensued, and again the chief pursued his way until the bank of the mountain torrent was reached. All sound from the direction whence the cries of anguish had issued was now hushed, for the reader may remember that Dolores lost consciousness on beholding the dreadful fate that had befallen her friend. Peering cautiously around, the eyes of Tiatavi were attracted to some bushes from whence branches had evidently been recently stripped. Advancing to the spot he beheld a sight that filled his savage heart with awe and amazement, and yet the object of his wonder presented in itself little that was formidable, being only a lovely infant slumbering between two rocks, unconscious of present or coming danger.

With the utmost tenderness and veneration the chief—little accustomed to such a task—lifted up the child, and abandoning all thought of further investigation, hastened back to the warriors with his prize, for that he regarded his burden in that light the sequel will abundantly show.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. X.—L'ESPERANCE IN JEOPARDY.

TO say that the Magwangui were, at the date of our story, a highly religious tribe would be most incorrect; but nevertheless they possessed certain ideas of right and wrong, maintained a staff of priests or conjurors, worshipped graven images of the most uncouth and terrific appearance, and testified their respect by cooking and devouring all prisoners taken in battle before the shrines of these bloodthirsty idols. In what quarter the legend originated will never be known, whether hundreds of years before a Spanish vessel had been wrecked on their coast, or a boat's crew of Europeans had been forced to take refuge amongst them, still the pet tradition of the Magwangui—a tradition fostered by the

Digitized by Google

priesthood—was to the effect that on some remote day a girl baby, white as the moon and lovely as the rosy morn, would be discovered by one of the nation, to whom great benefits would accrue therefrom, whilst the tribe itself would wonderfully increase both in numbers and such worldly gear as they chiefly loved to possess. This legend was studiously kept alive in the breast of every Magwangui youth, each of whom trusted that he would be the lucky individual for whom Fortune had reserved this special mark of favour. Animated by this hope the young warriors showed great emulation in the various predatory expeditions the tribe were in the habit of making, each striving to outstrip his comrades in an attack, for who could tell where the promised baby lay concealed, and would the foremost warrior not stand the greatest chance of finding her? That this emulative spirit should be encouraged to the utmost by the priests of a warlike nation will be apparent, and will also explain the mingled awe and delight with which Tiatavi beheld our little heroine Coralie.

Digitized by Google

Having given a brief outline of the great Magwangui tradition, we now resume the thread of the story.

With eager footsteps, and a heart beating high with exultation, the Chief retraced his path through the brushwood, either careless or forgetful of the piercing shriek that had first attracted his attention. On observing him approach with a white object in his arms, the reclining warriors sprang to their feet, and apprehensive from his hasty advance that some danger was at hand, grasped their weapons, and throwing themselves into a circular group, stood upon the defensive. But the radiant countenance of their leader when he drew near dispelled all anxiety, and curiosity outweighing every other consideration the warriors broke their ranks and crowded around him. Notwithstanding his hasty advance Tiatavi had not neglected to shield his prize's face—still calmly slumbering—with a fragment of fine tappa, thinking doubtless to enhance the wonder of his followers on the production of the long-wished-for treasure.

Digitized by Google

No such theatrical ruse was requisite, for when the young Chief, by a wave of his disengaged arm, imposed silence on the dusky warriors thronging round him, and raising the cloth revealed the nature of his burden, a suppressed murmur of astonishment passed through the assemblage, who with one accord fell forward, and bending their foreheads to the very ground, remained in that position mute and motionless. Many scarred old veterans were amongst the ranks, the intricate ornaments traced on whose bodies were disfigured or semi-obliterated by club and arrow wounds (stern records of bygone conflicts, received perchance when their hearts also were green and the hopes of winning the coveted prize still animated them), yet none refused the homage due to the unconscious little atom of humanity securely held against the broad chest of the exultant Chief, nor the meed of praise by right belonging to the realizer of the ancient tradition.

Meanwhile the defenders of Fort Napoleon were congratulating themselves on the easy

Digitized by Google

victory obtained over so formidable an enemy, and some of the garrison were even rash enough to express a wish that the attack might be renewed, in order that the Magwangui might receive such a lesson as would for ever prevent their ravaging the territory of the hospitable Maricopans. The warriors —whether white or black—thus ardent for a prolongation of hostilities may rest perfectly contented that their wish will be fulfilled, for as one swallow is traditionally reported not to make a summer, so one repulse, even when effected by such powerful weapons as cannon, is highly unlikely to drive away empty-handed so pertinacious and daring a foe as the Magwangui.

Dusk—the brief twilight of the tropics—had already set in, when Claude, having given instructions to de Kergnac that sentinels of both races should be posted around the entire circuit of the fortress, retired to his dwelling to muse over the events of the day, and perhaps to ease his bursting heart of some portion of the leaden weight of sorrow that again

Digitized by Google

oppressed him now the excitement of the conflict was over. Truly it had been a day memorable in the calendar of any man's life, however eventful his career—his first-born christened, and the messenger of relief safely launched, were the bright spots of the preceding twelve hours; the possible, indeed probable, loss of both infant and mother, and the certainty that the castaways had provoked the wrath of a brave and unscrupulous foe, were the storm-clouds that darkened the close of the day and crushed even the sanguine temperament of Claude de Chateaupré.

Two hours had elapsed when a tapping, followed by the opening of the door, aroused the young man from the painful reverie into which he had fallen, and de Kergnac entered, closely followed by Hina-hina.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Captain, narrowly scrutinizing the countenances of his two visitors, both of which bore symptoms of disappointment.

"We shall be regularly besieged, that is all," replied de Kergnac; "if you will step up

Digitized by Google

on to the platform you will see the fires of the Magwangui in every direction along the beach on either side, and glistening through the cocoa-nut grove in the rear. Hina-hina, whose ears are sharper than mine, says that the songs of the enemy betoken the arrival of some singular piece of good fortune widely different from the wail we expected them to raise over their fallen warriors."

"I hope a good guard is posted on the shore side of the fort," said Claude; "for since the savages have landed that seems the most probable quarter from whence to expect an attack. A quarter, too," he continued with a sad smile, "in which we are the least prepared to meet it. What a pity we did not mount a gun so as to command the rear!"

"It certainly was an oversight," replied the lieutenant; "but who could imagine we should have to encounter foes so persistent and war-like as these? All attempts to move a gun must be abandoned for the present, since Hina-hina declares that, despite the reception they must meet with, the enemy would pour

Digitized by Google

in resistless numbers through the breach were an opening once made."

"Well," replied de Chateaupré, "we must only do our best, and make up by increased vigilance for our errors in fortification. But what in the world is the matter now?"

The Captain's exclamation was called forth by the abrupt entry into the hut of Havili, the shark-slayer, who stood before them breathless with excitement, his dark eyes seeming in the torchlight to emit sparks of fire.

"Speak!" shouted Hina-hina, seizing the new arrival by the arm, "speak quickly!"

"Motohico's big canoe," was the reply, accompanied by a wave of the hand in the direction of *l'Esperance.*

"By Heaven! something has happened to the schooner," cried Claude, catching the native's meaning at once, and darting out of the house, closely followed by his companions.

It may be remembered that immediately after the launch the little vessel was moored

Digitized by Google

abreast of the fort, within a cable's length of the shore; but when the Magwangui fleet hove in sight it became necessary to remove her some distance in order that no obstruction should be presented to the free working of the guns. This was accordingly done, and a crew of four Europeans and ten natives, under the command of an experienced old quarter-master, were placed on board to defend the vessel in case of an attack, though the possibility of so daring a measure was thought of little likelihood.

During the fire kept up on the fleet by the fort, the crew of *l'Esperance* crowded the rigging, watching the effect of each shot; but after the canoes had dispersed and the fires blazing on the beach betokened that the enemy had landed, the vigilance on board the schooner speedily relaxed, and her defenders—unsuspicious of any evil—descended to enjoy the plentiful supper that de Kergnac had sent on board in the gig. Before leaving the deck, old Leblanc, the quarter-master, had told off one European and two natives to watch, and

Digitized by Google

had urged upon them the necessity of keeping a bright look-out. This, however, was neglected, for the Frenchman speedily tired of peering forth at the distant fires, and thought to while away the time more pleasantly by leaning over the combings of the hatchway, listening to the conversation of his companions, and regaling his olfactory organ with the odour of roast-pig that ascended in a savoury steam from below. As to the two natives, thinking that keeping watch whilst their brethren were eating was a work of supererogation, and being on board a vessel even so large as the little *Esperance* for the first time, they amused themselves by examining every nook and cranny of the upper deck and fore-hold, utterly unmindful of the fact that a hostile force was within half a mile, and that the safety of the vessel depended on their vigilance.

Supper having come to an end, old Leblanc and his three countrymen lighted their pipes —an object always of intense interest to the islanders; whilst the latter, who were under

Digitized by Google

the command of Havili, stretched themselves upon the deck for the purpose of enjoying to the utmost the animal pleasures of repletion.

But all tendency to slumber was abruptly brought to a close by a sound of scuffling, heavy groans, and the tramp of many feet upon the upper deck. Old Leblanc gazed upward for a moment, but a warm drip came plashing over his face—it was *blood*—the life-blood of poor Pierre Dorlote, who, while gazing down the hatchway, had been killed by a blow from a war-club. With a savage imprecation the old sailor dashed his pipe on the deck, and drawing a pistol from his belt, rapidly ascended the companion-hatch. Scarcely had his head appeared above the combings, and long ere his eyes had become accustomed to the abrupt transition from light to darkness, the quarter-master fell backward down the ladder and lay prostrate on the deck of the cabin, his white locks bedabbled with the sanguine stream that issued from his cloven skull.

But why prolong a description of the hor-

Digitized by Google

rors that ensued? In overpowering numbers the Magwangui had boarded the schooner, and owing to the negligence of the watch had experienced no opposition, indeed had even gained possession of the upper deck before an alarm was raised. The remainder of the sad story can be told in very few words. Of the fifteen men composing the crew of *l'Esperance* but one escaped; the remainder were mercilessly butchered and their bodies tossed overboard to feed the hungry sharks. The survivor of this wholesale massacre was Havili, the shark-slayer, who with amazing activity avoided the blows aimed at him by his foes, and plunging overboard, soon disappeared in the darkness owing to his wonderful powers of swimming.

"But how," the reader will naturally inquire, "did the canoes come alongside without some slight noise betraying their arrival?"

The question is soon answered—no canoes ever left the shore.

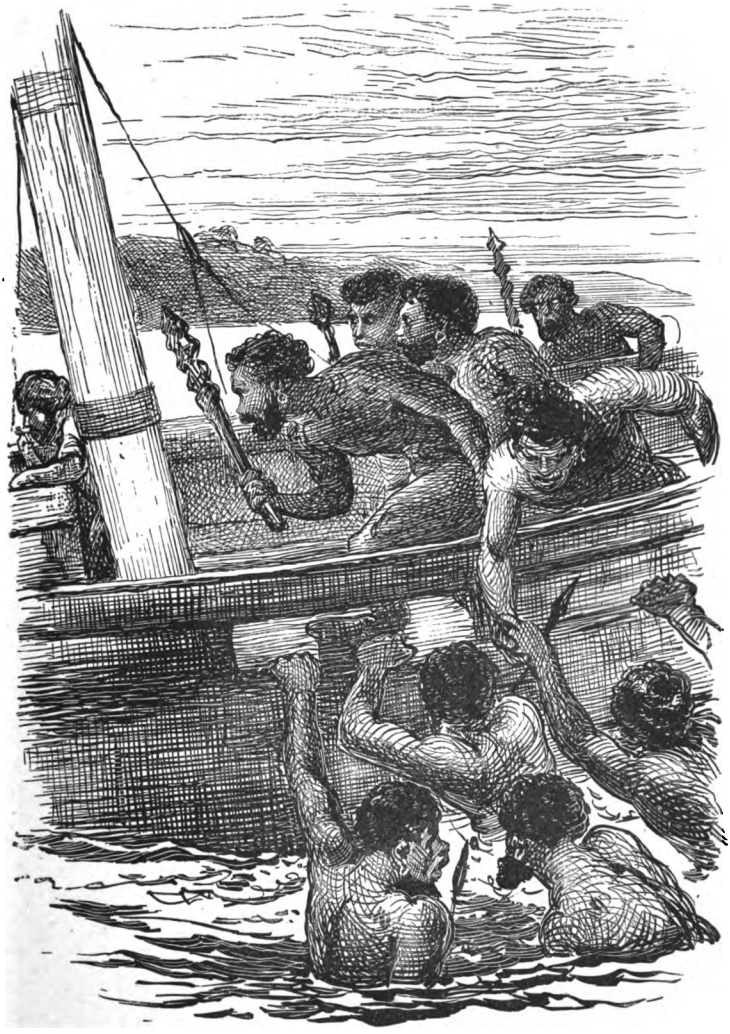
A number of the best divers amongst the Magwangui warriors volunteered to swim off

Digitized by Google

to the schooner and attempt to carry her by boarding. The absence of the two natives to whom the custody of the forecastle was intrusted enabled the foremost of the enterprizing band to ascend the cable and gain the deck, from whence they extended a helping hand to their comrades, and not until fifty stout warriors stood fully armed upon the forecastle of the little craft was the rush made and the cruel murders perpetrated that I have recorded above,

Barbarous as such a massacre may seem, the reader must bear in mind that amongst the South Sea Island savages this mode of warfare generally obtains, and that no unnecessary cruelty, no torture, or other revolting exhibitions tending to harden the heart and debase human nature, ever occur. From the accounts that have recently reached our own happy shores, more than one European nation might take a lesson in humanity from the dusky children of the South Pacific.

Digitized by Google



SCHOONER BOARDED BY THE ENEMY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XI.—THE CONFLICT.

THE course of the narrative now takes us back to Claude, who, closely followed by de Kergnac, Hina-hina, and the dripping shark-slayer, had rushed to the seaward side of the fortress on hearing the sad catastrophe so concisely stated by the latter.

"Man the boats at once, de Kergnac," cried the Captain, "and let the men only take their cutlasses and pistols. Muskets are useless in a night encounter such as this, and we must trust principally to cold steel for the recapture of the vessel. I shall go myself in the gig and take the command, and you must take charge of the fort and defend it with the remainder of our own hands and the natives in case of an attack."

Digitized by Google

The orders were promptly obeyed, and soon the cutter, pinnace, and gig—the three boats saved from the wreck—were dashing towards the schooner, the gig leading. The plan of attack was briefly explained by Claude before leaving the shore. He himself would board on the larboard bow; the pinnace—by far the largest boat and intrusted to the care of a junior lieutenant—would run alongside the starboard gangway; whilst the cutter would make fast under the larboard quarter. Only one boat-keeper would remain in each boat, the crews of which would fight their way inboard, the general rendezvous being round the main bitts. The use of fire-arms was strictly forbidden except in cases of dire emergency, so that, if possible, the attack might be concealed from the main body of the Magwangui.

Furious at finding the little vessel on which so much depended in the hands of the enemy, the crews gave way with a will, and with the firm determination of carrying the schooner or perishing in the attempt. The

Digitized by Google

distance from the fort was less than a quarter of a mile, and but few minutes sufficed to bring the boats alongside their goal. The gig—being the lightest boat—was the first to reach, and making fast at the allotted position, her crew, headed by the Captain, flung themselves on board, not, however, before two of their number had been struck down with poisoned arrows. A desperate conflict now took place upon the forecastle, the darkness giving a great advantage to the lynx-eyed savages in a hand-to-hand fight. But Claude and his small band soon perceived a diversion effected in their favour, for the other boats had strictly carried out his orders, and the Magwangui found themselves attacked both in front and rear. Still the combat was for some time doubtful, for the captors of *l'Esperance* were the picked men of their tribe, and fought with the utmost determination. To enter into the details of a conflict such as this would be impossible, the combatants being blended together in one struggling mass, amidst which the faint flash of a cutlass or the

Digitized by Google

gleam of an inlaid club were alone visible. The dull crushing sound as one of the latter weapons reached a foe's skull, or the defiant groans of a warrior as he fell beneath a Frenchman's blade, were the only sounds audible beyond the clashing of arms, for each party was fighting for life, and as customary with men in that position, fighting mute.

But the superior discipline of the French soon turned the current in their favour, and by the time the three parties had united round the mainmast all the warriors who were not killed had jumped overboard and made for the shore, leaving the Europeans undisputed masters of the vessel.

And now commenced the sad task of succouring the wounded and counting the slain. Amongst the former was Claude, who had his left arm broken by a club, and had also received a slight scratch on his right wrist, of which he was unconscious.

Under his directions the names of the men were called over. Alas! how many remained unanswered! A brilliant victory had been

Digitized by Google

gained and the schooner saved, but at how great a cost! Out of thirty-eight brave men who had quitted the fort full of life and hope but a short quarter of an hour before, only twenty-six now remained, and some of these were wounded. The deck of the little vessel was encumbered with corpses, and as any attempt at burial under the present circumstances was impossible, both Europeans and natives were committed to the deep, whilst the wounded were conveyed below, after the marks of slaughter that had been there perpetrated were removed.

The gig had been despatched to the fort for medical assistance, and soon returned with the surgeon, bearing the implements of his craft. Not until the last wounded sailor had been tended would Claude permit the Doctor to set his arm. Most of the hurts were found to be trifling, for the war-club is not a weapon to inflict slight injuries; it either misses its object, or kills.

But scarcely had the last bandage been placed on the Captain's arm, when the sound

Digitized by Google

of musketry intermingled with savage yells, met his ears, and announced that the fort was attacked by land. Leaving the gig with six men to weigh the schooner's anchor and tow her under cover of the guns, Claude hastened into the other boats with all the remaining available hands, and hurried ashore to de Kergnac's assistance, and sorely was the reinforcement needed.

With the forty odd Europeans left in the fort, and ably seconded by Hina-hina and his Maricopans, the lieutenant was gallantly defending the stockade against overpowering masses of the Magwangui who were pressing forward to the attack with a reckless disregard of danger that was perfectly appalling. Every circumstance was in favour of the assailants, and correspondingly adverse to the besieged. Under cover of the cocoa-nut grove that Claude had allowed to remain standing the attacking party were enabled to creep close to the outer ditch, and discharge their arrows at the garrison, the flashes of whose muskets gave notice of their where-

Digitized by Google

abouts, and whose forms were often clearly visible against the sky line. The small-arm men could only fire at random upon a foe sheltered behind the trunks of trees, and concealed by the deep obscurity of the background, owing to which their shot took but little effect.

Several Frenchmen and a large number of the Maricopans had fallen beneath the arrows of the Magwangui when Claude and his men appeared on the scene, with the good news that the schooner was their own again.

On entering his house to get a pair of pistols de Chateaupré first noticed a remarkable stiffness in his right arm. The weapons were hung on nails driven into the wall, and on attempting to raise his arm he found it was only to be accomplished with the utmost difficulty. Taking no notice of this, however, he hurried to the outer palisade and mounted the platform on which stood de Kergnac, rifle in hand, and peering out into the darkness for a shot at the daring assailants. All

Digitized by Google

the remaining platforms were manned by the *Sybille's* crew and the Maricopans, the latter armed with heavy stones, fresh supplies of which the women kept constantly handing up.

Claude had been but a few minutes on the stage and was in the act of informing de Kergnac of the losses sustained in the recapture of the schooner, when the gleam of torches became visible in the direction of Hina-hina's dwelling.

"What new devilry does that mean?" muttered the Breton; but very few minutes revealed to them the device hit upon by the foe. As if by magic the whole of the habitations composing the Maricopan village burst into flames, whose brilliancy effectually dispelled the darkness, casting a lurid glow on the fortress and its defenders. The latter could plainly perceive the enemy in dense masses, but far beyond the range of the old smooth-bored musket of those days.

"If we only had a gun or two on this side how we could pepper them!" said Claude.

Digitized by Google

"Why, what can be the matter now?" he continued as he felt himself staggering, and on attempting to grasp the breastwork for support, found his right arm refuse its office.

"Are you wounded?" asked de Kergnac, upholding his sinking Captain's form by the waist.

"Not that I know of except the broken arm. Now the other has become useless."

De Kergnac hastily deposited his friend in a sitting position, and doubling back his coat sleeve discovered the small scratch before mentioned, but which had now turned into a livid and swollen mass.

"Good Heavens! what is the meaning of this?" said the lieutenant, addressing Hina-hina, who had just joined them.

"Poisoned arrow," replied the Chief in a low tone, so that the alarming intelligence should not reach the ears of the sufferer. But the roar of a cannon would hardly have awaked de Chateaupré from the profound insensibility into which the deadly venom had thrown him.

Digitized by Google

Deeply shocked, the Breton directed four of the crew to carry poor Claude to his house and to acquaint the surgeon with his condition; then turning towards the burning village he closely scrutinized the movements of the enemy, for the command had now devolved upon him, and he was answerable for the safety of the surviving portion of the *Sybille's* ship's company.

"What will they do next?" he asked Hina-hina; but the screams of the Maricopan women and children, who were placed in comparative safety on the sea-side of the fort, announced that some new disaster was impending in that quarter.

"*Morbleu!* we are attacked from the front too! This is beginning to look serious," and in his excitement the brave Breton reared his tall form to its full height preparatory to descending for the purpose of confronting this new danger. It was but a moment that he stood thus, head and shoulders being plainly visible above the parapet, but those few seconds cost the Empire a gallant officer,

Digitized by Google

"WITHOUT A GROAN OR STRUGGLE THE BRAVE BRETON FELL DEAD."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

and his messmates a generous and affectionate friend. The huts, built of most inflammable material, over which the Magwangui had poured all the cocoa-nut oil they could find to increase the flames, still burned fiercely, and their light shone on the cocked hat and gold lace of the French lieutenant. Although the besiegers had never seen Europeans before, they had quite sense enough to know that the men who wore such magnificent ornaments as gold lace must be chiefs, therefore the instant that de Kergnac exposed himself above the breastwork a dozen savage warriors, who were concealed behind the cocoa-nut stems, launched their shafts, three of which took effect—one even reaching the brain—and without a groan or struggle the brave Breton fell dead.

The tumult in the rear of the defenders, caused by the shrieking of the Maricopan women, had completely taken them by surprise, and numbers of the native warriors left the inshore platforms and hastened to the relief of their kindred. The French stood

Digitized by Google

fast in their positions awaiting orders from their officers, and only when the sad news of de Kergnac's death was communicated from post to post did any anxiety as to the ultimate result of the struggle strike them. The four men who had borne de Chateaupré to his house had been imperatively enjoined by the lieutenant not to let a word concerning his critical position escape them; but notwithstanding this injunction the matter, by some channel or other, got wind, and for the first time the gallant sailors felt despondent. But one commissioned executive officer now remained—M. de Rameau, the fourth lieutenant—who at once assumed the command, and proved that though young in years he was quite equal to the weight of responsibility thus unexpectedly thrust upon his shoulders, by the prompt measures that he took to meet the new danger threatening them from the seaward.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XII.—HOW THE STRIFE TERMINATED.

BY the Lieutenant's directions thirty men, under the command of the gunner, were at once despatched to ascertain the cause of the confusion, whilst he himself with the remainder of the garrison held in check the savages lurking in the depths of the cocoa-nut grove. Seemingly conscious that the stratagem employed had been successful, and that the garrison would be compelled to split their forces to repel the double attack, the warriors showed boldly from out the sheltering trees and keep up so incessant a rain of arrows that the defenders were unable to expose their heads above the parapet without becoming targets for numberless missiles, and many men, both Europeans and Maricopans,

Digitized by Google

fell beneath the well-directed shafts. Still the besieged gallantly maintained their posts, replying as occasion offered to the fire of the enemy, and leaving them thus employed, let us turn to the seaward portion of the fortress, whither we have seen the gunner and a party of French repair to repel the new attack.

The sight that met them on arrival was one that struck dismay even into their stout hearts. On every side were seen flying Maricopan warriors and women pursued by brawny savages, whose numbers were for ever increasing, as they poured in through the gate, which, to the horror of the French, had by some unknown means been forced.

Hastily forming his men into line the gunner gave the order to charge with the bayonet, and in a moment the sailors were engaged at close quarters with the enemy. The impetuosity of the attack caused the latter to waver and fly after a brief stand; but their retreat was of short duration, for, concealing themselves behind the different buildings, they opened a galling fire with

Digitized by Google

arrows, which rapidly thinned the ranks of the Europeans. In vain the gunner led his men towards the positions in which the warriors seemed most numerous, for immediately a shower of arrows was poured in upon their rear and flanks. In fact they were surrounded, and every moment the number of the Magwangui increased, animated by their success and eager for spoil and slaughter.

To continue in the open would be to have every one of his men shot down in succession, therefore the gunner determined to throw his small force into the Captain's house, which being of more substantial structure than the other buildings would afford a brief shelter from the galling flight of arrows. This was effected without much further loss, and the party of Frenchmen, now reduced to nineteen, together with some dozen Maricopans, assembled within the dwelling under whose roof Claude de Chateaupré lay senseless and dying.

How to give notice of their position to M. de Rameau became the next question, for

Digitized by Google

it was evident that the Europeans could do little when separated into two parties. But who would volunteer on such a desperate errand as to run the gauntlet through that horde of ferocious savages, whose yells of triumph resounded in the ears of the French, as they plundered the bodies of the slain and subjected the lifeless corpses to every indignity. Still no time could be lost, and the gunner called for a volunteer. Several brave men at once stepped forward and announced their willingness to undertake the perilous mission.

Amongst the number of Maricopans shut up in the Captain's house was Havili, the shark-slayer, who watched with great interest the friendly contention between the aspirants for almost certain death. On learning the cause he at once stepped forward and signified his intention of carrying the message himself.

"How," said he, by means of signs and the strange jumble of language in which the French and the natives communicated with

Digitized by Google

each other—"How could a white man ever hope to pass through the crowd of Magwangui assembled outside? He would be clubbed and killed in a moment. A native is quite different, and he might possibly manage to creep through unperceived, more particularly whilst the enemy are busied in stripping the dead. Let Havili go, he will carry your message."

There was so much truth in this self-devoted reasoning that the gunner acceded at once, and scrawling a few lines to de Rameau on a scrap of paper torn from Claude's diary, he pressed it with a grateful squeeze into the hand of the heroic native, who, after peering out for a few seconds into the darkness, gently opened the door wide enough to afford his body egress, and silently glided into the open, whither we will follow him.

To a European, unaccustomed to savage warfare, the scene within the seaward portion of the fort would have appeared a perfect pandemonium. The noise was appalling, for scattered groups of the Maricopans were

Digitized by Google

still fighting vigorously wherever a stand could be made, and each party was yelling, now in triumph, now in despair, as the tide of battle ebbed or flowed, and an advantage, however temporary, was gained by one or other of the opponents. To this must be added the pattering of musketry, the shrieks of affrighted women, and the groans of such as death had not released from their anguish. The flames from the still burning village—for it must be remembered that although the incidents here recounted occupy a considerable space on paper, very few minutes sufficed for their commission—cast forth a light which, though unable to penetrate the double walls of the fort, nevertheless in a great measure dispersed the darkness, and rendering objects vaguely visible, added to the horrors of the scene.

Havili's exit had not apparently been observed, and stealing cautiously forward he came at length to the last house that afforded shelter; from thence he must make a dash through the open.

Digitized by Google

Perhaps the reader will wonder why the Magwangui, having effected an entrance on the sea side of the fort and driven under cover the force detached to oppose them, did not advance and attack de Rameau and his allies in the rear. The reason was that the warriors in the cocoa-nut grove kept up, according to previous arrangement, an unremitting shower of arrows, most of which flew over the parapet and would infallibly have proved destructive to many of their own warriors had they ventured within the circle of their flight; and it will be further seen that Havili was exposed to a double fire, one from the rear should his project be discovered, and the other from the random shots of the enemy in the grove.

Though fully conscious of the imminent risk he ran, the brave islander did not falter in his purpose for a moment. Remaining perfectly motionless for some seconds to avoid recognition by a party of the Magwangui who were approaching, Havili, directly they were passed, dashed forward at full speed, and had advanced twenty or thirty yards before one of

Digitized by Google

the enemy had perceived him. But suddenly he halted in his headlong course and a quickly suppressed cry, more of anger than of pain, rose to his lips, for a random arrow from the wood had pierced his thigh, and others from the same source were falling thickly around him. Stooping down he attempted to draw the dart from the wound, regardless of the suffering such a measure caused him, but the serrated shark's teeth, with which some inches of the shaft were fitted, prevented this, and warned by an arrow that whizzed past him from behind that greater danger threatened in the rear, he snapped off the weapon close to the wound and limped onward.

Another twenty yards would bring the messenger near enough to the shelter of the inner wall to secure him from all random danger, but many of the Magwangui within the fortress have perceived him, and a heavy discharge is kept up from their bows at his retreating figure. Still he holds on his course, and now a few more steps and friendly obscurity will spread her sable mantle around

Digitized by Google

him. It is not to be. That last shaft has sped too truly to its mark, and the gallant shark-slayer falls prone to the ground, an arrow firmly imbedded between his broad shoulders.

He falls, but life is not yet extinct, and summoning all his strength he drags his wounded frame slowly onward. The Mag-wangui, who are rejoicing over his fall, perceive this, and a yell of disappointment rises from their ranks. Will none of their number dare to cross the dangerous band within which the shafts of their own comrades are falling "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa?"

Yes, one man darts forward flourishing his war-club round his head and uttering a savage yell—a yell commenced in triumph but closed in anguish, for an arrow from the wood pierces his breast, and Havili's slayer is numbered with the dead.

Five good minutes are occupied by the maimed warrior in reaching the inner wall, and two or three more before he can crawl beneath the platform on which de Rameau has posted himself, and by feeble exclamations

Digitized by Google

make his presence known. The French officer descends at once, and the devoted islander has just sufficient strength to smile faintly and to hand the blood-stained scrap of paper to the Lieutenant before the chill hand of death falls on him, and his gallant spirit is released.

The flames of the burning village were too fierce to last for any length of time, and the light had already considerably decreased. There was still, however, sufficient remaining to enable de Rameau to decipher the gunner's hurried scrawl, and to comprehend in a moment the urgency of the case. To unite the two parties was of course the first step, and then by a vigorous effort the enemy might be driven from the fortress, and held at bay until the return of daylight. In pursuance of this de Rameau, by whose side the bugler was stationed, commanded him to sound, first, "Cease firing," then the "Assembly." The seamen quickly mustered round, when the lieutenant explained his intentions, and having formed into line under the shelter of the inner

Digitized by Google

wall, the Europeans fixed their bayonets and advanced at the double, leaving the defence of the outer palisade to Hina-hina and his warriors.

During the short time occupied in traversing the exposed portion of ground that had proved fatal to the gallant shark-slayer, not less than three Frenchmen were struck down, and twice that number wounded. From the unknown bugle-call, followed immediately by a cessation of musketry, the wily savages doubtless formed a shrewd idea of the movements passing within the fortress, and consequently redoubled the discharge of missiles.

But during the time that had passed since Havili quitted Claude's house—a space of little more than a quarter of an hour—the Magwangui had been pouring into the fort in a ceaseless throng, and at least three thousand hostile warriors, drunk with slaughter and excitement, stood yelling round the dwelling in which the gunner's party had taken refuge; and for de Rameau to pierce this furious circle with his handful of men would be a work of

Digitized by Google

no small difficulty. But a more potent engine of destruction was about to disperse that mass of frantic savages.

The lieutenant had drawn his party up under shelter of a building to load their muskets and gain breath before advancing to the charge, when suddenly torches showed themselves amongst the Magwangui, and it became evident they intended attempting to burn the roof of Claude's house.

"*Diable!* we must stop that," said de Rameau, "are you loaded and primed, men?"

He was on the point of giving the word to charge when a gunner's mate broke out of the ranks, his voice quivering with excitement, and forgetful of all discipline, shouted aloud, "*Mon lieutenant*, we must save ourselves, the magazine is on fire."

One glance convinced de Rameau that the man was correct, and at his orders the party hurried back to the side of the fort they had lately quitted, and under such shelter as they could find awaited the coming explosion.

It came, and I shall leave the reader to

Digitized by Google

imagine the destruction wrought amongst the dense crowds of savages, for to enter into a minute detail of scattered trunks and limbs would be revolting. Claude de Chateaupré's house was shaken down, and many of the men who had taken refuge within it were crushed and wounded; he himself had passed away some few minutes before the explosion took place, unconscious of the sad events I have just narrated.

When de Rameau and his men emerged from the ditch they found no foe to oppose them, destruction and desolation alone reigned supreme. Far off on the beach they beheld groups of terrified natives, while smaller knots were collected within a short distance of the stockade gazing awe-stricken and mute on the scene of ruin, but no hand was raised to stay the progress of the Frenchmen, as, bearing their wounded amongst them, they passed down to their boats, and pulling off to the schooner, made sail and were ere long lost to sight behind the point near which the *Sybille* had been wrecked.

Digitized by Google

The misfortunes of the frigate seemed to cling to the little vessel constructed of her timbers, for three-quarters of a century have passed away and no tidings of *l'Esperance* have yet reached the coast of France.

HAVILI DELIVERS THE LETTER.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XIII.—HARMONY RESTORED.

THE thread of our story now compels us to cast a retrospective glance at Tiatavi, whom we left surrounded by the Magwangui warriors in silent admiration of the infant in his arms. By the young Chief's directions scouts at once proceeded to open communication with the main force of the invaders, who, after their dispersion by the fire of Claude's guns, had landed on the beach beyond the fortress. The road being found perfectly free from lurking bodies of the Maricopans, the whole of which tribe had betaken themselves to the shelter of the stockade, the party under Tiatavi crept cautiously forward, and, favoured by the darkness, passed through the rear of the cocoa-nut grove and without difficulty effected a junction with the bulk of their nation.

Digitized by Google

The astonishment of old Lafimorni at the fulfilment of the ancient legend was almost ludicrous, and animated by the priests who accompanied the expedition (and who were doubtless more surprised than any one) he made a harangue to his assembled warriors, pointing out how visibly the Magwangui deities were working in their favour. A perfect storm of excitement arose amongst his audience, who danced, shrieked with delight, sang the jubilant chants that had been overheard by Hina-hina, and demanded to be led immediately against the enemy. It was then that the project of capturing and burning the schooner was adopted, with the results already related. The frustration of this plan, far from damping the ardour of the Magwangui, awoke in them a burning desire for revenge; but they now saw that recourse must be had to stratagem if they wished to enter Fort Napoleon as victors. At a council held on the spot it was resolved to make a false attack on the land side of the stockade by the light of the burning village, while a large body

Digitized by Google

crept cautiously along the beach and endeavoured to gain an entry by any opening that presented itself. In their anxiety to relieve their companions the Europeans who had recaptured the schooner neglected to secure the gate properly on their return, and by this fatal omission the assailants became possessed of the object so keenly desired. Well might the Magwangui think that the fulfilment of the old tradition brought fortune, when such an unforeseen advantage was presented to them!

The course of events from the entry of the enemy to the final departure of the French in *l'Esperance* we are acquainted with, and we must now view the effects of the explosion on the untutored minds of the savages.

I mentioned that no arm was outstretched to prevent the free exit of the survivors of the *Sybille's* crew; but this was not all. So great an awe had fallen upon the natives of both races that all thoughts of continued hostilities were at an end, and those who, five minutes previously, had been deadly foes, were now seated side by side, all tribal animosities buried in

Digitized by Google

the contemplation of that fearful visitation. And truly the destruction had been terrible. Every building was shattered and fallen to the ground like a pack of cards; the stout double palisade nearest to the magazine was laid level with the earth, and a breach made through which a hundred warriors could have entered abreast.

For nearly an hour the natives remained motionless, but at the expiration of that time Tiatavi sufficiently recovered to seek his father and urge the necessity of an immediate council, to take the advice of the leading chiefs and priests as to the best course to be adopted under such a fearful infliction.

Beneath the cocoa-nut grove the leaders of the Magwangui assembled in obedience to their ruler's summons, and without any of the usual preliminaries the council was opened by a short speech from Lafimorni, who called upon his advisers to give their best opinions concerning the recent tragedy and its causes.

Into the details of their deliberations, spoken with bated breath and suppressed emotion, I

Digitized by Google

shall not enter; but shall content myself with saying that the whole assembly, from Lafimorni to the least important chief, regarded the catastrophe as a manifestation of the dire displeasure with which the deities viewed the assault on the fortress after the fulfilment of the ancient tradition. When the priests—who were consulting together at some little distance apart—had arrived at a conclusion, the eldest of their number approached the council of chiefs and announced to Lafimorni the result of their deliberations, which may be briefly summed up as follows:—

1st. That the Magwangui deities were highly offended at the attack on the Europeans and Maricopans after having bestowed upon them the infant as a signal mark of favour.

2d. That any whites who might in future visit the island were to be received with the utmost hospitality.

3d. That peace must for ever reign between themselves and the Maricopans, and that to all intents and purposes they should become one nation.

Digitized by Google

Though amongst the Magwangui the dictates of their priestly advisers were not in every case carried out to the letter, still their counsels, as emanating from the deities, were always listened to with great respect, and in presence of the terrible calamity by which one-third of the flower of the tribe were swept into eternity at the supposed bidding of the offended gods, the injunctions of the priests were received with manifest approbation by the assembled chiefs, were agreed to without a dissentient voice, and measures promptly taken for putting them into immediate execution. For this purpose two of the principal chiefs were despatched to inform Hina-hina and his warriors of the determination arrived at by the Magwangui, to proffer the palm bough of friendship, and to request their presence at the council to ratify a lasting peace between two tribes occupying the same island.

During the time that must elapse before the Maricopans would appear, Lafimorni and his chiefs sat silently around a fire that had been kindled. The flames glimmered weirdly

Digitized by Google

amongst the bare trunks of the palm-trees, and lighted up the circle of priests who were assembled some thirty yards inland of the warriors. Suddenly a great panic seemed to seize on the religious group, some of whom, uttering cries of terror, arose and fled, whilst others, with straining eyes and arms extended in the direction of the mountains, remained motionless, as though rooted to the ground. These extraordinary proceedings attracted the attention of the chiefs, who, gazing in the indicated direction, beheld a spectacle that filled them with amazement. From the depths of the grove slowly emerged, with a silent gliding motion, a spectral figure clothed in white. As the apparition approached, the warriors, who on observing the attitude of the priests had seized their arms, let the murderous weapons fall harmlessly to the ground, for the light shed by the fire revealed that the strange visitant was no spirit of evil but a pale white lady, vainly endeavouring to conceal the tears that despite her utmost efforts coursed down the care-worn

Digitized by Google

cheeks. The chiefs stood mute with astonishment as the figure drew nearer the circle; suddenly a faint infantine wail arose from the little white object in Tiatavi's arms, and with a suppressed cry of joy the young mother rushed forward, and snatching the baby from the hold of the young chief pressed it wildly to her breast—Dolores and her child were once more reunited.

We left the poor lady insensible on the ground after discovering the loss of her infant. Fatigue and sorrow prolonged the swoon, and not until the thunder of the exploding magazine echoed through the mountains did Dolores recover her senses. With returning consciousness the dread past rushed tumultuously to her memory—the landing of the savages—the burning of the plantation dwelling—the flight and the weary journey through the scrub—the fearful fate of her companion—and the disappearance of her child. How long she had remained unconscious she was unable to tell, and she was, of course, equally ignorant of the sad events that transpired

Digitized by Google

"DOLORES AND HER CHILD WERE ONCE MORE REUNITED."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

during that time; but now the maternal instinct asserted itself to the exclusion of all thoughts of danger, and with tottering limbs the fragile girl tore her way through the thicket, often falling, but resolutely advancing; often startled as a rustling in the undergrowth indicated the proximity of noxious reptiles, but pushing forward heedless and undeterred. After an hour of this painful travelling, a light shining amidst the grove caught the wanderer's eye, and regardless of the consequences to herself, she advanced towards it. How she appeared to the priests and warriors we have seen, and that the notables of the Magwangui should have mistaken that graceful figure clad in a white ungirdled robe, over which flowed heavy masses of hair, dank with the jungle dews, for an apparition, is I think little to be wondered at. At any other time such a vision would have been greeted with a volley of arrows, but the heavy hand of sorrow had unstrung both the hearts and bow-strings of the warriors, and uncertain still as to the errand of the mysterious visitant,

Digitized by Google

no hand was raised to do her harm. Tiatavi was the first—notwithstanding the amazement into which the abrupt removal of little Coralie from his custody had thrown him—to grasp the true bearings of the case.

"It is her Fáe (mother)," he exclaimed; and the voice of the head priest, who was standing near him, continued in a solemn tone, "Yes. Sent by the Fáhe-gehe (gods) to rear the little one for the good of our nation. The deities were offended with the Magwangui, now they have sent the Hina-fafine as a token that the tribe is restored to favour."

Tiatavi seemed at first a little disappointed that his treasure-trove was not always to remain nestled in his sinewy arms; but reflection soon convinced him that, with the best will imaginable, he would make but an indifferent substitute for the infant's natural guardian, and he became perfectly reconciled, though still attesting his rights of proprietorship by refusing all help in the erection of the bough shelter, which by old Lafimorni's advice was at once commenced for Dolores.

Digitized by Google

Scarcely had this been completed and mother and infant withdrawn to the rest so much needed by the former, when Hina-hina, accompanied by his chief warriors, arrived, and the council was resumed. Into the various speeches made by the leading men of both tribes it would be useless to enter. The terrible calamity that had fallen upon the Magwangui made them anxious to avert further strife, while the numerical inferiority of the Maricopans rendered them equally desirous of an honourable peace. Both tribes inhabited the same island, and the difference in their languages was almost imperceptible; they were descended originally from the same common stock, why should they therefore continue enemies, and employ their leisure moments in flying at each other's throats? So argued the Magwangui warriors, and although they themselves had been in nearly every case the aggressors, their words found favour with the Maricopans. Where both sides are really anxious to arrive at the same conclusion but little time need be wasted, and

Digitized by Google

before the breaking up of the conference a solemn league—attested by the priests of each nation—was entered into and ratified, with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions, by which the amalgamation of the tribes was ordained, and they became one nation under the name of the most numerous section. Lafimorni announced his intention of abdicating in favour of his son Tiatavi, to whom the deities had shown themselves so propitious, and it was settled that the young chief should rule over the natives on the west side of the island, while Hina-hina retained the leadership on the east. Constant intercourse was to be kept up between the villages, and every effort made to discover a route across the mountains, so that communication should become frequent and easy. Though too much depressed to show great hilarity, the members of each tribe received the tidings of the peace with evident pleasure, and with this bright close to an afternoon of gloom and sorrow I conclude the present chapter.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XIV.—A TIMELY RESCUE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the anxiety felt by Dolores regarding the fate of her husband, excessive fatigue confined her for the present to the rough shelter of boughs hastily erected by Tiatavi; when, after offering up thanks for the preservation of her infant, worn-out nature gave way, and deep sleep took possession of her weary frame. Not until daylight on the following morning did she awake, and emerging from her leafy bower gazed in bewilderment on the scene of destruction around her,—the torn-down walls of the fortress, the charred remains of the Maricopan village, and numerous black and shapeless masses scattered about the beach, from which the girl shudderingly

Digitized by Google

averted her eyes, for instinct assured her that they were lifeless human forms.

And now the thoughts of her husband occupied her whole being, and holding little Coralie strained against her bosom she advanced slowly in the direction of Fort Napoleon. Each step increased her bewilderment and anxiety. Where could all the Europeans have gone, and what had become of the schooner? Surely Claude would never have quitted the island, leaving her baby and herself to the mercy of the savages? De Kergnac too, he would never—— But by this time she had reached the nearest gate, and entering found herself confronted by the body of the gallant Breton, whilst the corpses of several French sailors and many natives lying around gave sufficient evidence that a deadly struggle had taken place.

Weeping bitterly Dolores passed onward, all the natives grouped around making way at her approach, when at a little distance she perceived Hina-hina in consultation with the chiefs of both tribes. On seeing her the

Digitized by Google

warriors advanced and made a profound reverence in answer to her distressing question "Where is my husband?"

"Tell me, where is my husband? where is your brother Moto-hico?" she persisted.

Although the Chief was burning with anxiety to learn the whereabouts of his own wife Lella the imploring accent of the poor lady touched his rugged heart, and refraining from asking questions he motioned her to follow him, and led the way in the direction of the ruined heap that had once been Claude's hut. Arrived there he directed the natives who were gazing at the scene of destruction to withdraw, and conducted Dolores to a small outhouse which still remained standing, within which, on a low trestle, lay an object covered with a piece of tappa. Motioning the lady to enter he gently closed the ricketty door, and with innate delicacy retired out of earshot of the burst of sorrow that must ensue when the covering should be removed and the young widow should behold the face of him she loved rigid in the repose of death.

Digitized by Google

Into the sorrow of the affectionate girl—a deep crushing sorrow which words are totally inadequate to express—we will not intrude. The first violence of grief exhausted, she sat down at the head of the rough pallet to collect her wandering thoughts.

Happy are those amongst us to whom a retrospect of past events is fraught with pleasure rather than pain. Far otherwise had been the brief life of Dolores de Chateaupré, with whose existence but scant measure of happiness had been mingled. Since the period of her mother's death the girl had been under the guardianship of a depraved and brutal uncle, who took no pains to dissemble the deep aversion with which he regarded her. To further his own selfish aims her relative had endeavoured to force upon her a union in every way distasteful. How she had evaded the death-in-life which is signified by incarceration in a convent we already know. From the moment of meeting the young French captain at Valparaiso a joy, hitherto undreamt of, seemed infused into

Digitized by Google

her whole being, for despite the jealous care of her harsh guardian love had taken possession of her heart. And now had commenced a brief, alas! too brief a period of happiness, though even this was not without alloy, for misfortune still seemed to pursue her path, and her entrance to married life was saddened by the death of her devoted attendant. Next followed the shipwreck, the loss of many gallant men, the residence on the island, the attack of the Magwangui, the horrible fate of Lella, and now cruel fate had poured the last and bitterest drop from out the chalice, for before her lay her beloved husband, mute, motionless, dead!!

To what could she look forward? Evidently the surviving Europeans had either entirely forgotten her existence, or deeming her lost had departed from the island, leaving her to the mercy of a set of warlike and ferocious savages, whose fickle natures might cause them to treat her kindly one day, or to put an end to her life on the following. This alone was fearful enough to contemplate, for

Digitized by Google

if any evil befell her what would become of the little infant the young widow—now her sole guardian—held in her embrace?

"Better, perhaps," thought she, "that I had sunk in the wreck of the frigate. Then I should be now with my husband, and my babe would never have been ushered into this world of woe."

Thus murmured the poor girl, repining at her lot, and rebelling in her misery against the decrees of fate; but soon the wickedness of such wishes came home to her, and kneeling down beside the beloved clay Dolores humbly prayed for help from on high in this her hour of dire extremity, and clasping the little Coralie to her heart, implored her Maker to prolong her existence, and when he saw fit to release them from the fearful position in which it had seemed good to Him to place them.

Now that the full extent of her bereavement was known to the young widow, a feeling of resignation seemed to possess her, and she strove to consider the line of conduct best

Digitized by Google

adapted to the future. That no immediate harm was intended to either Coralie or herself was amply evidenced by the respectful manner in which the natives had fallen back on her approach, though the reason for this conduct she was unable to divine. My readers will remember that the young Spaniard was a woman of high birth and high courage. In her veins ran some of the bluest blood of which fair Andalusia could boast, and her frail form enveloped a spirit that in time of danger or distress showed forth clear and dauntless. By this it must not be inferred that Dolores de Chateaupré was masculine, for never did a truer woman walk the surface of this earth. Feminine in every thought and action, she yet possessed the high chivalrous nature of her ancestors, and well did that lofty spirit sustain her in this her woe.

"I must go out and make further inquiries of Hina-hina," she murmured; "perhaps some of the French are still on the island. At all events he will tell me how the natives mean

Digitized by Google

to dispose of us. Poor fellow! I have a pitiable story to relate to him."

After pressing her lips repeatedly on the cold forehead of her husband, and reverently re-covering his shapely features with the tappa, Dolores quitted the little outhouse and advanced towards the Maricopan chief, who was awaiting her at some little distance. By Hina-hina's advice she allowed him to conduct her to the house beyond the stream wherein he had made them welcome on their first landing from the wreck in the gig. This building, standing at some distance apart from the village, had escaped the conflagration.

Having seen the lady comfortably seated, the Chief gave her a succinct narrative of all that transpired since the invasion of the Magwangui, concluding by telling her of the permanent peace established between the tribes, and the legend which had caused Tiatavi to take such care of our little heroine. The melancholy story was often interrupted by the tears of the young widow, but Hina-hina was

Digitized by Google

very patient, and not until her last question had been put and answered did he think of inquiring concerning his wife.

On hearing her sad fate the Chief's features quivered with a spasm of uncontrollable emotion; but quickly repressing any outward manifestation of sorrow, he simply asked Dolores if she could point out the spot at which the catastrophe occurred, and having received an answer in the affirmative, abruptly quitted the house on the plea of his presence being required by the tribe, but more probably to seek some retired place in which, unobserved, he could give free vent to his grief for the loss—and by so shocking a death—of the gentle, affectionate, kind-hearted Lella.

Left alone, Dolores sank into a reverie, which must have lasted some hours, for when footsteps outside the dwelling recalled her to herself, she perceived that the sun was nearly in the zenith. The new-comers were Hina-hina's remaining wife and sister, who had been despatched by the Chief to prepare some food for the Hina-fafine, and to acquaint

Digitized by Google

her that the dead were to be buried that afternoon.

Perhaps some of my readers may be disappointed on finding that I am unable to present them with a graphic account of a cannibal feast; but though I am not prepared to vouch that neither our friends the Maricopans nor the Magwangui *ever* had recourse to food of that nature, still, I may safely assert that on this occasion they subdued their tendencies and betrayed no inclination to make merry upon the carcasses of their brethren. Indeed, when, two or three hours later, Dolores went down to the fort to take her last adieu of Claude de Chateaupré's body before it was borne to its last resting-place, she found little signs of merriment existing amongst the assembled natives.

By the exertions of the warriors of both tribes the wreck caused by the explosion had been in a great measure cleared away, and the bodies of the slain collected for interment. The number of these and their shattered condition rendered any thought of a separate

Digitized by Google

grave for each out of the question; therefore, a portion of the deep outer ditch surrounding the fortress had been selected for the remains of the native warriors; whilst, by the forethought of Hina-hina, a deep pit had been sunk at the edge of the cocoa-nut grove for the French sailors, separate resting-places within a short distance being supplied for the white chiefs, de Chateaupré and de Kergnac.

Bracing herself up for the task, Dolores was present at the sad but brief ceremony. Few of the native bodies were recognizable, and both tribes seemed anxious that they should be concealed from view as soon as possible. The earth having been filled in, the islanders gently removed the remains of the *Sybille's* crew, the leading chiefs carrying the wicker-work frames on which were laid the bodies of Claude and de Kergnac. As the mournful procession passed the store-house, which had been shaken down by the explosion, Dolores caught sight of a piece of white bunting partially buried beneath the ruins. On her expressing a wish for it, a dozen young warriors

Digitized by Google

sprang eagerly forward, and moving the overthrown joists and beams, soon delivered to her the imperial tricolor, somewhat dusty it is true, and pierced here and there by arrows, but more honourable owing to these very blemishes than when it had come pure and clean from the flagmaker's hands. Dividing the flag of her husband's country into three equal parts, Dolores placed one portion over the body of Claude, a second over the Breton lieutenant, and a third over the foremost of the seamen. Ceremony there was none. Hastily, but with decency, the remains were deposited within their last resting-place, the Maricopan girls dropped a few flowers upon the faces of the white chiefs, Dolores took one long yearning look at him she had loved so well, the earth showered down into the graves, the crowd of islanders slowly dispersed, and save her baby girl the young widow was alone in the world.

Sick at heart, faint and weary, Dolores returned to the fortress, and sat down for a few minutes to rest and pray on one of the

Digitized by Google

timbers protruding from the ruins of what had once been the chapel. At intervals a low moaning sound reached her ears, but absorbed in grief she paid little attention to what she imagined must be some bereaved native woman mourning over her own losses. But suddenly a word seemed to issue from the ruins which caused her to thrill with excitement as she hastily approached the heap and listened with trembling heart for its repetition. For some moments she stood thus, the faculties of both seeing and hearing strung to their utmost tension. Could it be that she was mistaken after all, and had the sea breeze whistling through the bamboos but mocked her? No! a faint groan issued from beneath that pile of *débris*, and a voice feebly but distinctly enunciated, "*Dieu, mon Dieu, aie pitié de moi!*" (God have mercy upon me!)

"Courage, courage," cried Dolores, in French, as trembling with excitement she vainly endeavoured with her delicate little hands to cast aside the heavy beams of which the chapel had been constructed. But her

Digitized by Google

utmost efforts only resulted in bruises and lacerations, so, bidding the buried man to keep up his spirits, for relief would arrive immediately, she hurried off in quest of Hina-hina.

She was unable to find the Maricopan chief, but found herself confronted by Tiatavi, who seemed lost in astonishment at the anxiety depicted on her countenance.

The reader must bear in mind that Dolores had been now resident on the island for several months, which period she had passed chiefly in company with Hina-hina's wives, whose greatest enjoyment was to teach the Hina-fafine their language. Naturally she possessed the gift of tongues, and the Maricopan being untrammelled by syntax, and looking down with a lofty scorn on grammatical rules, however slight, she had picked up enough of the language to enable her to converse with ease on all ordinary subjects. I have mentioned that the dialects of the two tribes differed but little, and this will explain how she was enabled to appeal to

Digitized by Google

Tiatavi, whom she knew to be a most powerful chief.

Immediately on learning the object for which the Hina-fafine required his assistance Tiatavi accompanied her to the demolished chapel, and assembling a strong party of the Magwangui set them to work clearing away the *débris*. Under the supervision of the young chief this task was accomplished with the utmost care to insure the ruins not sinking lower down and crushing out the frail spark of life that faint groans announced the sufferer still possessed. Soon the superincumbent beams were removed, and now only remained the tappa-lined wall, which had fallen in a solid mass, driven inwards by the force of the explosion. By the united efforts of a score of able-bodied warriors this last obstacle was sufficiently raised to enable the by-standers to extricate from beneath it the form of an elderly man, sadly bruised and lacerated, but still perfectly sensible, as was evidenced by a feeble appeal for water. A draught of the refreshing element tended greatly to restore

Digitized by Google

the sufferer's strength, and on casting his eyes around and seeing Dolores, who was supporting his head, he murmured, "*Dieu soit béni*, thou at least art saved."

"*Mon Père*, these good islanders are all friends," replied the girl; "drink a little more water and then they shall remove you."

But her words were unheard by Père Anselm. Many hours in a cramped position that barely permitted him to breathe, and the loss of blood from the numerous flesh wounds he had sustained, had exhausted his remaining strength, and now that the anxiety with which he had listened to the process of his disinterment was removed, his senses wandered, and his head fell heavily upon Dolores' lap. The good priest had become unconscious.

The greatest anxiety concerning his recovery now took possession of the lady, for how inestimable a blessing the presence of a companion of her own creed, and a minister of religion to boot, would be to the young widow, the reader may easily imagine. A litter of

Digitized by Google

boughs being hastily constructed, the inanimate form of the Father was placed upon it, and he was gently carried to Hina-hina's house, in which Dolores had left her baby under the care of the Chief's wife. Luckily Père Anselm was possessed of a vigorous constitution, and under the tender care of his nurses he soon gained sufficient strength to explain in what manner the accident had befallen him. He gave his attentive listener a fuller account of the attack by the Magwangui, the capture of the schooner, and the different incidents of that eventful evening than she had yet received from Hina-hina.

"After your husband had driven the savages out of *l'Esperance*," continued the Father, "and had returned to the fortress to succour de Kergnac, I retired to the chapel to thank God for his mercy in enabling us so far to frustrate the machinations of the heathen, to pray for the souls of the poor sailors who had been so unexpectedly called away to another world, and to implore his intercession for the protection of yourself and your infant—that

Digitized by Google

little babe that only a few short hours previously I had held in my arms at the altar before which I now knelt. Suddenly there came a roar as of ten thousand cannons; the earth shivered as though about to open; the wall of the chapel—held together by the tappa lining, to which circumstance I am indebted, under God's mercy, for my life—was driven completely in, knocking me down under the altar. The heavy roof and the timbers forming the framework of the building crashed down upon the ruins, partially beating them in, and heaping so great a load upon my body that I was unable to move my position in the slightest degree. Before long the agony of so cramped an attitude became unbearable, and by exerting my utmost strength, regardless of the pain the effort cost me, I managed to make a slight change, but this proved to be for the worse. I had fallen in such a position that my head lay under the altar, which was, as you know, built of stout timber, and capable of supporting a great weight. My body and lower limbs were tightly confined by the

Digitized by Google

débris, and in the struggle to amend my position I must have dislodged some portion of the ruin which supported the remainder, for a cracking noise took place and the pressure on my legs and loins became increased twofold, while the nails from a broken rafter pierced the tappa and occasioned me much pain and loss of blood. I endeavoured to bear up as best I could under these distressing circumstances, humbly imploring the mediation of Him whose unworthy servant I am, either to grant me release from my prison or to permit death to terminate my agony. All, of course, was perfect darkness; not the feeblest ray of light penetrated my living tomb, though an abundant supply of air found its way through the mass of *débris*. I durst not make the slightest attempt to move, fearing that a complete collapse would ensue, and the little life that remained in me be crushed out."

"How long I remained thus I know not. It seemed to me an eternity, and but for the consolation I received from fervent prayer I am sure my brain must have turned. Every

Digitized by Google

moment the anguish of my enforced position grew greater and greater, and to the outward pain was now added the pangs of thirst—a thirst burning, devouring, unquenchable. Unconsciousness at last gave me some little respite from my misery, but even in my swoon a vague knowledge of evil clung to me, and the words of the baptismal ceremony continued repeating themselves in my brain with a persistence only to be found in delirium."

"Such was my condition when it pleased the Almighty to direct your footsteps towards the ruined chapel. I was in full possession of my senses when your voice—which I recognized at once—uttered the words "Courage, courage," in answer to my piteous moan, and never did language sound sweeter to one who had abandoned all hope and resigned himself to a lingering death.

"You know the rest. Thank God no bones are broken, and I trust that a fortnight or so will enable me to enter upon the duty to which I feel conscious that He has thought fit to call me.

Digitized by Google

"Perhaps through my humble instrumentality," he added, his dark eyes sparkling and the blood mantling up in his pale cheeks, "the gospel may be spread throughout this beautiful island, and its savage inhabitants, now devoting their energies almost solely to warfare and bloodshed, be brought to a knowledge of Him who died for the remission of our sins. For what other purpose could the Almighty have preserved my life when so many better men were doomed to destruction? No, my path is plainly pointed out, and by Divine help I will never shrink from the task whilst life remains."

The sequel will show whether the Father was enabled to carry out his good intentions.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XV.—THE YOUNG SMUGGLER.

I MUST ask my readers to accompany me in a mental jump—a jump of more than sixteen years. Neither does the scene in any way resemble the wild and lovely island on whose shores we left Coralie, a little infant of only a few weeks old. It is true we are in the tropics still, for the sun is pouring down its vertical rays with such fierceness that the very dogs seem ready to drop, and slink away for shelter to the shade of the nearest out-house. The island inhabited by the Mag-wangui lay in the southern hemisphere, some fifteen degrees northward of Capricorn; the spot to which I now wish to transfer the reader, though nearly in the same latitude, is separated by many hundred miles of longitude

Digitized by Google

from the scene of the *Sybille's* disaster, for we have for the present quitted the gentle Coral Sea, with its lovely islets, placid reef-inclosed harbours, and simple inhabitants, and find ourselves dropped at Batavia, the capital town of the Dutch empire in the East.

The time was noon, the heat was oppressive, the Netherlands ensign drooped lazily from the flagstaff on the fort without a breath to expand its folds, and the harbour lay smooth and glassy in the burning glare that threatened to scorch the eyes out of all the unwary who subjected themselves to its dazzling brightness. The streets were empty, or nearly so, for no one in his senses would stir out until the sea breeze set in, and that would not be for some hours hence.

Yet two men, seemingly indifferent to the heat, were pacing the sea walk or esplanade that faced the harbour. Both were elderly, but the nature of their dress revealed a marked difference in their callings, one being clad in the voluminous white pantaloons, tight blue surtout and cocked hat, which constituted

Digitized by Google

the uniform of the senior officers in the Dutch army, whilst his companion wore the nankeen suit and broad-brimmed straw hat of a peaceful citizen.

The military man was no less a dignitary than General Vanderbludgeon, governor of Batavia, whilst his companion was Mynheer Van Raalte, the leading shipowner and merchant in that miniature Amsterdam.

To say that these two gentlemen were engaged in earnest conversation would, to our way of thinking, be a mistake; though doubtless, had a Dutchman been consulted on the subject, he would have pronounced them as talking with such rapidity that the mind could hardly grasp their meaning. The truth was, if the merchant uttered a remark the General vouchsafed a reply in some five minutes' time, provided always that the remark was interesting; if it were not, a grunt at the expiration of the above period would signify concurrence or dissent according to the way a listener construed the porcine ejaculation. The citizen was to the full as leisurely as the

Digitized by Google

militaire, therefore the business that kept them out of doors at so unusual an hour was not brought to a conclusion as rapidly as would have been the case amongst other nations.

Of a truth your true Hollander is a phlegmatic being, never wasting breath in needless words, or bodily energy in aught that is not absolutely necessary. We must, however, become listeners to the disjointed conversation of these worthy Dutchmen, and while eschewing its pauses, record its substance.

"*Donner!*" said the General, withdrawing his cigar slowly from his mouth, "she will destroy all our trade."

"Three ships of mine the picaroon has captured within six months," replied the merchant, after a pause so long that a listener might easily imagine the speaker to be some great king who, having lost a powerful navy, had been mentally running over the names of each vessel before making public the extent of the disaster.

"And she sails so well that our only vessel

Digitized by Google

here, the *Zuyder Zee*, stands no chance of overhauling her."

"Too true, my General. Her skipper, Jan Thorsen, came to me last week for the loan of a few guilders, and said the accursed pirate sailed like the wind. Three several times he had chased her, and though the *Zuyder Zee* is a smart vessel she could not touch the schooner either on a wind or running."

"So he told me," replied the Governor, "and I know it was no fault of Master Jan's that he did not come up with her, for the booty on board must be immense, and Jan has not the best-lined pockets in Batavia. He would stand a good many hard knocks to be laid alongside the schooner. Did you not say she was schooner-rigged?"

"Yes, with fore-and-aft sails, and her name is supposed to be the *Nymph*. But look, my General, here is another vessel coming in with the land breeze. Heaven send she may be my *Zeiland* from Manilla. I shall have some fine cheroots for you then, Governor."

Digitized by Google

From the above conversation it will be seen that the Indian Ocean was at that time infested by a piratical schooner, and that the said schooner had favoured the port of Batavia with a good deal of its attention. On the cessation of the great European war in 1815 the navies of each nation had been considerably reduced, and many seamen (of whose services their respective countries had been very glad prior to the declaration of peace) were turned adrift, to beg, starve, or rob as seemed most congenial to their natures. Many of these men were discharged in foreign countries, not a few of our own English sailors in India. Accustomed to the excitement of a seafaring life, in which money was freely made if as freely spent, the monotony of a shore existence by no means suited the sons of Neptune, who loathed the piping times of peace, and sighed for a return of the golden era then denominated "eighteen hundred and war time." With the revival of trade many old men-of-war and privateersmen managed to secure good berths on board merchant

Digitized by Google

vessels, but to others the dull monotony and hard work of the mercantile marine offered few inducements. Yet it was necessary to gain a livelihood by some means. What then was to be done?

Designing and unprincipled men were not wanting to tempt Jack—for the old saying that "the devil stands for ever at your elbow," is far more true than people generally suppose. "Why," argued they, "should a brave set of fellows like you shed your blood for people who kick you adrift the moment they don't want you any longer? If they choose to patch up a peace what is that to you, and why need you be bound by it? You never really knew what you were fighting for, and you know as little why you are not at war still; what, then, is the use of being guided by a selfish set who leave you all the hard knocks and reap the golden harvest for themselves? Richer prizes are on the high seas now than in the war time, and much less risk attendant on their capture. Why not turn rover, and live a life of jollity and ease?"

Digitized by Google

Such words sounded sweet in the ears of the reckless desperadoes to whom they were addressed, and as a natural consequence the seas, more particularly the narrow channels amidst the islands in the Indian Ocean, became infested with gangs of pirates of every nationality and colour. Slowly borne along on a westerly breeze, laden with perfume from the wild spice shrubs, the unarmed and peaceful merchant vessel entered the Straits of Sunda, bound for Batavia; but never shall her cargo be lodged in the hands of the consignees. From under the shadow of Angier Head half a dozen long swift row-boats (not manned altogether by natives, we fear) sweep forth, and in an hour's time the hapless ship is pillaged and burned, whilst her crew sleep beneath the waves. Throughout the whole Archipelago the same scene occurs with only trifling variations, and a great dread takes possession of the mercantile community in that quarter of the globe.

One vessel, a schooner of surpassing swiftness, had gained a notoriety in this nefarious

Digitized by Google

traffic, which by comparison dwarfed the renown of all her associates in crime. Mynheer Van Raalte had been perfectly correct in calling her the *Nymph*, and never had a somewhat romantic name been bestowed on a greater scourge to all peaceable traders. Into the history of this vessel and her commander we must now briefly enter.

In the year 1794 there dwelt in a quiet village on the south coast of England—now a fashionable watering-place—a well-to-do couple named Nicholls, who were blessed with one only son, on whom all their hopes were centred. The old people had made an independence by trade in the metropolis, but on realizing a competence had retired from the smoke and turmoil of the modern Babylon to the purer air of their native Downs. Young Jack Nicholls was then eight years of age, a clever intelligent boy, but wayward, wilful, and headstrong, the result, probably, of being inordinately petted and spoiled by his parents. As he advanced in years all the bad traits in his character became developed,

Digitized by Google

and his reckless escapades scandalized the quiet community, and caused the utmost grief and anxiety to his parents, whose mild remonstrances he laughed to scorn.

Residing in the same village was a one-legged old master-mariner named Captain Stacey, who bore but an evil reputation in the neighbourhood. He lived in a roomy cottage facing the beach, and every evening shouts of reckless laughter and snatches of wild songs were heard to issue from the room in which the old sea-dog entertained his privileged guests—the most worthless characters in the village—to unlimited jorums of rum-punch.

That Captain Stacey was well-to-do seemed evident, for he owed no man a farthing, and had often been known to assist his boon companions when, owing to improvidence, the wolf pressed too hardly at their door; but how his money had been attained was a secret even to his intimates. Rumour of course had been busy on the subject when the Captain first came to reside in Beachtown,

Digitized by Google

some people averring that he had been a smuggler—indeed it was openly hinted that he still did a little in that line; others, that he had been a plantation owner, and had combined blackbird catching (slave-trading) with that lucrative calling. Whether any of these reports were true or not, on one point all the Beachtown folk were agreed, namely, that old Stacey's money was not amassed by any lawful occupation, otherwise he would never be so silent regarding his antecedents.

All day long, when the weather was fine, the Captain would sit in the little ivy-grown porch that sheltered his door, with a glass of grog before him, and a long pipe between his lips of the kind known generally as a "church-warden"—indeed this peculiarly named article constituted his only link with matters ecclesiastical, for the old reprobate was never known to have darkened the door of a place of worship, and when of an evening the Rector, on his return from parochial duty, was compelled to pass the Captain's door, he crossed over to the furthest side of the road and put on his

Digitized by Google

best pace to escape as soon as possible from the sound of the convivial choruses that issued from the closed casement of the cottage.

Between the Captain and young Jack Nicholls a warm friendship soon sprung up, although their first acquaintance seemed more likely to end in hatred than love. It happened thus:—

Jack had left his home after breakfast with the avowed purpose of going to school, and as was his wont, betook himself instead to the beach, where, their boats drawn up on the shingle, the fishermen were mending their nets, and talking over the luck of the previous day. By some chance the conversation turned on the "old Skipper," who, sitting in his porch, was watching the whole scene with much complacency.

"Ah!" said Jim Mullet to his mate, "old Blow-hard looks jolly enough now, but you should have seen his face last night when Joe Tyler, who was half-seas over, asked him if he had ever done anything in the ebony line on the West Coast."

Digitized by Google

"Did he ride rusty?"

"Rusty! I never saw such a devilish look in a man's face before. I wouldn't put the same question to him for a pork-piece. Now you, young Jack Nicholls, just leave them lines alone or I'll lengthen your ears for you."

"'No, you won't," replied the boy, placing the boat between himself and the fisherman. "You won't touch me, because you haven't got pluck enough. You were afraid to go off in the lifeboat when the Indiaman ran ashore on the Snares last winter, and now you say you are afraid to put a question to the old Skipper.' I'm not though, and I shall go and ask him about the ebony line at once. You may watch me if you like."

"He's a owdacious young limb," said the disconcerted Jim Mullet, following with his eye the boy's retreating figure. "He'll make a fine nut for the devil to crack when he grows a little older."

Meanwhile Jack Nicholls had reached the wicket leading to the Captain's garden, had

Digitized by Google

resolutely uplifted the latch, and advancing into the porch, stood confronting that worthy.

"Well, you young rascal, what do you want? Why ain't you at school?" was the greeting he encountered.

"I came to ask you a question," replied the boy dauntlessly.

"Well, out with it, and then top your boom."

"Were you ever in the ebony line on the West Coast, Captain Stacey?"

Despite his bold spirit the lad's heart sunk within him as he watched the thunder-cloud that passed over the old Skipper's countenance. The blood flushed up purple into his face, and the veins on his forehead became swollen and knotted. For a minute's space he remained silent as though struggling to subdue a savage outburst, and when he at length spoke it was in a voice that manifested but little displeasure.

"Who told you to ask me that question, my lad?"

"No one," replied the boy. "I was down

Digitized by Google

on the beach just now, and heard Jim Mullet and his mate talking. Jim said he would be afraid to ask you that question, and when he threatened to pull my ears I said I would come up and ask you myself, to show that I was not such a coward as he was."

"Do you know what your question means?" asked the Captain.

"Of course; it is a species of valuable wood. We have an ebony clock-stand at home."

"Well, run away to school and come to see me to-morrow," said the old Skipper, slipping half-a-crown into the lad's hand; "and don't go near Jim Mullet any more."

It is perhaps needless for me to explain that the "ebony trade" had a very different meaning from that attached to it by young Nicholls, being the sea name under which the slave-trade is known.

On the following day Jack returned to the cottage and had a long chat with its owner. The boy's bold spirit and fearless replies quite won the heart of the old sailor, who was never

Digitized by Google

CAPTAIN STACEY AND JACK.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

so happy as when they were both seated in the porch, the junior putting a thousand strange questions—not about the ebony line you may be sure—and the senior patiently replying. On discovering the intimacy that had thus oddly sprung up poor Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls were in despair, and besought their son—they had long ago experienced the uselessness of ordering him—to break off so disreputable an acquaintance; but both tears and entreaties were alike unavailing, and they had not sufficient strength of mind to adopt a more resolute course.

Thus several years passed away, years which seemed only to knit closer the bonds between the old Skipper and the lad. It must not be thought that young Jack remained utterly untaught; far from it. Although Great Britain was not in those days under the thraldom of a School Board, the education of the Beachtown children was by no means neglected; and when the Captain insisted on his protégé going to school, the latter not only obeyed, but furthermore gave evidence

Digitized by Google

of talents that enabled him in a short time to outstrip all his companions, a miracle not due to any innate love of books or cyphering, but from anxiety to enter into the course of navigation which Captain Stacey had promised to teach him.

Jack had early shown a strong inclination for the sea, and made no secret of his intention to ship on the first opportunity, an announcement which nearly distracted his parents. Though fully approving of the line of life the lad had selected, the old Skipper would not hear of his leaving for the present, and even purchased a good sized sailing-boat to console him for the delay.

"Don't be fool enough to go yet," the old fellow would growl out as they stood off the land, with a stiff breeze heeling the boat over until her lee gunwale was under water. "I went to sea during war time, and this is all I got for it," pointing to his wooden leg. "No, no, Jack. You stick to the shore and the old Captain for another year or two and then we'll see what can be done for you."

Digitized by Google

"That's all very fine, Skipper," was the reply (the strange pair treated each other with perfect equality), "but I am sick of the shore and want to see a little service and get some prize-money. Look at young Joe Conger, he shipped on board the *Vestal* frigate only two years ago, and now he's back again with a gold watch and seals and a couple of hundred guineas in his pocket. That's the sort of life for me, Skipper, and I mean to have it too."

"You forgot to mention another prize Joe Conger got—a Frenchman's bullet in his lungs. You should count all or none."

"Oh! hang it, that's the fortune of war. Shall we go about now and stand in-shore, it looks black to windward?"

Such were the kind of semi-skirmishes that took place daily between the two allies, ending eventually, as the reader may easily imagine, in favour of Jack, whose pertinacity completely vanquished the Captain. One day he entered the cottage and saluted his friend.

"Goodbye, Skipper, I'm off. The Channel

Digitized by Google

fleet has anchored in the Downs, and I'm off to ship; they say there is sure to be a row soon, and a good one too."

"Don't you be a fool, Jack," returned his friend. "You stay here for a day or two, and when the fleet has sailed I will arrange that you shall go to sea, and in a pleasanter way than on board a king's ship. How old are you now?"

"Sixteen," replied the lad.

"That will do capitally. You are a stout able-bodied fellow, and with the knowledge of navigation and channel pilotage that I have taught you, you will soon become useful."

"And you will give me your word that I shall really go. Honour bright?"

"Honour bright as a soldier's button or a bucket of water," replied old Stacey heartily; "and there's my hand upon it. Now go into the parlour, fetch glasses, pipes, and the grog bottle, and we'll have a yarn."

Some of the neighbours who had asserted the worthy Skipper's wealth to be the result of successful smuggling were not far short of

Digitized by Google

their mark, for amongst the numerous parts he had played during an eventful career, that of a contrabandist stood conspicuous. Although long retired from any active participation in illicit traffic, old Stacey still continued a *sub rosâ* connection with most of the bands on the south-east coast, and held shares in several smuggling vessels.

Towards the end of the last and the early part of the present century the practice of evading the excise was at its height. A very heavy war tax was grinding down the nation, and the exportation of all commodities from France was strictly forbidden. Now our English ladies of those days very much resembled their grand-daughters of 1877 in their love of French laces, velvets, gloves, and other finery; whilst even the most strait-laced parson hardly thought it a sin to order into the cellar the keg of real Cognac or right Schiedam that he found had been placed at his door during the night by some unknown hand. It is true that perhaps on entering the stable he would find his horses splashed with

Digitized by Google

mud and speckled with foam, as though somebody had been making pretty good use of them during the hours of darkness, but the parson being a wise man in his generation would only order the groom to rub them down and depart without asking any troublesome questions. In short, it may be said that smuggling was regarded amongst all classes as a very venial offence, and such of the contrabandists as fell into the hands of justice were looked upon—especially by the country people—rather in the light of martyrs, than of outlaws preying on the commonwealth.

Now old Captain Stacey had long been under the impression that his partners' profits greatly exceeded his own; or, to put it in plainer English, that his brother smugglers cheated him out of his fair share of the proceeds. This was wormwood to the old sailor, who had made up his mind that when Jack Nicholls had arrived at the age of discretion he would place him on board one of the vessels in which he had a share, when the lad could both learn the mysteries of the

Digitized by Google

trade and protect his patron's interests. When Jack had mastered his business old Stacey determined to either buy him a vessel or transfer to his name a share sufficiently large to warrant his assuming the command. No one had watched the lad so closely as the Skipper, and none knew better how large a share of courage, endurance, and decision he possessed, all of which are essential qualities in the formation of a successful contrabandist.

True to his promise Captain Stacey put himself into immediate communication with his colleagues, and in less than a fortnight Jack Nicholls was one of the crew of the *Fleetwing* three-masted lugger.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XVI.—THE "FLEETWING."

INTO minute particulars regarding Jack Nicholls' various adventures in his new and perilous career I am unable to enter; it is sufficient to say that his great courage, bodily strength, and overbearing temper soon caused him to be respected by even the lawless crew of the *Fleetwing*. For five years he remained on board the lugger, working his way up from supercargo to captain, in which last capacity he exhibited a dexterity and forethought, combined with a cool audacity, that gained him the love of his men and the deadly hatred of the excise. Many were the devices and cunning expedients resorted to by the commanders of the revenue cruisers to clip the pinions of the *Fleetwing* and cut short

Digitized by Google

the successful young smuggler's career, but all were useless, and Lucky Jack—the *sobriquet* bestowed upon him by the contrabandists—contrived on every occasion to frustrate their best-laid schemes and evade capture.

During this time both his parents had died, and the young man found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money, which he unhesitatingly embarked in the extension of his illicit traffic. Luckily the old people never knew the dangerous calling their son had adopted, thus their last moments were not embittered by the knowledge that he was constantly breaking his country's laws, and rendering himself amenable to the vengeance of offended justice.

But this uninterrupted course of good luck was not destined to last for ever; a traitor was on board the lugger, and through him Jack's smuggling career was cut short for ever, and he became an exile from the land of his birth.

I have mentioned the young man's overbearing and imperious temper, and this never showed itself more conspicuously than when

Digitized by Google

he was afloat. The captain of a ship, whether she be stately frigate, humble collier, or stealthy smuggler, should always exact implicit obedience from the men under his command. This is essential for the well-being of the little community, and no class of men are more alive to it than sailors themselves. But Jack carried his authority to an unwarrantable extent, and ruled his crew with a rod of iron. An order not promptly executed was followed by a storm of execrations and reproaches, not unfrequently intermingled with blows. This the older smugglers were more inclined to laugh at than to resent, for it kept the skulkers up to their duty, and lightened the burden which would otherwise have been laid upon the good men.

On one occasion the lugger had left Morlaix with an unusually valuable cargo of silks and brandy. The night had just fallen, and she was working her way amongst the dangerous reefs and rocks of the Channel Islands, an awkward place to knock about in at any time, and particularly so in the darkness, with

Digitized by Google

counter currents setting in every direction. But the mazes of the channels and the set of the tide on every day of the year were familiar to Jack and his officers, who rather preferred the dense gloom that reigned around as affording an impenetrable screen against the telescopes of king's cruisers. Towards midnight the wind suddenly dropped, and a strong current drifting the lugger in the direction of Cape Flamanville, the Captain gave the order to anchor, purposing to remain under the headland until the following morning.

When daylight came, a thick fog rendered it impossible to see twenty yards ahead, nevertheless, the *Fleetwing* weighed, and with a light breeze stood to the north-west. About half-past ten the fog lifted, the lugger being then about midway between Alderney and Cape de la Hague, when, to the astonishment and chagrin of the whole crew, it was found that a revenue cutter lay right ahead, whilst another, her consort, was under easy sail on the port beam. Most fortunately the breeze had increased and the sea was per-

Digitized by Google

fectly smooth, both favourable conditions for the smuggler, who at once putting her helm up crowded on all canvas and stood south for St. Malo. She was provided with duplicate papers, both French and English, so had access to the ports of either nation.

Fast as the lugger sailed, Jack soon saw that in her present deeply-laden condition she had met with her match, and it became evident that if he wished to avoid capture he must part with some of the cargo. By his direction the hatches were opened, and the ankers of brandy hoisted on deck and secured to a hawser weighted with pigs of ballast. Edging a little more off the wind the *Fleetwing* closed the shore, and on arriving in fifteen fathoms of water the string of casks, with a small buoy attached, were payed quietly overboard, and sank to the bottom. The effect on the lugger's sailing qualities was at once apparent; relieved of the heavy weight which had immersed her so deeply in the water she bounded joyously forward, and soon so far distanced her pursuers that,

Digitized by Google

finding all efforts useless, they gave up the chase and stood to the northward.

Jack was far too clever to make any attempt at recovering his submerged ankers for the present, for his manœuvre must have been understood by the cruisers, who would doubtless linger in the neighbourhood in the expectation of his return. Instead of this he waited until the revenue vessels were out of sight, and then stood straight over to the English coast, where he landed his laces and silks in perfect safety.

After several weeks had been spent by the cruisers in keeping watch off Cape Flamanville—near which the brandy was sunk—weeks that Jack, assured of the whereabouts of at least two of his enemies, utilized to the utmost—they perceived that further waiting was useless, and raised the blockade. Intelligence of this was immediately communicated to the *Fleetwing* by the numerous spies the smugglers employed, and Jack at once determined to regain his brandy whilst the coast was clear.

Digitized by Google

Every circumstance seemed to combine in his favour when Cape Flamanville was reached; the sky was clear, the water smooth, and no suspicious sail showed above the horizon. Anchoring the lugger, the boats were lowered and proceeded in quest of the buoy that marked the position of the casks. All day long the eyes of the crew were strained in the endeavour to detect the broken oar, used for a buoy as being less likely to attract the attention of any stray fishing boat; but their search was in vain, and night closed upon an unsuccessful search. A hard time the skulkers had that day and the next, when the search was renewed with the same fruitless result. Jack had become furious at his loss, and vented his ill-humour on the crew.

The following morning he started for the shore, resolved to question the peasants he might meet, but on the boat's bow touching the beach the first sight that met his eye was the broken oar with the buoy rope still attached. Examining the latter to see if the strands were frayed through by rubbing

Digitized by Google

against the rocky bottom, he found that they were perfectly sound, and that carelessness in bending the rope on to the hawser was the sole cause of the buoy coming detached; thus, by the culpable negligence of one man, goods to the value of several hundred pounds were lost.

Returning on board, the lugger was got under weigh—for further search was useless —and then Jack, ordering all hands on deck, desired the man who bent on the buoy rope to step forward.

No one stirred.

"Somebody must have done it," shrieked the skipper, "do none of you remember who it was?"

"Yes, I do," said a grizzled old contrabandist, "Heinrich Strauss, the German, did it, I saw him. I always warned you, Captain, that it was foolish of you to have any of that nation aboard."

"Is that true?" asked Jack, turning to the affrighted culprit, who fell upon his knees and pleaded for mercy.

Digitized by Google

Heinrich Strauss might as well have asked a tiger to forego eating the antelope it had just stricken down. By the Captain's orders he was seized up, and mercilessly flogged in the presence of the whole crew. Even the old hands, smarting as they were from the loss, deprecated the severity of the punishment, but Nicholls was inexorable, and not until insensibility overcame him was the miserable wretch cast off.

The next time the lugger arrived in England, Heinrich Strauss went ashore, and making certain that no one was dogging his footsteps, repaired to the cottage occupied by the lieutenant of the coastguard. Equally greedy for money and revenge the German turned Judas, and agreed so to arrange matters that the *Fleetwing* and her crew should be betrayed into the hands of justice. Better had it fared with the smuggling Captain if he had put up with his loss and not subjected the revengeful Teuton to such a severe, though not altogether undeserved, punishment.

Perfectly unsuspicious that a traitor was

Digitized by Google

STRAUSS'S TREACHERY PUNISHED.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

amongst his crew, Lucky Jack, perhaps grown more reckless from prolonged impunity, meditated a bolder stroke than ever, and one which, if successful, would render him wealthy for life. This was to purchase another vessel, and lading both her and the *Fleetwing* with laces and silks alone, to run the valuable cargo in the teeth of the excise. It was in vain that the old Skipper pointed out to him the folly of placing all his eggs in one basket, and explained that the purchase of such a freight would task his resources to the utmost farthing; the young man's determination to carry out his wild scheme became stronger in proportion to the opposition he encountered, and finding all argument useless his adviser let him pursue his own course.

During the seven or eight years that had elapsed since his protégé went afloat, a great change had come over old Captain Stacey; not that he would admit it himself, for he indignantly repudiated the idea that he was a day older than he had been thirteen years ago, when he first settled at Beachtown. But

Digitized by Google

those about the old man knew better, and it was particularly apparent to Jack, who, only visiting him from time to time, found him on each occasion more aged and feeble. No man can begin on rum immediately after breakfast without its ultimately working him ruin, though his constitution may be as strong as a horse's. Still the "Skipper" abated none of his usual habits, the churchwarden was never absent from his lips, his glass was replenished to the full as often, and the sounds of nocturnal revelry issued from his casement as of yore. Whether in the inmost recesses of his heart he was conscious that his tenure of life was but insecure, Jack never knew, but when the young man announced his fixed determination to carry out the desperate venture above alluded to, the old sailor at parting shook him affectionately by the hand, and told him bluntly that by the provisions of his will he would inherit a large sum of money. To all thanks or remonstrances the Skipper turned a deaf ear, and told his heir, somewhat roughly, to take himself off.

Digitized by Google

Perhaps Captain Stacey thought that Nicholls might relinquish his projected enterprise on learning that he would inherit a fortune; if so, the old man was quite mistaken. Indeed, the intelligence imparted to him had an entirely opposite effect on Jack, rendering him more bent than ever on making a grand *coup*.

"If I am successful," he argued, "with the addition of old Stacey's money I shall be rich, rich enough to enjoy myself and to indulge in all the luxuries of life;" and a flush of joy rose to his cheek as he thought of the unbridled license to which he would abandon himself without let or hindrance, for John Nicholls was a profligate—a hard-hearted profligate of the worst kind, who never allowed himself to be tempted into mischief, but entered into it coolly and deliberately, counting the cost and calculating each step in advance.

Without difficulty Jack picked up another lugger adapted to his purpose, and crossing over to Morlaix shipped the valuable cargo successfully in the two vessels. Before leav-

Digitized by Google

ing England Heinrich Strauss had asked to be excused from accompanying the *Fleetwing* on that trip, bad health being his plea for remaining behind.

"You may go to the devil if you like," was the savage reply; "but you are a fool to stop ashore this trip. There will be plenty of money to be gained."

"How long shall you be absent, and where do you run the cargo this time?"

"What the deuce is that to you?" asked the Captain, across whose mind a faint suspicion perhaps flashed. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because I would be on the spot to help if I was well enough by that time," replied the wily German.

It may seem a matter of wonder to my readers that, after having so ill-treated Heinrich Strauss, no fears of lurking treachery had been aroused in the breast of Nicholls, but there were two reasons which allayed all suspicion. In the first place every man on his admission to the band was bound by an oath

Digitized by Google

of peculiar solemnity invoking a violent death in this life and eternal punishment in the next should he turn traitor, or by word or deed incriminate his comrades. Nor was this an idle vow, or one that might be broken with impunity, and this the smugglers well knew. Often and often had the mysterious death of Sam Perkins been discussed amongst the crew of the *Fleetwing*. Tempted by excise gold he had turned informer, and only by the dash and gallantry of Jack Nicholls had the lugger escaped capture. Sam disappeared for some time, but in an evil hour for himself ventured to return. The following morning his body was found beneath the cliff dashed to atoms, though whether his footing had slipped or a deed of violence had been committed it was impossible to say, so disfigured was the corpse. It was, however, whispered amongst the *Fleetwings* that the Captain had remained on shore all that night.

The second reason was that the profits made by the lugger's crew were very great, far more so than they could ever hope to ob-

Digitized by Google

tain in any other calling or under any other captain than Nicholls, who, if brutal in his language and treatment, always paid his men right royally. Thus they were bound to secrecy by two powerful motives, fear and self-interest, and no suspicion of treason ever entered the Captain's mind.

He had, however, overlooked the length to which a vindictive spirit would go to gratify the passion of revenge, and this miscalculation proved fatal to the *Fleetwings* and himself.

Heinrich Strauss was a stout able-bodied man, and his assistance in landing the cargo would be valuable, therefore, in answer to his question as to when the luggers would be off the coast, Nicholls replied, "In ten days from this we shall be off Beachy Head at midnight if all goes well."

"I will be there without fail," returned the German; "and with more people at my back than you will find pleasant," he muttered to himself as he stepped over the side. "Your flogging propensities will cost you dear this time, Captain Nicholls."

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XVII.—UNDER THE CLIFFS.

CLOSELY ensconced in a rift of the chalk cliffs to the eastward of Beachy Head a man was stationed, who peered anxiously out to sea, only varying his occupation by taking a pull at the case bottle in his pocket, and stamping his feet to keep off the cold. It was a November evening; all day a stiff breeze from the south-west had been blowing, but with the sun the wind had dropped, and a chilly penetrating mizzle taken its place.

"With a flowing sheet such as he must have carried over, the skipper ought to be before his time," thought the look-out; "however, everything is ready, the men are told off and the pack-horses saddled. Half an hour would bring them down to the shore,

Digitized by Google

and in two hours after the arrival of the luggers the cargo would be landed and stowed away, and the little craft might laugh at the beach-combing preventives. The sooner, therefore, they turn up the better for me, for I am heartily sick of standing in this infernal Scotch mist."

Thus thought the contrabandist who was stationed to watch for the arrival of the smuggling vessels, and his hopes of their speedy advent were soon realized, for within a few minutes a light shone faintly through the mist, and the sound of oars were audible in the stillness of the evening. Quitting his cover the look-out crossed the shingly strip that separated the cliffs from the sea and himself, and after taking a scrutinizing glance around, hailed the boat in an undertone, "Doves?"

"Any kestrels?" was the guarded reply.

"All at roost," returned the look-out, and in a moment after the boat's bow grated on the stones, and Jack Nicholls, jumping ashore, shook hands with his confederate.

Digitized by Google

"Land everything at once," said the latter, "the pack-horses will be down ten minutes after I give the signal."

"Where are they now?" asked the Captain.

"In old Coppinger's barn and outhouses, with plenty of hands to assist. I left them under the charge of Heinrich Strauss, who has been of great help to us. I really think the flogging he had put some little life into his dull German blood."

"I dare say it did him good and woke him up a little," returned Jack, grimly; "but make the signal, whilst I go back and hurry the boats ashore. Are there enough horses and carts to remove both cargoes at once?"

"Plenty. We have emptied every stable for five miles round, so hurry the goods on shore whilst I get the cattle down."

Retracing his footsteps the smuggler drew from a sheltered corner of the rift a blue light, and hurried along the base of the cliff until he arrived at a spot where a small valley trended down to the beach. Here he lit the signal, and a lantern flashing from the head

Digitized by Google

of the valley showed him that it had been seen.

Meanwhile, with a noiseless dexterity that arose from much practice, the lugger's crew were loading their boats with the bales of silks and laces, which were packed in such a manner that a horse could easily carry two, one hung on each side of the saddle. Three trips would be required to empty the vessels, and two had been already made without the horses and carts making their appearance.

"Are you sure they saw the signal?" asked Jack, who was beginning to lose his temper at the delay.

"Of course I am; they answered me from the head of the glen. Here they come," continued the look-out after listening attentively; "I can hear the horses' hoofs ringing on the flint. Look alive and get the last load on shore."

The men worked with a will, and the last bale was stacked on the beach by the time the pack-horses and carts had rumbled over the shingle.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"THIS FOR YOU, SCOUNDREL!"

Digitized by Google

"Here I am, you see, Captain," cried Heinrich Strauss, who was driving the leading cart; "bundle the goods in quick."

"Be smart, my lads," said Jack Nicholls, "double pay for every man this—— Hulloo! what's this? Treachery, by Heavens? To your arms, men, and fight your way back to the boats. This for you, scoundrel," he added, drawing a pistol from his belt and firing at the German; but the ball missed the traitor and lodged in the breast of a revenue officer standing behind him, who, with a faint groan, fell to the ground.

Right well the desperate smugglers fought, and for some little time it seemed uncertain for which party victory would declare itself; but the contrabandists were utterly overmatched, and in ten minutes the whole gang, except two or three who got away in the darkness, were lying on the beach bound hand and foot. The casualties on both sides were numerous, for the smugglers were well armed with cutlass and pistols. Three of the latter lay dead upon the shingle, and hardly one of

Digitized by Google

them but carried marks of the conflict. The preventives had but one man killed, the unfortunate officer who fell by the hand of Jack Nicholls, but many of them bore tokens of the desperation with which the contrabandists had wielded their swords. Had the pistols of the latter not been damped whilst landing the cargo, perhaps the result would have been different. The reader will probably not grieve to hear that Heinrich Strauss received a wound which crippled him for life. Finding that his shot had missed its mark, Jack Nicholls rushed on the traitor with his cutlass and fairly severed his right arm from the shoulder.

The wounded men being placed in the carts, the prisoners were marched off under a strong escort, and a guard placed over the captured goods until a party could be sent to remove them.

It now becomes necessary to give the reader some slight details as to how this important seizure was effected.

It had been arranged between Strauss and

Digitized by Google

the officer in command of the preventive party that the former was to manage so that he should be left in charge of the horse and cart party, whom he was to ply freely with drink. When the liquor had taken effect, the officer was to surround the farm with his men, and at a signal from the German rush in and secure the sleepy carters, who, being country labourers but little interested in anything beyond the money earned for their night's work, were not expected to make any great resistance. In the smock frocks and slouched hats of the countrymen the excise officers would disguise themselves, and when the luggers were signalled would conduct the carts and horses—in the former of which some of their number were concealed—down to the beach, and capture the unsuspicious smugglers. How thoroughly and successfully this programme was carried out the reader already knows.

On a crisp keen morning early in the month of February the town of Lewes had shaken off the dulness that seemed habitual

Digitized by Google

to its semi-deserted streets, and crowds of people were seen making their way through the principal thoroughfares. The steps of each were bent in one direction, and the same topic seemed to afford conversation for all. The faces of the good folks were all turned towards the building in which the assizes were held, and the subject that engrossed them was the coming trial of the smuggling band who for so many years had held the myrmidons of the law at defiance. Small parties of mounted dragoons were stationed at different points within a short distance of the court-house, for it had been whispered abroad that an attempt at rescue would immediately follow a conviction, and the authorities had deemed it prudent to solicit the help of the military.

Let us wait until the court is assembled, and then enter and see what is taking place.

On the bench sits the stern old judge, in all the majesty of scarlet robe and horse-hair wig, whilst the luminaries of the law almost fill the body of the court. But it is not on these that the eyes of the spectators are fixed,

Digitized by Google

but upon the felon's dock, in which stands the Captain of the *Fleetwing* charged with the crime of wilful murder.

Confinement has paled the visage of the smuggler, and a sallow hue has replaced the healthy tan that exposure to all weathers had imprinted there; but the eyes, though sunk, have lost none of their fire, and the countenance retains all its habitual audacity. The prisoner nods unconcernedly to such of his friends as he can distinguish amongst the crowd, and then scrutinizes the judge and the bar with a calmness almost verging on insolence. The court is opened, the jury are sworn in unchallenged, and the trial commences.

It is all straightforward work enough, and the prisoner would render it even more so by pleading guilty, but this the eminent counsel retained for the defence (by Captain Stacey) will not hear of. So Jack Nicholls has to stand up for a whole forenoon to be stared at by the people of Lewes—some of whom look upon him as a devil incarnate, though

Digitized by Google

the majority think he is more unlucky than guilty, and sigh over the scarcity of cheap silks and brandy which will assuredly prevail until some other enterprising youth, undeterred by the fate of the prisoner, shall rise to fill the vacant post.

But all the specious arguments of the great London barrister are useless. Pity at the distressing circumstances that have placed so young a man in such an unhappy position is raised in the bosom of every juror—who, you may be sure, would never in the good old times bring a smuggler guilty if the smallest loophole was presented for his escape—and tears flow freely from the eyes of many sympathizing matrons, who probably have sons, or other hopeful belongings, in the exercise of the prisoner's late calling. Eloquence is in vain; the crime was committed in the sight of too many people, and the evidence is too conclusive to admit of the slightest doubt; so after the shortest retirement the jury return with a verdict of—Guilty.

Although no one had expected aught else,

Digitized by Google

a suppressed murmur ran through the crowd when the foreman made known the result; but every demonstration was sternly repressed, and drawing on the fatal black cap the judge proceeded to pass the capital sentence. To the solemn exhortations addressed to him from the bench Jack Nicholls paid but little attention; he had been certain all along how the matter must end, and would be very glad to have the gaze of the crowd removed from him, and to be once more restored to the quiet of his cell; when, however, the warder standing beside him, under pretence of directing his attention to the judge's speech, slipped a small piece of paper into his hand, the faculties of the prisoner became at once on the alert. Watching his opportunity he cast his eyes downward and read the following:—

"When you are removed from the dock come quietly until the first door leading into the yard is reached. Then make a sudden struggle and escape by the small wicket at the opposite corner of the yard, which will be

Digitized by Google

left unbolted for the purpose. Friends will be in readiness to receive you outside. Swallow this piece of paper, or trouble may come to those who have risked much to serve you."

Hope now possessed the prisoner, who in this scheme at once detected the old Skipper's handiwork, and rightly guessed that he had suborned the warders. On being conducted from the dock to make room for his former companions, who were arraigned on the less formidable charge of smuggling, Jack Nicholls' heart beat high, for on the issue of the next few minutes hung his hope of safety or the certainty of a felon's doom. When the door mentioned in the paper was passed and the prisoner, with a warder grasping him firmly on either side, had entered the yard, he made a sudden and desperate attack on his custodians, and escaping from a grip perhaps purposely relaxed, fled for the wicket, flung it open, and disappeared before the astounded officials could recover themselves sufficiently to dream of pursuit.

Digitized by Google

Outside the little gate was a mounted man holding a saddled horse by the bridle. His face was unknown to Jack, but on his saying, "Jump up quick, there is no time to lose; as it is we must dash across country to escape the dragoons," the young man leaped into the saddle without the slightest hesitation, and a quarter of an hour at racing speed left the town of Lewes far in the rear.

Jack Nicholls was guided by his companion to a spot on the coast where a boat was in waiting to conduct him to France. The utmost expedition was necessary, for although in those days steam and the telegraph were unknown, yet semaphores were in use, by which, in fine weather, messages could be transmitted in a clumsy fashion; and as it was rightly conjectured that the convict would endeavour to make for the French coast, these uncouth instruments were soon flinging their black arms about wildly, announcing to all whom it might concern that "One hundred guineas reward was offered for the apprehension of John Nicholls, convicted of the wilful

Digitized by Google

murder of Andrew Snelling on the 11th November, 18—."

The measures adopted for the smuggler's escape were, however, so well concerted that he gained St. Malo in safety, and remained in this little fishing town until he could hear from Captain Stacey. News soon arrived, but of a most unpleasant nature to Nicholls. The old Skipper was dead, and though by his will Jack became sole heir, the estate reverted to the crown, for no man under sentence of death could inherit property. Some three or four hundred pounds in gold the old sailor managed to convey to his *protegé* through one of his smuggling acquaintances, otherwise the young man would have been perfectly destitute, for all his own resources had been embarked in the late rash enterprise.

On hearing that his patron's property would never come into his possession Nicholls became perfectly reckless. The career he had been leading had obliterated all the good feeling he had ever possessed, and considering that he had been grossly ill-used—for

Digitized by Google

nothing could persuade him that the murder of the preventive officer was a grave offence —Jack Nicholls swore a solemn oath that from that time forward, as every Englishman's hand was against him, so should his be raised against each and all of his countrymen.

Taking a passage in a Hamburgh ship to the West Indies he laid out the little money he had in purchasing a share in a slaver, and when his capital was sufficient he built the *Nymph*, and manning her with a crew of desperadoes, sailed for the Indian Ocean, with the double object of plunder and revenge.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XVIII.—THE "NYMPH."

WE left Mynheer Van Raalte on the esplanade at Batavia watching the entry of a vessel into the harbour which he hoped would turn out to be the *Zeiland*, from Manilla. As she neared the shore the merchant recognized his house flag flying from the masthead of the ship, and taking a hasty leave of the Governor, he hurried down to the wharf, and jumping into a boat, directed the oarsmen to take him on board the new arrival.

As the boat approached the *Zeiland* Van Raalte noticed that there seemed very few hands on board, and that although the vessel had been brought to an anchor no steps were taken to furl the sails, which hung down

Digitized by Google

in festoons from the yards and stays. Much surprised at this the merchant stimulated the boatmen to further exertions, and on reaching the vessel climbed eagerly on board with a vague misgiving that something was wrong. The second mate, a Frenchman, came forward to meet the owner.

"Why, how is this, Monsieur Lacroix?" said the latter; "where is Captain Transom?"

The mate had seemingly lost all the volubility of his nation, for he only sighed and answered, "Captain Transom is drowned, and all the rest of the crew except myself and a couple of Manilla men are either overboard or killed. We were boarded by a pirate last night and the ship pillaged."

"Good Heavens!" cried the merchant, "how horrible!" and looking more closely round he saw ample confirmation of the officer's statement. The hatches were off, and on glancing over the combings instead of carefully stowed packages and bales he saw only a litter of broken cases and fragments of cloth mingled with staved-in boxes of cheroots. The

Digitized by Google

deck bore evidence of a struggle, for in many places it was stained with blood; whilst, at the after part of the vessel, underneath an old sail, were several objects whose outline announced that they were human bodies.

"Come below and give me some schnapps," said the merchant, "and then tell me all about it."

"Will you not direct the boatmen to help in furling the sails?" replied the mate. "If a breeze comes on the ship may drag her anchor."

This necessary precaution having been taken the owner and the officer descended to the cabin, where a scene of the greatest confusion presented itself. Broken glass strewed the deck, the mirrors and furniture were all smashed, the lockers prized open, and the chairs thrown on one side in a broken heap.

"I have only been down here for a minute since the villains left the ship," said the mate, "for I had to take care of the vessel and could not leave the deck. However, I will soon

Digitized by Google

make things a little ship-shape;" and ferreting out a broom he swept away some of the *débris*, and having extracted a bottle of Hollands from one of the stow-holes, and extricated two pretty sound chairs, the men sat down and the mate commenced his recital.

"We left Manilla three weeks ago, and beyond adverse winds nothing of interest occurred until yesterday afternoon, when a sail was observed on the starboard quarter. We had passed through Gaspar Straits, between Banca and Billiton on the previous day, and had held ourselves well prepared in case of an attack by proas, but having got through that dangerous channel in safety all thoughts of pirates were at an end, and poor Captain Transom was in great glee at the successful termination to the voyage that seemed so probable. Towards four in the afternoon, however, the wind fell light, and the *Zeiland* made little way, though the stranger still carried the breeze and neared us rapidly. By five o'clock she was not more than three miles off, and with our glasses we took a good

Digitized by Google

look at her. She was schooner rigged, with very taunt masts, and a great spread of canvas, but though neat enough aloft her hull was most hideously clumsy, more nearly resembling a haystack than anything else. Indeed, on looking at her high topsides we wondered she could make any way at all on a wind, and Captain Transom said she reminded him of a superannuated North Shields collier.

"The wind now died away altogether, and the two vessels lay rolling sluggishly in the swell, within a couple of miles of each other. At sunset we were in the same position, but darkness soon shut the schooner out from view.

"It was my first watch, and I was down below getting ready to relieve the first officer at eight o'clock, when I heard my name called by some one on the upper deck. Hastening up I found it was Mr. Bend, the chief mate.

"'Come here, Lacroix,' he said, 'and listen. I know you have sharp ears; tell me if you hear anything?'

"The ship was rolling so much that for

Digitized by Google

some minutes I could make out nothing but the creaking of the spars and the flapping of the sails against the masts; but soon it seemed to me that I could detect another sound, a regular even movement as of the dipping of oars simultaneously into the water. This sound came from the starboard quarter, in which direction we had last seen the schooner.

"I told the mate what I fancied I heard, and we found that we had both arrived at the same conclusion, namely, that the stranger had got her sweeps (large oars) out, and was trying to close with us.

"'I thought that was it,' said he, 'but I did not like to disturb the skipper until I had gained the evidence of another pair of ears. You look out, Lacroix, whilst I go down and call him.'

"In a moment afterwards Captain Transom came on deck and listened for some moments to the measured dip of the sweeps, which was now plainly audible.

"'I tell you what, gentlemen,' he said at last, 'I don't much like the look of this. If

Digitized by Google

that schooner was an honest vessel she would wait for a breeze, and not want to creep on a couple of miles an hour in a dead calm. She must be full of men too, otherwise she would never attempt it. She don't look much like a rover with her old hay-stack sides, but whether or not she shall find us prepared for her. Go into the topgallant forecastle, Lacroix, and rouse the men out. Tell them not to make a noise, for after all it is most likely to be a mistake, but let them be ready with their cutlasses and pistols at a moment's notice.'

"Either curiosity or alarm soon brought every man upon deck, and we all stood listening to the dashing of the sweeps which every minute approached nearer and nearer.

"'Show a light over the quarter,' said the Captain, and immediately afterwards he hailed in English: 'Schooner, ahoy! where the devil are you going to? Larboard your helm or else you'll be on board of us;' but no answer was returned, though the sweeps sounded nearer and nearer.

Digitized by Google

"'Confound it, she will be alongside of us in five minutes. Send the men aft, Bend, and let them look out for further orders;' thus saying Captain Transom again hailed the schooner, but with the same result. The sound of the sweeps now plainly indicated that she was not a hundred yards distant, but no light on board her showed her exact position.

"'Dowse that glim,' cried the Skipper to the man who was still holding the lantern over the quarter, 'it is only acting as a guide if she means mischief. By Jove! here she is aboard of us, and there is no mistake as to her character now. At them, my lads! beat the scoundrels back into their own accursed craft!'

"Even whilst the Captain was ordering away the light the schooner's larboard-bow ground against our quarter, and with a fierce shout the pirate crew flung themselves on board. Our men fought gallantly, as the dead bodies lying aft there will attest, but we were no match for the overpowering numbers that swarmed over the counter,

Digitized by Google

desperadoes from every nation, and all habituated to arms and scenes of bloodshed. The pirates were headed by a man with a long red beard, whom I at once took to be their leader, and recognized him to be an Englishman, because when Captain Transom gave him a slight flesh wound he distinctly uttered the word 'Damn.'

"In almost less time, Mynheer Van Raalte, than it has taken me to narrate this the whole thing was over, and such as had escaped from the conflict with their lives were lying bound and gagged on the upper deck. Amongst the number were Captain Transom and myself; poor Bend had been shot through the lungs, his body is under the canvas on deck.

"And now commenced a scene of plunder and destruction such as has rarely been witnessed. Finding that our cargo consisted only of Manilla cloth and tobacco the ruffians became furious, and vented their rage in destroying everything they could possibly injure. The hatches were wrenched off, and the goods in the hold turned upside down.

Digitized by Google

Whole cases of tobacco and cigars were passed over into the schooner, and when the pirates had enough for their wants they amused themselves by smashing the remaining cases, and not content with that some of them rigged the fire-engine and played the water down into the hold so as to damage whatever was left. I am afraid, Mynheer, that but little of the *Zeiland's* cargo will be of much value now."

"Never mind the cargo, Lacroix," said the kind-hearted Dutchman, with a deep sigh. "Go on with your sad story, and tell me what became of poor Transom and his men. I can get another cargo at any time, but a skipper like John Transom is not so easily come by."

"Well, sir," resumed the second mate, "whilst some of the devils were flooding the hold others were tearing open the lockers here, and searching about in every hole and corner. Presently a Chinaman came up from below and spoke in a whisper to the man with the red beard. He looked disappointed

Digitized by Google

at first, but in a moment a ferocious smile stole over his face at some whispered suggestion of the Chinaman's, and crossing to where Captain Transom lay bound, and wrenching the gag from his mouth, asked him, in perfect English, where the opium was stowed.

"'There is none on board,' replied the Skipper, furious at the indignities that had been heaped upon him, 'and if there were a ton between decks I would not tell you where it was stowed to save my life.'

"'I am not so sure but that you will be glad to tell me before I have done with you,' retorted the pirate Captain, giving the prostrate man a brutal kick; 'we have ways and means of getting these little secrets out of people, however close they may be disposed to keep them.'"

The second officer of the *Zeiland* then detailed to the horror-stricken merchant the devilish tortures to which the unfortunate Captain was subjected by his fiendish captors, but over which I will, with the reader's permission, draw a veil, and take up the thread

Digitized by Google

of the Frenchman's story where Captain Transom was again confronted with the pirate.

"'You are an Englishman,' said the latter, 'and although I have sworn never to spare one of that hated race, still if you will tell me where the opium is stowed I will give you your freedom in consideration of the pluck you have shown. Come, answer me quickly, for I can't stop fooling here all night.'

"'Will you also release the other Englishmen on board?'

"'Certainly not, you are a fool to ask it,' said the pirate, his brow growing black.

"'Then I'll see you d——d before I tell you,' returned the Skipper, 'and you can do your worst.'

"At an order given by the pirate in some language unknown to me four men lifted up poor Captain Transom, bound as he was, and laid his body over the taffrail.

"'Will you think better of it?' asked the pirate.

"'No, I'll see you ——' but the end of the

Digitized by Google

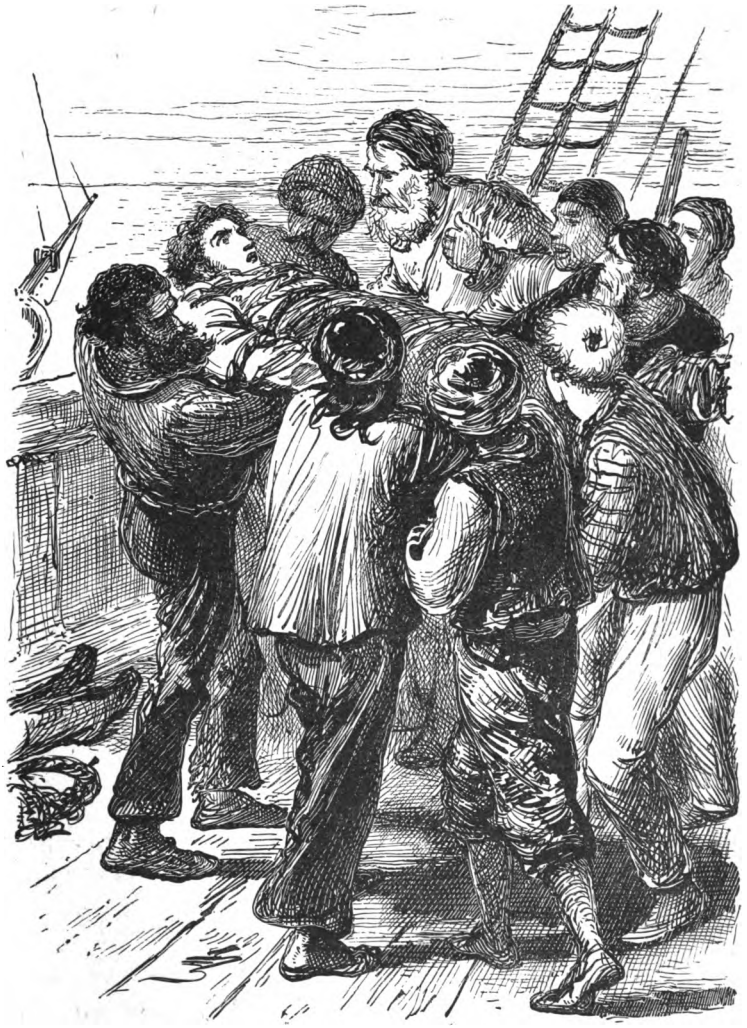
sentence was lost in the sound of a heavy plunge, as at a sign the men released their hold, and the body of the unfortunate Captain was lost beneath the waves.

"The pirate then directed the gag to be removed from my mouth, and asked me my name and nation. I answered both correctly, and was surprised beyond measure to hear him say, in very tolerable French, 'Monsieur, when I was a young man I received great kindness and hospitality from many of your nation, both of which were denied me by my own countrymen. As some slight acknowledgment of the debt I then incurred I shall not only spare your life, but shall leave you a couple of hands to assist you in getting your vessel into Batavia. You can tell your owner that had it not been for you I should have scuttled the ship.'

"'But these other poor wretches?' I asked, when I had stammered out my thanks.

"'Be satisfied that you escape yourself,' he sternly replied. 'And now go below and remain until I call you.'

Digitized by Google



HOW THE PIRATES KILLED CAPTAIN TRANSOM.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"I of course obeyed, and whilst sitting down meditating on the strange events of the last few hours I heard many dull plunges, and knew by instinct that my unhappy shipmates had shared the fate of their Captain.

"I was not sent for until daylight, and the miserable night I passed listening to the imprecations and quarrels of the half-intoxicated pirates you may imagine. On reaching the upper deck I found the schooner at some little distance from the ship, but how altered! The painted canvas employed to disguise the hull and give her the semblance of a peaceful trader had now disappeared, and she rose and fell on the swell in all the splendour of her sinister beauty.

"Her boat was alongside, and the Captain calling me, said, 'I have left you two Manilla men to help you into port. Adieu! and don't forget that you owe your life to your nationality and to Redbreast, the pirate.'

"He then shoved off, and a breeze having sprung up, stood away to the north-west, whilst, with the assistance of the Manilla

Digitized by Google

men, I steered for Batavia, arriving in the plight you see."

"The accursed demon," said the merchant bitterly. "Could you gather what direction he intended to take?"

"Some of the men in their cups dropped words that suggested their destination was the South Sea Islands, to pick up a cargo of natives for the Peruvian mines; but it is hard to say whether they were not intended as a blind."

"No," replied the merchant, after a moment's thought, "it is the very thing the rascals would do, now they have made these seas too hot for them. I shall go ashore at once and communicate with the Governor."

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XIX.—THE AVENGER STARTED.

A WEEK after the events recorded in the last chapter the British twelve-gun brig *Cygnet* anchored off Batavia and saluted the Dutch flag. Her boat was seen approaching the shore, and the Governor sent down an aide-de-camp to receive the officer seated in the stern-sheets. After the customary courtesies the young Englishman, who was dressed in the uniform of a Commander, introduced himself as Arthur Carysfort, Captain of His Britannic Majesty's sloop *Cygnet*, and requested an immediate audience with the Governor. He was at once conducted to the presence of that dignitary, and a long private conversation ensued. As Lacroix, now captain of the *Zeiland*, was sent for, we

Digitized by Google

may presume that the principal topic was the plundering of that ship by the pirates. At any rate the brig filled up with water and fresh provisions without losing an hour, and by sunset on the same day was seen standing out to seaward.

Arthur Carysfort was a nephew of the Admiral commanding the East India and China station, and served in his uncle's ship in the capacity of second lieutenant. Though quite a young man—barely four-and-twenty—he had already seen a good deal of active service, and had gained himself a deserved reputation for courage and skill; when, therefore, the European merchants petitioned the Commander-in-chief to equip a vessel of great speed and light draught for the suppression of the thriving trade the pirates were conducting at their expense, the Admiral acceded, and a brig in every way suited for the purpose having been found in the *Cygnet*, she was purchased for the government, manned by one hundred and twenty stout blue-jackets and marines from the flag-ship, and a commission

Digitized by Google

as Acting Commander made out for Arthur Carysfort.

The evening before the *Cygnet* sailed her young Captain dined with the Admiral. When, after dessert, the other guests had withdrawn, the old officer called his nephew into his stern cabin and gave him his parting instructions.

"Now, Arthur, you have got everything your own way, and it only depends upon yourself whether the Admiralty confirm your appointment or not. Your duty is summed up in very few words, "Don't show yourself at Madras again until you have a good account to give of the *Nymph*. Follow her to the world's end if necessary, but either take her or sink her, otherwise I shall be tempted to think I have erred in my selection of a Captain for the *Cygnet*. Good-bye now, and God bless you. Get under weigh to-morrow at daylight. I shall write to your mother and tell her the mission with which I have intrusted you;" and after a hearty grasp of the hand the young man left the cabin.

Digitized by Google

I can imagine few positions more pleasant than that in which Arthur Carysfort now found himself. He had under his command a fine set of men, and a vessel whose sailing qualities proved on trial to be even better than her late owners had reported. He was intrusted with a special mission, and one that any officer would be proud to undertake, and if Fortune permitted him to come within reach of the *Nymph*, he had little doubt of the result. Other pirates there were in plenty lurking amidst the shoals and reefs of those narrow seas, but these were all small game compared to the schooner, and he resolved never to relinquish the pursuit until she was either captured or destroyed.

Off the coast of Borneo he was lucky enough to fall in with a fleet of proas, upon which he inflicted signal punishment, and he then steered for Batavia in hopes of getting some information regarding the movements of the *Nymph*. On the morning after his conversation with the Governor the *Cygnet* was standing to the eastward under every stitch

Digitized by Google

of canvas her lofty spars could spread. When quarters were over all hands were ordered aft, and the Captain, standing on a gun carriage, thus addressed them:—

"You know, my lads, the reason the Admiral has sent us here as well as I do. Our mission is to sweep these seas of the pirates that infest them, and more particularly to capture the *Nymph*, whose rascally Captain has done more damage and committed more murders than the whole of the rest put together. Now, the Governor of Batavia tells me that the schooner was off this coast less than ten days ago, when she captured a Dutch ship, whose Captain I have seen. He overheard some of the scoundrels say that they were bound for the Coral Seas to kidnap natives for the Peruvian silver mines, and the scheme seems so probable that I am resolved to try that quarter instead of hanging any longer about here. I have thought it right to tell you this, and to impress upon you the necessity of redoubled vigilance in a sea but imperfectly surveyed, and abounding with

Digitized by Google

hidden reefs and unknown currents. Two men will be stationed at the masthead for the future instead of one, and the look-outs will be doubled at night. I shall give fifty dollars to the first man that sights the pirate schooner. Now, pipe down."

In due time the *Cygnet* arrived in the Coral Seas, though her progress was exceedingly slow, owing to the numerous precautions that were necessary to avoid reefs and shoals. At each island of importance a boat was sent ashore, but in every case the natives were shy, whilst in several instances they saluted the intruders with a volley of arrows. One day, however, whilst the brig was picking her way amongst the New Hebrides group a canoe was discovered some distance from the shore, and the *Cygnet's* cutter was enabled to cut it off and tow it alongside, the two natives it contained shivering with terror at the thoughts of the instant death they imagined would be their fate. When brought on board the *Cygnet* they showed such signs of fear that the Captain and officers at once

Digitized by Google

concluded that this was not their first acquaintance with Europeans. Having with great difficulty allayed their apprehensions, Captain Carysfort tried to draw some information from them, when with great difficulty the officers made out from the signs of the islanders that a vessel manned by white men had visited their coast and had sailed with several of the natives on board, after having burned their village and committed every description of atrocity.

At this unexpected news a firm conviction that they were on the track of the *Nymph* took possession of each of the *Cygnet's* crew, and when, after the islanders had pointed out the direction the kidnappers had taken, and had been dismissed with presents, the hands were turned up to make sail, an unusual alacrity was observable in their movements.

For several days the brig stood on, but without seeing any sign of the pirate. At length the water casks were so low that it became absolutely necessary to replenish them, and when, at daylight one morning, an

Digitized by Google

island was seen on the beam, the *Cygnet* bore up and steered directly for it. Through their glasses the officers could make out a cascade descending from the mountains, and congratulated themselves on the good fortune that had led them to such a spot. However, a long line of breakers showed that the island was surrounded by a reef, and that water could only be obtained by means of the boats. Ordering the brig to stand off and on, the Captain started in his gig to see if the reef presented any opening through which boats could pass, and finding one without difficulty he determined to continue his investigations and see whether the inhabitants were friendly or the reverse. A large village stood directly under the cascade, and as he approached it Arthur Carysfort rubbed his eyes in astonishment, for many of the buildings were of considerable size, and one of them, from the little steeple that adorned it, bore a strange likeness to a Christian place of worship.

"This is very strange," said the Captain; "Thompson, is the ensign in the boat?"

Digitized by Google

"Yes, sir," replied the coxswain, "and the pennant too."

"Well, get them both out and ship them, we must see what this means."

Hitherto but few natives had been visible, but the moment the British colours were shown they poured down upon the beach in hundreds, waving palm branches and showing every sign of delight. Running the boat ashore at the spot indicated by a dozen eager hands, Arthur Carysfort jumped out, and at once saw that he was amongst a far superior race of natives than any he had yet encountered. But his surprise may be imagined when a youth about eighteen years of age came forward, and extending his hand, said in excellent French, "*Bon jour, M. le Capitaine, mais nous sommes bien contente de vous voir. Ayez la complaisance de m'accompagner.*"

Perfectly bewildered, the young man followed his guide, who conducted him to a roomy house standing some little distance from the stream that bisected the village. Having knocked at the door the native lad

Digitized by Google

ushered the officer in, when, to his amazement, he found himself in the presence of two European ladies, one a matron verging on middle age, but still bearing tokens of wondrous beauty, the other a young girl of some seventeen summers, who, when he entered, blushed deeply, and hid her lovely face in her hands. Arthur Carysfort was the first young man of her own race the girl had ever seen.

Advancing towards him, the elder lady, speaking in the purest French, with which Arthur was happily perfectly conversant, greeted him in the warmest way, and begging him to be seated, expressed her intense joy at once more seeing the face of a European; but even as she was speaking a young native entered, panting, dust-stained, and weary, and stood before her with rolling eyes, unable for the present to find words. When he had recovered he poured out his tidings in the native language, not one word of which the Englishman could, of course, understand.

Arthur, however, noticed with anxiety that the faces of both the ladies changed from in-

Digitized by Google

terest to alarm as the lad proceeded, and was about to ask if he could be of any use when the eldest, turning to him, said:—

"We have just received sad news. The lad you see here has come from another village on the opposite side of the island with the unwelcome intelligence that a vessel manned by people of every nation and colour came into the bay last night, and having been cordially welcomed by good old Père Anselm, who is at present residing there, returned his hospitality by committing every description of outrage, and finally departed, taking with them the Father himself and a number of the islanders. The Père had just time to send this boy over to us before he was dragged off, a prisoner."

"Did this lad see the vessel?" asked Arthur eagerly.

"Certainly he did," replied the lady, "and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner."

"Then pray ask him how many masts she had, and what she was like."

The questions were put, and though, of

Digitized by Google

course, the native lad was unable to explain himself very lucidly, still Carysfort gained information enough to make him certain that the marauding vessel was the *Nymph*, more particularly when he learned that the white chief was a big man with a long red beard.

"It must be Redbreast in his accursed schooner," he thought. "Heaven be praised that I have a chance at last of laying the *Cygnet* alongside him! Madame," he continued aloud, "by a strange coincidence this pirate is the very vessel of which I have been in pursuit for many weeks. Providence has at last thrown her in my way, and I hope ere many days to return here for the purpose of placing my ship and myself at your disposal, and of restoring to you in safety the good old Father whom the scoundrels have carried off. Could you furnish me with a native who knows the coast?"

Here the youth who had accosted Arthur on his first landing, and who had been listening attentively, broke in, "Let me go, Madame, pray let me go. I know every

Digitized by Google

inch of the coast and every bend in the reefs. I can point out the best way for Monsieur's ship to steer. Please take me, Monsieur," he added pleadingly to Carysfort.

"Well, Havili, as you know the coast as well, I believe, as your brave father did, there is no reason you should not go if Monsieur le Capitaine will trust you," replied the lady; "so run away and get ready. He is our most skilful diver," she added, "a gift he inherited from his father, and I believe a most excellent pilot. But I see, Monsieur, you are anxious to start, so will not detain you, but you must return to us soon. Adieu!"

After shaking hands cordially with both ladies Arthur hurried down to the gig, in which young Havili was awaiting him, and giving the order to shove off, the boat was soon sweeping along, and in less than an hour was picked up by the *Cygnet.*

By the shortest route at least seventy miles of sea had to be traversed before the brig could reach the village on the opposite side of the island, but luckily the wind was fair,

Digitized by Google

and by midnight the *Cygnet* was hove-to off the outer reef at the desired spot, waiting only for daylight to run through the narrow passage into the bay.

Every preparation had been made for action, the rigging swiftered down, the boarding nettings in readiness for tricing up, preventer braces rove, shot plugs placed at intervals on the lower deck, and such other precautions taken as are adopted on board a ship about to engage an enemy. There was no occasion for the drummer to beat to quarters when the day broke, for every man was already at his post, and from the cool determination visible on every face the pirate's chances of escape if the brig once came within gunshot seemed but small.

A great disappointment was, however, in store for Arthur Carysfort and his men, for although a dozen glasses eagerly swept the bay no *Nymph* was to be seen.

"Confound her, she must have sailed last night," said the Captain; "man the gig and I will go on shore and make inquiries."

Digitized by Google

Taking young Havili with him as an interpreter, and directing the brig to keep under easy sail outside the reef, Arthur Carysfort soon reached the village, whose inhabitants showed every disposition to oppose his landing, until the reason of the visit had been explained by Havili. By the latter the Captain was conducted to the presence of the two leading chiefs, Tiatavi and Hina-hina, and learned from them that the pirate schooner had sailed on the previous evening with five-and-twenty islanders, and Père Anselm, as prisoners. The natives had watched her until darkness fell, and were able to indicate clearly the course she had taken.

Bidding the chiefs a hasty adieu, Arthur hurried down to the gig, and in a short time the *Cygnet* was bowling along under every stitch of canvas in pursuit of the pirate.

Digitized by Google

CHAP. XX.—THE CHASE ENDED.

THE breeze became fresher every hour, alternated by terrific squalls that exercised the utmost vigilance to avoid losing a spar, but when sunset came the horizon was swept in vain, no sail was visible. However, as all seamen know, a stern chase is a long chase, and it was too much to hope that so swift a vessel would be overhauled in a few hours. There was nothing left but crack on during the night, and see what the morrow would bring forth.

Long before daylight some of the crew were at the masthead eagerly peering into the darkness, and just before sunrise a voice gave forth the welcome hail of "Sail on the starboard-bow, sir."

Digitized by Google

Arthur and several of the officers went aloft with their glasses, and plainly distinguished the canvas of a vessel, though she was hull down, and her exact nature could not be made out. The brig was running free, and the fore-topmast studding-sail being now set, she dashed through the water at a pace which soon brought the stranger into perfect view, and it was seen that she was a schooner, with only her foremast standing, the mainmast was gone.

"By Jove, sir," said the first lieutenant to Arthur, "it is the *Nymph* without doubt! You may depend upon it she was caught in one of the squalls that so nearly unshipped our sticks yesterday, and has lost her mainmast."

"That accounts for our overhauling her so soon," replied the Captain. "Let the men have breakfast as soon as possible."

By nine o'clock the *Cygnet* was within two miles of the schooner, and had fired three blank charges as a signal for her to heave-to; but, as was to be expected, no notice what-

Digitized by Google

ever was taken by the chase, which stood on under all the canvas her crippled condition enabled her to spread.

By ten o'clock not more than half a mile separated the vessels, and the first lieutenant ventured to suggest that by luffing up and giving the pirate a broadside her only remaining spar might be knocked away, but of this Arthur would not hear.

"No," he replied, "we have got the heels of her, and there is no use in uselessly killing the kidnapped natives with which her hold is probably crowded. We will run alongside her and board. By Jove! she is showing her teeth," he continued, as a flash and a puff of smoke issued from the schooner's stem, and a shot passed through the foot of the brig's fore-topsail—the pirates were firing high in hopes of crippling a spar.

But this was not to be, for although several shrouds were shot away, and a brace or two, no real damage was done, and in ten minutes more the two vessels were within fifty yards of each other.

Digitized by Google

"Heavé-to or I'll sink you!" hailed Arthur, steadying himself against the main-rigging.

The reply was a musket-shot which passed through the young man's left shoulder, but without disabling him from the continuance of his duty.

"It was Redbreast himself who fired that shot," said a midshipman.

"Well, I shall soon be quits with him," said the Captain; "lay us alongside his port beam, master. Allerton, you lead the boarders;" and in a moment afterwards the two vessels ground together.

With a cheer the first lieutenant and his men sprang on board, and a hand-to-hand conflict took place. It was of short duration, for the mixed races composing the pirate's crew were the veriest curs when brought in contact with a determined foe, though brave enough in their dealings with unarmed and defenceless men. Many threw down their weapons in token of submission, others ran below, but a few gathered round their Captain, who seemed determined to resist to the last.

Digitized by Google

One by one his companions fell around him, but still Redbreast held out, his gallant defence inspiring even his assailants with respect. At length a pistol shot laid his last adherent low, and his capture—for strict orders had been given to take him alive—seemed certain. But seeing the doom to which he was destined the desperate ruffian resolved to baulk his enemies, and when they advanced to seize him he laid the foremost senseless with a blow from the butt end of his empty pistol, and with a deep imprecation in English sprang over the taffrail, and sank without a struggle.

The action was now over, and the *Nymph* had become the lawful prize of His Majesty's sloop *Cygnet.* The prisoners were secured between decks in the same fetters from which the captive islanders were released, and the good old priest, who was found on his knees in the cabin, was removed to the brig as Arthur's guest. By the close of the day the *Cygnet's* crew had rigged a jury-mainmast for the schooner, and at sunset both vessels were making their way towards the island.

Digitized by Google

The wind was adverse, and several days were necessary to accomplish the distance, during which time Arthur Carysfort—whose wound, though severe, was not dangerous—received from the lips of Père Anselm an account of the *Sybille's* wreck, and of all that had transpired since that time. After describing the explosion and the ratification of peace between the two tribes, the Father continued:

"The superstition entertained by the Magwangui that a white infant should bring prosperity to the tribe was a manifest declaration of Providence in our favour. At first they were inclined to pay divine honours to both Madame and her daughter, but in time I was able to remove all superstitious feeling, and to substitute a deep-rooted gratitude in its place. During her sojourn in a Chilian convent Mme. de Chateaupré had learned to tend the sick and to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and under her skilful nursing many natives who would certainly have perished became hale and sound. The priests were

Digitized by Google

so overawed at the damage wrought by the explosion that they placed no obstacle in the way of my making converts, indeed they sometimes assisted me.

"Aided by the ascendency that Madame exercises over these people, I have been enabled to bring all the rising generation into the Christian fold, not my least success being the conversion of the two leading chiefs, Hina-hina and Tiatavi. The Almighty has so blessed our labours that we have been able to change a bloodthirsty predatory race into a peaceful and industrious people, and I hope that the news you will convey to France may cause the government to send out some ministers of religion less old and useless than myself to continue the work we have begun."

"But surely you will return to France now?" exclaimed Arthur, astonished.

"No, Monsieur," replied the old priest, "I will never desert the flock that God has vouchsafed to give me. Madame and her daughter it is essential should go, and I shall insist upon their accepting your hospitality; but for

Digitized by Google

myself, I shall remain. I have luckily preserved the marriage certificate of Madame with Claude de Chateaupré, as well as the record of the young lady's birth and christening, and have kept a journal of the principal events on the best substitute for paper we are able to manufacture. This latter I shall beg you to forward to the Minister of Marine. It will explain the articles of which we stand in greatest need, and perhaps the government will come to our assistance."

On the evening of the same day on which the above conversation was held the *Cygnet* and her prize anchored off the village, and the kidnapped islanders were restored to their kith and kin.

Digitized by Google

CONCLUSION.

THERE are few more words to say. Amidst the tears and lamentations of the islanders the Vicomtesse and her daughter embarked on board the *Cygnet*, and in due course arrived at Madras, where it is needless to say every kindness and hospitality were shown them. From thence they sailed for France, accompanied by Captain Carysfort, who had been permitted by his uncle to carry the despatches relative to the capture of the *Nymph*, and the discovery of the frigate's survivors, to the Admiralty. On this intelligence being transmitted to the French government they requested Arthur to give them a verbal description of what he had seen, which ended in their immediately despatching a vessel laden with

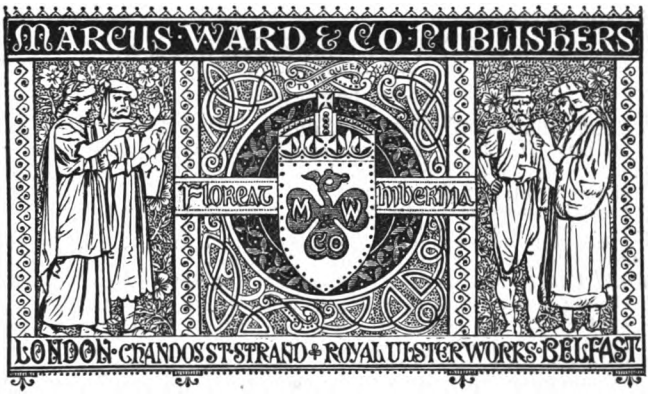
Digitized by Google

agricultural implements, seeds, clothing, and such other articles as had been mentioned by Père Anselm in his journal. These goods were accompanied by two young priests who had volunteered to cast in their lot with the good Father's.

Captain Carysfort left Paris a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and arrived in London to find his Commander's commission not only confirmed, but that in consideration of his services he had been advanced to Post rank. Yet I cannot think that he had seen the last of his unexpected passengers, for not long ago I had the pleasure of dining with Admiral Sir Arthur Carysfort, and was not too much engrossed with the good things placed before me to pass unnoticed the fact that he addressed his wife—a lady whose features still retained traces of exceeding loveliness—by the name of "Coralie."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Illustrated & Educational Works,

HANDSOMELY BOUND BOOKS SUITABLE FOR PRIZES AND PRESENTS,

TALES FOR THE YOUNG,

BOOKS OF TRAVEL & ADVENTURE, &c

PUBLISHED BY

MARCUS WARD AND CO.,

67, 68, Chandos Street, Strand,

LONDON;

ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST.

Digitized by Google

ELEGANT GIFT-BOOKS.

Poetry.

English Echoes of German Song. Translated by Dr. R. E. WALLIS, Dr. J. D. MORELL, and F. D'ANVERS. Edited by N. D'ANVERS. With Twelve beautiful Steel Engravings. Small quarto, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 10/6.

"Gracefully rendered into English. . . . Engravings remarkable for delicacy. . . . . very pretty and wholly unconventional."—*Daily News.*

"Successfully and faithfully rendered into musical English. . . . . The illustrations on steel are very worthy of the poetry."—*Standard.*

Floral Poetry and the Language of Flowers. A collection of choice poems on Flowers, with most complete Indexes to the Language of Flowers, and eight exquisite Illustrations in colours. Small quarto, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 10/6.

"A tasteful and well-chosen collection of flowery lyrics."—*Graphic.*

"Contains some of the choicest pieces of English verse about flowers."—*Bath Chronicle.*

"Poems of real merit, culled by a skilful and discriminating hand from the whole garden of English poetry."—*The Nation.*

"Marvels of pictorial excellence."—*Standard.*

"Illustrations carefully coloured after nature."—*Daily News.*

The Quiver of Love: a collection of Valentines, Ancient and Modern. With Eight exquisite Full-page Illustrations in Gold and Colours, by WALTER CRANE and KATE GREENAWAY. Full gilt cover, gilt edges, 7/6.

"Look at it as we may, the book is a marvel, and its cheapness is not its least noticeable feature."—*Morning Advertiser.*

The Poets' Year: a Birthday Register. With Selections from Chaucer to Longfellow, chronologically arranged, printed on writing paper. With Illuminated Title-page. Cloth, extra, 2/-; gilt edges, 2/6; and in Limp French Morocco, Morocco and Russia, from 3/6 to 10/6.

A superb edition of the above, with Illuminated Frontispiece and Title-page, and Twelve Coloured Illuminated Pages, with Vignette Portraits of the Poets, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 4/-.

The Latin Year: a Collection of Latin Hymns, Ancient and Modern. Edited by the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE, B.A., F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations by R. BATEMAN, after the manner of the best period of early Wood Engraving. Rough edges, quaint binding. 15/-.

N.B.—A few copies with special binding may be had. Price 40/-.

The Garland of the Year; or, the Months, their Poetry and Flowers. Giving an account of each Month, with Poetical Selections, descriptive of the Seasons and their Flowers; with red lines, and Floral Designs in Gold and Colours. Small octavo, cloth elegant, 2/6; gilt edges, 3/-.

"Creditable to the compiler's taste, and comprises many gems."—*Athenæum.*

Language and Poetry of Flowers. A New Edition, carefully Revised and Amplified. With Six Illuminated Pages in Gold and Colours. Cloth, black and gold, 2/6; Gilt Edges, 3/-.

LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF FLOWERS. Pocket Edition, Illustrated in Gold and Colours. Cloth extra, 1/-; gilt edges, 1/3.

"In addition to the ordinary dictionary of flower language . . . . beautifully coloured illustrations are given of such plants as the Azalea, Cyclamen, Arum, Pansy, &c."—*Cork Examiner.*

"An exceedingly nice little volume, well brought out and well illuminated."—*Ulster Examiner.*

Digitized by Google

IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES.

Shores of the Polar Sea: a Narrative of the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76. By Dr. EDWARD L. MOSS, H.M.S. "Alert." With Sixteen large Chromo-Lithographs, and numerous Engravings, from Drawings made on the spot by the Author. Imperial Folio. Price Five Guineas. [*In preparation.*

New Zealand Scenery. Fifteen Chromo-Lithographs after Original Water-colour Drawings by JOHN GULLY, with descriptive letter-press by Dr. JULIUS VON HAAST. Imperial Folio, in portfolio or bound, full cloth extra, gilt edges. Price Five Guineas.

"Elegantly got up, and altogether quite a gem."—*Perthshire Advertiser.*

"The chromographs are marvellously good, and really make the book an art treasure."—*Scotsman.*

Thalassa: an Essay on the Depth, Temperature, and Currents of the Ocean. By JOHN JAMES WILD, Member of the Civilian Scientific Staff of H.M.S. "Challenger." With Charts and Diagrams by the Author.

At Anchor: Sketches from many Shores visited by H.M.S. "Challenger," with a Narrative of Experience on Sea and on Land. By JOHN JAMES WILD, Artist and Secretary to the Expedition. [*In active preparation.*

Bards and Blossoms; or, the Poetry, History, and Associations of Flowers. With Floral Plates, Illuminated in Gold and Colours. By F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A., Marlborough College.

Mrs. Mundi at Home. R.S.V.P. Lines and Outlines by WALTER CRANE. Twenty-four Plates. New Edition, cloth, Decorated by the Artist, gilt extra, gilt edges, large oblong quarto, 15/-.

"A quaint and clever book of drawings."—*Times.*

"Every picture in the twenty-four is a study in itself."—*Standard.*

"An amusing combination of humorous verse and illustrations."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The humour is so intense, and at the same time so delicate, that the most fastidious hypochondriac must be forced to laughter."—*Morning Post.*

HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL VOLUMES.

Historical Records of the 2nd Royal Surrey Militia. With Introductory Chapters, giving a Sketch of the History of the English Militia, and of events in the Military History of Surrey. By JOHN DAVIS, Captain in the Regiment. Frontispiece and numerous Full-page Illustrations specially prepared for this work. Large 8vo. 21/-.

"A mass of information which will be found sufficiently interesting, not only by the members of the Second Royal Surrey, but by the general reader as well."—*Globe.*

"The local antiquary—whether a man of peace or war—will find much to interest him in Captain Davis's pages."—*Graphic.*

"Both amusing and instructive."—*Morning Post.*

"A book which will be read with interest, not only by the militia man, but by any Englishman who cares to have accurate information about out-of-the-way subjects in the history of his own country."—*Broad Arrow.*

A History of Belfast, from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. By GEORGE BENN. Maps and Illustrations. Large octavo, 770 pp., cloth gilt. Price 21/-.

"Worthy of being regarded as a standard work of reference to the locality of which it treats."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

"In all respects this work is very complete."—*Northern Whig.*

"We are inspired with confidence in the author's ability as a historian."—*The Irish Builder.*

Digitized by Google

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

South by East: Notes of Travel in Southern Europe. By G. F. RODWELL, Science Master in Marlborough College. 102 Full-page Original and other Illustrations. 4to, cloth extra. Price 21/-.

"He is able to give freshness to his chapters by faithfully recording the ideas and impressions of a cultivated observer. . . . Descriptive passages that are admirable in their way."—*Daily News.*

"A decidedly agreeable volume."—*Graphic.*"

"Pleasant, and full of information."—*Bath Chronicle.*

"A very welcome addition to this season's best hand-books of travel."—*Standard.*

Heroes of North African Discovery. By N. D'ANVERS. Map and numerous Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra.

China, Historical and Descriptive. By C. H. EDEN. With an Appendix on COREA. Numerous Illustrations, Map, and Coloured Frontispiece by a Native Artist. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

Japan, Historical and Descriptive. A comprehensive account of Japanese History, Life, Character, and Manners. By C. H. EDEN, Author of "India, Historical and Descriptive," &c. 75 Illustrations, Map, and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"A very clear and comprehensive view of Japanese life, character, and manners."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"There have been few books at once so valuable and so accessible. . . . . Another right good work to the many rare issues of the Belfast Press."—*Art Journal.*

"A clever, cheerful book."—*Morning Post.*

"A readable and graphic account."—*Nonconformist.*

"A complete history of the growth of Japan. . . . A good, valuable, and profoundly interesting book."—*Times.*

"We know of no book of the same size which deals in so general a way with Japan, ancient and modern, political, social, and religious, as the work before us."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Written in good, easy style, and very well illustrated."—*Scotsman.*

India, Historical and Descriptive. With an Account of the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857-58, by C. H. EDEN, Author of "Ralph Somerville," &c. Sixty-six Illustrations, Map, and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"The illustrations are well executed."—*Standard.*

"A clever little book, containing an excellent and most readable account of our greatest dependency."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"An interesting volume."—*Graphic.*

Notes of Travel in Egypt and Nubia. By J. L. STEPHENS. Revised and enlarged, with an account of the Suez Canal. Seventy-one Illustrations, Map, and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"A very entertaining, well-written little volume."—*Graphic.*

"The numerous woodcuts are a great feature of the book; they are really illustrative and are well executed."—*Standard.*

"The little volume is unexceptionable."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Capitally illustrated, and in its improved form will doubtless find many new readers."—*Pictorial World.*

Digitized by Google

Books for Boys.—Tales, Travel, and Adventure.

Stirring Tales of the Sea, by S. Whitchurch Sadler, R.N.

The Flag-Lieutenant: a Story of the Slave Squadron. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

Last Cruise of the Ariadne. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"A stirring story of the sea."—*Academy.*

"A narrative of adventure that will delight any reader."—*Lloyd's Weekly News.*

"A pleasant and spirited tale."—*Spectator.*

Perilous Seas, and how Oriana sailed them. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"All through 'Perilous Seas' there is enough stirring incident to arouse, and enough good writing to sustain. the interest of its youthful readers."—*Hour.*

The Ship of Ice: a Strange Story of the Polar Seas. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"Not only a 'Strange Story,' but one full of exciting interest. . . . The author writes in a vigorous, manly style, and the book is one which most English boys, with their love of daring and adventure, are likely heartily to relish."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"A capital book of adventure."—*Manchester Guardian.*

By C. H. Eden.

Coralie; or the Wreck of the Sybille. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post Octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

Ralph Somerville; or, a Midshipman's Adventures in the Pacific Ocean. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"There is always an air of reality about Mr. Eden's descriptive passages which makes one feel that they are the result of actual experience."—*Morning Post.*

Three Years at Wolverton: a Public School Story. By a Wolvertonian. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Original Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"The best purely boy's book we have seen since 'Tom Brown.'"—*Saturday Review.*

"Well told."—*Morning Post.*

"A capital book, written in a free and interesting style."—*Civil Service Review.*

"Well conceived and worked out."—*Athenæum.*

"Written throughout with a high tone and manly spirit."—*Academy.*

"The book is manly, and has but little of the unreal sentiment which is so apt to disfigure public school stories. Bertram is a well-conceived and natural character; and school boys can get nothing but good from reading of his failures and successes. . . . We can recommend the book."—*Guardian.*

"A capital book for boys, which is likely to instil right principles to guide them in their school life."—*Blackheathen School Magazine.*

"A decidedly interesting book."—*Magdalen College School Journal.*

"Lively and well sustained, and the tone good and healthy throughout."—*Uppingham School Magazine.*

"A book which we would recommend as a useful picture of school life."—*Epsomian School Magazine.*

"Superior to the generality of schoolboy books."—*The Meteor—Rugby School Magazine.*

"Really good."—*Cheltenham College School Magazine.*

Digitized by Google

New Editions of Standard Works.

Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. Crown octavo, cloth extra. With Coloured Frontispiece and Title-page, and numerous Illustrations. Price 3/6.

"A good reprint."—*Morning Post.*

"Chiefly notable for the excellent illustrations and the coloured frontispiece and coloured portrait of Defoe."—*The Nonconformist.*

"Remarkable as possessing the very best illustrations with which any popular edition has been issued."—*Sunday Times.*

"Got up in the best style"—*Morning Advertiser.*

"A nice edition."—*Illustrated London News.*

"Will be acceptable from the number and excellence of the woodcuts with which it is adorned."—*Scotsman.*

"The book is crowded with illustrations of the most graphic character, and of universal excellence as to drawing."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Swiss Family Robinson. A New Translation from the German, with numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Crown octavo, cloth extra. With Coloured Frontispiece and Title-page and numerous Illustrations. Price 3/6.

"A charming edition."—*Morning Post.*

"A really pretty and cheap edition."—*The Nonconformist.*

"Superbly bound and profusely illustrated."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Reproduced in an attractive garb."—*Glasgow News.*

"The illustrations evince that the artist has entered very thoroughly into the spirit and humour of the story."—*Scotsman.*

"Exquisitely printed upon very fine paper, and contains an illustration upon almost every page. The chromo-lithographic frontispiece and the portrait, after Reynolds, are both excellent."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Novels and Novelettes.

Em; or, Spells and Counter-Spells. By M. BRAMSTON, Author of "The Panelled House." One volume, post octavo, cloth extra. Price 10/6.

Country Maidens: a Story of the Present Day. By M. BRAMSTON, Author of "The Panelled House," &c. With Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece, and Illuminated Title-page. Post octavo, cloth, gold and black. Price 3/6.

"A charming fresh little story, which must give pleasure to both old and young . . . deserves to be heartily commended."—*Morning Post.*

"As charming a tale of home life as we have often met."—*Standard.*

A Very Young Couple. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." With Original Full-page Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"Affords some excellent sketches of private life in pursuit of comfort under difficulties."—*Morning Post.*

"A simple story of true love, told with much grace and naiveté."—*Sunday Times.*

"A very lively and pleasant little tale."—*Spectator.*

"The young wife relates her own distress so touchingly that she quite wins our sympathy."—*Athenæum.*

"We must thank the author for having given us an hour or two of genuine pleasure, and cordially recommend the book to all readers."—*Graphic.*

"We can recommend the book to those who want a couple of hours' light amusing reading."—*Standard.*

Digitized by Google

NOVELS AND NOVELETTES.—*Continued.*

Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress. By the Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," &c. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"One of those pleasant stories, in an attractive dress, which are becoming almost a specialty of Marcus Ward & Co."—*Morning Advertiser.*

Myrtle and Cypress: a Tale of Chequered Life. By ANNETTE CALTHROP. With Original Full-page Illustrations. Post octavo, cloth extra. Price 5/-.

"The tale is altogether above the average, healthy in tone, and worked out with no little ability."—*John Bull.*

Mildred's Mistake. A Still-Life Study. By F. LEVIEN, Author of "Maggie's Pictures," &c. With Coloured Frontispiece, Illuminated Title, and Full-page Original Illustrations. Small octavo, cloth extra. Price 2/6.

"A book that young maidens will delight in."—*Academy.*

"A pleasing little story for girls."—*Pictorial World.*

Eldergowan; or, Twelve Months of my Life, and Other Tales. By ROSA MULHOLLAND, Author of "Tuck and Blossom," "The Little Flower-Seekers," &c. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black. Price 2/6.

"One of the pleasantest little books we have met for some time; charmingly illustrated."—*Illustrated Review.*

"A perfect little gem in its way."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Where the Rail Runs Now: a Story of the Coaching Days. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. With Illustrations. Small octavo, cloth extra. Price 2/6.

"There is no lack of sensational incidents, but the story is told in very simple language, and will serve to create no other than a healthy excitement."—*The Times.*

"Capitally written, and full of spirit. The interest never once flags."—*Irish Times.*

"A clever little novel."—*Saturday Review.*

"We can strongly recommend this little book."—*Spectator.*

"Sensational, but altogether unobjectionable in character."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"An exciting and thoroughly well-constructed story of the old coaching days."—*The World.*

"The author's descriptions of English scenery are picturesque and unaffected."—*Daily News.*

Told by the Sea: Tales of the Coast. By F. FRANKFORT MOORE. With Illustrations. Small octavo, cloth extra. Price 2/6.

Books of Fairy Stories.

Fairyland Tales of Dwarfs, Fairies, Water-Sprites, &c. From the German of Villamaria. Twenty-five Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

"A genuine book of fairy tales."—*Spectator.*

"The illustrations are charming."—*Sunday Times.*

"Possesses all the artistic attributes for which Marcus Ward's publications are justly celebrated."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"The translator's style is pure and graceful."—*Daily News.*

"Very quaint and graceful, and very well translated."—*Times.*

"A nicely executed and pleasantly illustrated translation."—*Saturday Review.*

"A capital little volume."—*Athenæum.*

"Will prove a welcome offering."—*Academy.*

Fairy Circles: Tales and Legends of Dwarfs, Fairies, and Water-Sprites. From the German of Villamaria. A Sequel to "Fairyland Tales." Numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Crown octavo, cloth extra. Price 3/6.

Digitized by Google

Books for Young People.

By Sarah Tytler.

Childhood a Hundred Years Ago. By the Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." With Six Chromographs, after Paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Small quarto, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 10/6.

"A very fascinating account of juvenile doings a century back."—*Graphic.*

"The chromo-lithographs are very carefully executed."—*Daily News.*

Landseer's Dogs and their Stories. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacquelline," &c. With Six Chromographs, after Paintings by Sir Edwin Landseer. Small quarto, cloth elegant, gilt edges, 10/6.

"Charming stories."—*Spectator.*

"Thoughtful and sensible essays."—*Saturday Review.*

"The chromographs are excellent."—*Standard.*

The Good Old Days; or, Christmas under Queen Elizabeth. By Esme Stuart. With Five Coloured Illustrations, from Drawings by H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards. Price 5/-.

"Not only will interest be derived from the story, but instruction as to the manners and habits of the people in the days of good Queen Bess."—*City Press.*

Melcomb Manor: a Family Chronicle. By F. Scarlett Potter. Six Illustrations, in Gold and Colours. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards. Price 5/-.

"Altogether a very pretty book, whether as regards the pictures or the story."—*Saturday Review.*

Chronicles of Cosy Nook: a Book of Stories for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece, and Illuminated Title-page. Post octavo, cloth, gold and black. Price 3/6.

"Mrs. Hall never in her best days wrote a better story for youngsters."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"This gifted lady and her husband are known to be among the finest writers of children's books in this country."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

BOOKS AT FIVE SHILLINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Chromograph Series.

Puck and Blossom: a Fairy Tale. By Rosa Mulholland, Author of "The Little Flower-Seekers," "Eldergowan," &c. Six Illustrations, in Gold and Colours. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards. [*New Edition.*

"Pretty stories, beautifully illustrated in gold and colours."—*Daily News.*

"The fairy pictures are full of life and drollery. . . . The narratives are miracles of wonder and invention."—*Daily Albion.*

The Little Flower-Seekers; or, the Adventures of Trot and Daisy in a Wonderful Garden by Moonlight. By Rosa Mulholland, Author of "Puck and Blossom," "Eldergowan," &c. With Twelve Chromographs of Flowers, by various Artists. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards.

"A charming volume."—*Daily News.*

"A pretty story. The book will charm many a girl and boy."—*Athenæum.*

"These illustrations are among the very best of an unusually prolific period."—*Morning Post.*

"One of the most graceful efforts of the season."—*The Hour.*

"Contains some of the finest coloured plates of flowers ever published, and the story is in itself telling and fresh."—*Standard.*

"A prettier book for young children we have not seen for a long while."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AT FIVE SHILLINGS FOR CHILDREN.—*Continued.*

A Cruise in the Acorn. By ALICE JERROLD. Six Illustrations, in Gold and Colours. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards. [*New Edition.*

"A simple little story, very prettily told, with illustrations in colours and gold."—*Graphic.*

"Told in a charming style, by aid of beautiful print, and illustrated in gold and colours."—*Liverpool Albion.*

Katty Lester: a book for Girls. By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author of "The Children's Voyage," &c. With Twelve Chromographs of Animals, after Harrison Weir. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards. [*New Edition.*

"A very pretty story."—*The Hour.*

"A capital book for girls."—*Globe.*

"Is deserving of high commendation for its artistic beauty."—*Figaro.*

"A delightful collection of stories for little girls, adorned with a dozen capital chromographs, after Harrison Weir."—*Times.*

The Children's Voyage; or, a Trip in the Water Fairy. By Mrs. GEORGE CUPPLES, Author of "Katty Lester," &c. With Twelve Chromographs of Ships, Boats, and Sea Views, after Edward Duncan. Foolscap quarto, cloth extra, bevelled boards.

"Well adapted to the comprehension of children."—*Standard.*

"Mrs. Cupples deserves to be congratulated on a success, and so assuredly does the artist."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

BOOKS AT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE FOR CHILDREN.

Kaspar and the Seven Wonderful Pigeons of Würzburg. By JULIA GODDARD. With Coloured Frontispiece, Illuminated Title, and Full-page Original Illustrations. Small octavo, cloth extra.

"Thank you, good Pigeons, for the very pleasant hours you have given us."—*Academy.*

"A delightful fairy tale."—*Bath Chronicle.*

"Illustrated with the artistic skill and taste for which the publishers are remarkable."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

"A charming book of its kind."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"It is fanciful, original, very readable and intelligent, and cannot fail to entertain all who pick it up."—*Midland Counties Herald.*

"A cleverly-written little story."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Dobbie and Dobbie's Master: a Peep into the Life of a Very Little Man. By N. D'ANVERS, Author of "Little Minnie's Troubles," &c. With Illustrations. Small octavo, cloth extra.

"A genuine child's story."—*Spectator.*

"A fascinating story."—*Academy.*

"The story is simply and prettily told."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"We can recommend this book with all confidence to all fathers and mothers who have a nursery of small children."—*Standard.*

Tom: the History of a very Little Boy. By H. RUTHERFURD RUSSELL. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black.

"Almost as good, in its way, as Mr. Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland.' Parents and lovers of childhood will like it much, as the childish reader is sure to do."—*Illustrated London News.*

"Its tendency is quite unexceptionable."—*Standard.*

"A very good story for boys."—*Globe.*

Tom Seven Years Old: a Sequel to "Tom." By H. RUTHERFURD RUSSELL. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black.

"The truest and purest exhibition of a natural little boy's mind that we have seen in any story of child life."—*Illustrated London News.*

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE FOR CHILDREN.—*Continued.*

Minna's Holiday, and other Tales. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black.

"Simple, pleasantly-written stories."—*Daily News.*

Doda's Birthday: the Record of all that befell a Little Girl on a Long, Eventful Day. By EDWIN J. ELLIS. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black.

"As pleasant a book as could be given to any little girl."—*Scotsman.*

"A most suitable book for girls, and one that will delight the little misses immensely."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

"A charming book."—*Daily News.*

"This book is handsomely illustrated."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"The story is told in a pleasing style."—*The City Press.*

The Markhams of Ollerton: a Tale of the Civil War, 1642-1647. By E. GLAISTER. Full-page Original Illustrations, Coloured Frontispiece and Illuminated Title-page. Small octavo, cloth, gold and black.

"Abounds with thrilling incidents of that eventful period."—*Morning Post.*

"A well-written story of the civil war, from 1642 to 1647."—*Scotsman.*

"The story of Charles I. is one that never loses its charm, and when so pleasantly and colloquially told, and embellished by such pretty and characteristic pictures as we have here, it will be sure to find a large and appreciative audience."—*Daily News.*

"A capitally-written story."—*Freeman's Journal.*

Nanny's Treasure. From the French of Madame DE STOLZ. Nineteen Full-page Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, cloth extra.

"Amusing and nicely written."—*Graphic.*

"A very delightful story for children."—*Academy.*

"Well suited for young readers."—*Pictorial World.*

"Girls can hardly find more enjoyable reading of its kind than that furnished in 'Nanny's Treasure.'"—*Irish Times.*

"The narrative is written in a healthy strain."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

The Little Head of the Family. From the French of Mdlle. FLEURIOT. Fourteen Full-page Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, cloth extra.

"Natural and pleasant."—*Times.*

"Contains some pretty pictures of French life."—*Academy.*

"Amusing and nicely written."—*Graphic.*

"Prettily told."—*Spectator.*

"A stirring juvenile story."—*Manchester Courier.*

All in a Garden Green, and Talk of a Sheet of Paper. By ELIZABETH C. TRAICE, Author of "A Forlorn Hope," "Gerard's Marston's Wife," &c. With Illustrations by T. M. LINDSAY. Small octavo, cloth extra.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AT TWO SHILLINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Two Little Cousins. By ALICE HEPBURN, Author of "Pollie and Jack." Five Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"Adorned with bright chromographs, and printed in large, clear type to suit beginners."—*Standard.*

Percy's First Friends. By M. D. Five Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"An agreeable account of the early adventures of a motherless boy."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

Five Little Farmers. By ROSA MULHOLLAND, Author of "Puck and Blossom," "The Little Flower-Seekers," "Eldergowan," &c. Five Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"Contains a number of cunningly worked-out chromo-lithographs, in which children and their domestic pets are grouped in a most artistic and effective manner."—*Figaro.*

Maggie's Pictures; or, the Great Life told to a Child. By FANNY LEVIEN, Author of "Mildred's Mistake," "Little Ada's Jewels." Five Coloured Illustrations, and Illuminated Title-page. Cloth, Illuminated.
"Will be welcome for the simplicity of its early lessons."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

The Brothers; or, Tales of Long Ago. By FANNY LEVIEN. Five Coloured Illustrations, and Illuminated Title-page. Cloth, Illuminated.

The Twin Brothers of Elfvedale: a Story of Norwegian Peasant Life. By CHARLES H. EDEN, Author of "Ralph Somerville," "India, Historical and Descriptive," &c. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"Full of adventure. . . Schoolboys will welcome the book."—*Guardian.*
"A tale of Norwegian peasant life fifty years ago, cleverly put together, told in a bright, hearty view, and telling the young reader a great deal about the rough, simple lives of Northern folk, their customs, superstitions, and amusements."—*Times.*

Our Games: a Story for Children. By MARY HAMILTON. Five Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"A pleasant little book. . . . Attractive illustrations."—*Standard.*
"Adventures of children, drawn in a charmingly natural manner."—*Guardian.*

Ella's Locket, and what it brought her. By G. E. DARTNELL. Five Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.
"Pleasantly conceived, and prettily told."—*Hour.*

BOOKS AT EIGHTEEN PENCE.

Nellie's Playmates. By HOPE MYDDLETON. Numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, Cloth extra.

The Magic Rose: a Story for Children. By BLANCHE MARY PEYTON. Numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, Cloth extra.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS AT EIGHTEEN PENCE.—*Continued.*

My Dolly. By H. RUTHERFURD RUSSELL, Author of "Tom Seven Years Old." Numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, Cloth extra.

Children of the Farm: A Tale of Country Life. With Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small octavo, Cloth extra.

Wildflower Win: the Journal of a Little Girl. By KATHLEEN KNOX. Numerous Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Small 8vo, Cloth extra.

"The very name is tempting enough to make one buy the book, which, besides a great number of woodcuts, contains a nicely painted picture of the little heroine."—*Irish Times.*

"Full of winning prattle."—*Irishman.*

"Simple, amusing, and graphic . . . cannot fail to receive the commendation of all who read it."—*Belfast News-Letter.*

"A handsome little gift-book, the pages of which will delight little ones of Wildflower Win's sex and years."—*Belfast Northern Whig.*

Lily of the Valley: a Story for Little Boys and Girls. By KATHLEEN KNOX. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"A pretty little gift-book, the value of which will be appreciated by the very youngest of readers."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Meadowleigh: a Holiday History. By KATHLEEN KNOX. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"Another of those irresistible little books for children in which Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. so cunningly combine frolicsome narrative with some of the best executed and most satisfactory coloured illustrations that have ever come under our notice."—*Figaro.*

Elsie's Victory. By ELEANOR P. GEARY. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"Sure to delight children."—*Guardian.*

Katie Summers: a Little Tale for Little Readers. By Mrs. C. HALL. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"We hardly know whether most to praise binding, printing, or literary merit."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Another tempting story of and for little people."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

Roses With and Without Thorns. By ESTHER FAITHFULL FLEET. Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"Suited to children of the tenderest years, interesting and edifying. . . . The pictures are a perfect treat."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

"Daintily decorated with delicate coloured illustrations."—*Scotsman.*

Little Ada's Jewels. By FANNY LEVIEN, Author of "Maggie's Pictures," "Mildred's Mistake." Coloured Illustrations, Cloth, Illuminated.

"An exquisite little book for children. . . . No better little book than this could be put into the hands of a good little boy or girl."—*Scotsman.*

"Nicely written, and beautifully illustrated."—*Morning Advertiser.*

Digitized by Google

CHILDREN'S COLOURED PICTURE VOLUMES.

The House that Jack Built: a New Building on the Old Foundation. Set forth in twelve Full-page Drawings, in Colours, in the Antient Style, by J. R. HARRIS. Large 4to, cloth extra, 5/-.

"An illustrated children's book, got up in a style which surpasses anything of the kind we have seen."—*Standard.*

Struwwelpeter. Funny Picture Stories in the Struwwelpeter Manner, "In merry mood for children good; with moral sad for children bad." Twenty-four pages in Colours, enamelled covers. Price 1/-.

"Much genuine humour, along with healthy, moral lessons."—*Leeds Mercury.*

ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Shaksperean Calendar. Highly-decorated Daily Date Calendar, for the Library and Boudoir. Illustrated with a scene from one of the Plays. Beautifully printed in Colours. A leaf to be torn each day from the block-tablet. The information comprises Sunrise and Sunset, Moon's Changes, Festivals, Holidays, Days past and Days to come, &c., with an appropriate Quotation from Shakspere. Price 1/-.

"Time Flieth, Time Trieth." A Calendar for the Year in Chromo-Lithography, with Poetry and General Information. Price 1/-.

Season's Calendar. Size, 4 × 2¾ inches, containing four highly-finished pictures, representing "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," and four pages consisting of Calendar and other Useful Information. Price 6d.

Pocket-Book Calendar. A Bijou Almanac, size, 1¾ × 1¼ inches, with gilt edges, suitable for purse, pocket-book, or waistcoat pocket. Price 1d.

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, AND EASTER CARDS.

An annual issue of an extensive series of new and beautiful designs in the highest style of Art, specially prepared for these seasons by the first Artists. With special poems and appropriate wishes by well-known writers.

BIRTHDAY CARDS.

A similar issue of special designs, with appropriate verses and wishes, suitable for all classes.

Digitized by Google

MARCUS WARD'S CONCISE DIARIES.

For the Pocket—Published Annually—Lightest, Cheapest, Handiest, Best.

THE CONCISE DIARIES meet the universal objection to all other Pocket Diaries—their cumbrousness and unnecessary weight in the pocket. They are beautifully printed in Blue and Gold, on a light, hard, Metallic paper, and combine the following advantages :—

1. Maximum of Writing Space.
2. Minimum of Weight.
3. Useless Matter Omitted.
4. Equal Space for Sundays.
5. Daily Engagement Record.
6. The Writing is Indelible.

THE CONCISE DIARIES are made both in "Upright" and "Oblong" form, and in Three sizes of each form.

Only one part (Three Months) need be carried in the pocket at once.

All so-called "Useful Information," which few ever read, is excluded.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"By a capital arrangement, the maximum amount of writing space is secured in these handy little books, with the minimum amount of weight, by the simple expedient of changing the Diary every quarter, instead of only once a year."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The *Concise Diaries* are singularly good in the four-part arrangement, and the finish of the leather-work leaves nothing to be desired, whilst a new patent bolt lock, which cannot readily be put out of order, stamps the present issue as the most complete series yet published."—*Standard.*

"The Diary pages are furnished *separately* in quarterly parts, ... and are much smaller and handier than they would otherwise be. It is a very good plan."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Elegant and tasteful little pocket-books, with movable diaries, divided into quarterly parts so as to save room. We have never seen anything better—if so good—of the kind."—*Fun.*

"The *Concise Diaries* are as convenient in form as they are beautiful in appearance."—*Globe.*

"Like everything published by this firm, the *Concise Diary* is handsome and handy. The Diary itself being divided into four parts, the well got-up Russia leather case, in which it is enclosed, makes the book much more eligible for the pocket than the majority of so-called pocket diaries."—*Sportsman.*

"The diary is in arrangement perfect for keeping a cash account, memoranda, and engagements, besides containing a deal of useful information. It is bound in a strong Russia pocket-book, making altogether as good a present as one would wish to give or receive on New-Year's Day."—*Hour.*

"Conspicuous for the taste displayed in their manufacture."—*Morning Post.*

"The idea is so simple, that the wonder is that nobody thought of it before."—*Daily News.*

Digitized by Google

Educational Works.

ATLASES.

Adopted by the Board of National Education in Ireland.

EDITED BY J. HARRIS STONE, B.A.

MARCUS WARD'S SIXPENNY ATLAS.

LIST OF MAPS—Fully Coloured.

Eastern Hemisphere
Western Hemisphere
Europe
Asia
Africa and Arabia
United States & Canada
Canaan or Palestine
North America
South America
England and Wales
Scotland
Ireland
Australia & Tasmania
France
German Empire
Austrian Empire and Hungary
India or Hindustan
New Zealand

The largest Sixpenny Atlas ever offered.

MARCUS WARD'S SHILLING ATLAS.

Twenty-four Maps, printed in Colours, in the best style.

WITH GEOGRAPHICAL DEFINITIONS, DIAGRAMS OF THE GLOBES, &c.

This Atlas contains extra Maps and information, suitable for more advanced pupils, is printed on strong paper, and bound in durable cloth cover.

LIST OF MAPS.

Eastern Hemisphere
Western Hemisphere
Europe
England and Wales
Scotland
Ireland
France
German Empire [Hungary
Austrian Empire and
Kingdom of Italy
Sweden, Norway, and Denmark
Switzerland
Spain and Portugal
Netherlands and Belgium
Russia in Europe
Turkey in Europe & Greece
Asia
India or Hindustan
Africa and Arabia
North America
South America
United States of America
Dominion of Canada
Australia and Tasmania
New Zealand
Canaan or Palestine

The largest Shilling Atlas ever offered to the Public.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The Sixpenny and Shilling Atlases are *marvels of cheapness*, and the Home and Portable Atlases, each containing thirty maps, with indexes to upwards of 4000 places, are *very complete for ordinary use.*"—*Guardian, March 15th, 1876.*

"The series of Atlases issued by the Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of London and Belfast, merit attention. The maps are beautifully printed and neatly coloured; the coast-lines, rivers, and mountains are clearly shown, and the names are not too crowded."—*Public Opinion, April 1st, 1876.*

Digitized by Google

MARCUS WARD'S HOME ATLAS.

Thirty Maps, printed in Colours,

From New Plates, specially engraved, with all the latest information from the best authorities, and Index to upwards of 8000 places. Crown 4to, Paper Boards, 2/-; Cloth, Extra, 2/6.

LIST OF MAPS.

Explanatory Map
Eastern Hemisphere
Western Hemisphere
Europe
Asia
Africa
North America
South America
Oceania
The British Islands
England and Wales
Scotland
Ireland
France
German Empire
Austrian Empire and Kingdom of Hungary
Kingdom of Italy
The Netherlands & Belgium
Sweden, Norway, and Denmark
Turkey in Europe & Greece
Russia in Europe
Switzerland
Spain and Portugal
Turkey in Asia, Syria, Persia, Afghanistan, &c.
India or Hindustan
The Dominion of Canada
United States of America
Australia and Tasmania
Central America and West Indies
New Zealand
Canaan or Palestine
Bible Maps

MARCUS WARD'S PORTABLE ATLAS.

Thirty Maps, printed in Colours, on one side only of Superfine Drawing Paper, with full Index.

Demy Octavo, handsomely bound in Cloth—India Rubber binding, to open perfectly flat. 3/6.

Advantages of this Atlas over others at similar or higher prices:—

1. Pictorial Illustrations of Geographical Terms.
2. Diagrams to illustrate the use of the Globes.
3. In the Maps of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Sizes of the Towns by their Populations are distinguished by varied letterings.
4. The Countries where French is spoken are shewn on one Map.
5. The Countries where German or kindred languages are spoken are shewn on one Map.
6. The whole of the Russian Empire depicted on one Plate.
7. The whole of the Turkish Empire depicted on one Plate.
8. Map of Overland Route—Mediterranean to the Indus—Asiatic Russia Khiva—Kokand—Syria—Euphrates Valley—Persia—Afghanistan—Biluchistan, &c. Illustrating the advance of the Russian Empire towards India.
9. The British Isles in one Map.
10. Several enlarged Maps of British Colonies.
11. Special Biblical Maps, for Sunday Lessons.

MARCUS WARD'S SCHOOL ATLAS.

This Atlas contains Thirty Maps, printed in Colours.

The lettering of the places is plain and readable, the Index is specially adapted for quick reference, and it will be found a most useful Atlas for Schools and Colleges. Imperial octavo, Maps folded, Decorated Cloth Cover, Elastic Binding, to open perfectly flat, with complete Index. Price 5/-.

Digitized by Google

MARCUS WARD'S EVERY-DAY ATLAS.

Thirty Maps, printed in Colours.

With Geographical Illustrations, Coloured Illuminated Title-page, and a complete Index. Imperial 4to, Strong Boards, Cloth Back, Printed Design on Side. Price 3/6.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"These Maps are cheap, well engraved, and apparently on a level with the most recent and accurate geographical information."—*Standard, March 22nd, 1876.*

". . . Marvels of cheapness, and at the same time of comparative excellence. They are all 'got up' with that artistic taste and neatness which generally characterise the publications of this firm."—*Manchester Courier, March 22nd, 1876.*

"Quite unique. . . . Admirably printed."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Atlases of Blank Projections & Outlines.

MARCUS WARD'S SIXPENNY OUTLINE ATLAS.

Sixteen Maps, Quarto, Stout Drawing Paper, Stiff Paper Wrapper.

CONTENTS.

Eastern Hemisphere
Western Hemisphere
Europe
Asia
Africa and Arabia
United States & Canada
Canaan or Palestine
North America
South America
England and Wales
Scotland
Ireland
Australia and Tasmania
France
German Empire
Austrian Empire and Hungary
India or Hindustan
New Zealand

MARCUS WARD'S SIXPENNY ATLAS OF BLANK PROJECTIONS.

Consisting of Sixteen Maps, Quarto, printed on Fine Paper, Stiff Wrapper.

SINGLE MAPS can be had from the Outline and Projection Atlases on specially prepared Superfine Drawing Paper. 1d. each.

CLASS-BOOK FOR CLASSICAL AND ART SCHOOLS.

The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with special reference to its use in Art. From the German of O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. BIANCHI, B.A., late Scholar of S. Peter's College, Cambridge. 64 Illustrations, Crown Octavo, Cloth, 3/6.

"To those who, like the Germans, are beginning to feel that the art of the ancients is no unimportant branch of classical study, a handbook like this commends itself."—*Graphic.*

"Will be received as a real boon by a large portion of the public."—*Standard.*

"To schools and to private students this book may be strongly recommended. It is likely soon to replace most cheap works on the subject."—*Sunday Times.*

☞ *Placed on the Prize-List of H.M. Department of Science and Art.*

Digitized by Google

Works on Drawing and Design.

Plants: their Natural Growth and Ornamental Treatment.

By F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A., of Marlborough College, Author of "Plant Form." Containing 44 plates, printed in Colours from Drawings made by the Author, accompanied by a careful Treatise on the subject. Large imperial 4to, cloth extra, bevelled boards. Price 21/-.

"The object of this very excellent work is to show the close relationship that exists between botanical science and ornamental art."—*Morning Post.*

Hulme's Freehand Ornament.

Sixty Examples, for the use of Drawing Classes. By F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A., Marlborough College. Imperial 8vo. Price 5/-, or mounted millboard, cloth-bound edges. 10/-.

"To the Student of Drawing this book is a mine of well-drawn examples. . . . Cannot fail to be useful to the decorative sculptor, the bookbinder, the manufacturer of textile fabrics of every description. . . ."—*Art Journal.*

☞ *Both these Works have been adopted by H. M. Department of Science and Art, for Copies and Prizes.*

Illuminating: a Practical Treatise on the Art.

By MARCUS WARD, Illuminator to the Queen. With 26 examples of the styles prevailing at different periods, from the sixth century to the present time; Chromographed in facsimile and in outline. Foolscap 4to, cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 5/-, or, in Morocco extra, 10/6.

"A very creditable and remarkably cheap little book."—*Architect.*

"The examples of illumination given to illustrate the text confer upon the book itself no slight artistic value. The treatise, with its accessories, reflect much credit upon its author."—*Morning Post.*

"An essentially useful book to draughtsmen."—*Figaro.*

"Of all the volumes that we have seen, none equals this as a compact and cheap book of instructions."—*Standard.*

"It is a complete history of the subject."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"A very useful little treatise."—*The Hour.*

Aunt Charlotte's Histories for Young Children.

Profusely Illustrated, Square Octavo, Cloth Extra, Bevelled Boards, Gilt Edges. Price 6/- each.

Stories of English History for the Little Ones.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. In Fifty easy Chapters, with a Frontispiece in Colours by H.S. Marks, A.R.A.; 50 Illustrations, and an Illuminated Title-page. New Edition, with Questions.

"So simple that a child of the tenderest years will be perfectly able to comprehend all that the writer wishes to convey . . . adorned with numerous illustrations . . . the title-page is a lovely piece of art in illuminated printing."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Digitized by Google

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S HISTORIES—*Continued.*

"An excellent and useful little gift-book."—*Scotsman.*

"Any boy or girl who fails to admire Miss Yonge's 'Stories of English History' must, indeed, be hard to please."—*Bookseller.*

"The style is simple, and the facts are such as would most interest a boy or girl."—*Globe.*

"It is well illustrated and very handsomely bound."—*Irish Times.*

☞ *A Cheap Edition of MISS YONGE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, for Schools, is now ready; with 41 Engravings, and Questions, neatly bound in cloth. Price 1/6.*

Stories of Bible History for the Little Ones.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Three Readings and One Picture for each Sunday in the Year, with an Illuminated Title-page and Frontispiece in Colours.

"Illustrations numerous and well executed."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"Embraces the whole story from the creation to the ascension; told as Miss Yonge knows so well how to tell it."—*Guardian.*

"Nicely illustrated; got up in an attractive style."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

☞ *A Cheap Edition of STORIES OF BIBLE HISTORY, price 2/–, just published.*

Stories of French History for the Little Ones.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. In Forty-eight easy Chapters, with a Frontispiece in Colours by H. STACY MARKS, A.R.A. Twelve Full-page Illustrations, and an Illuminated Title-page. New Edition, with Questions.

"The stories are well and clearly written."—*Saturday Review.*

"Charmingly bound, printed, and illustrated."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Stories of Greek History for the Little Ones.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. In Forty-five easy Chapters, with Frontispiece in Colours by WALTER CRANE, Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Illustrations.

"Miss Yonge is peculiarly fitted for the task which she has undertaken, as she has evidently a thorough feeling for the artistic sentiment which runs through the literature of classic Greece."—*Manchester Courier.*

"An extremely handsome and attractive volume. . . . marked by a simplicity and clearness of language which should bring the book within the comprehension of those to whom it is addressed."—*Scotsman.*

Stories of Roman History for the Little Ones.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. In Forty-six easy Chapters, with Frontispiece in Colours, Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Illustrations.

"Clear and interesting style. . . . . well illustrated."—*Saturday Review.*

"Admirably suited to convey to juvenile minds correct impressions concerning the manners and life of the people depicted."—*Sunday Times.*

Digitized by Google

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S HISTORIES—*Continued.*

"Told with a simple grace likely to charm her juvenile readers."—*Nonconformist.*

"We may warmly recommend as an admirable summary, calculated to amuse and impress the young mind."—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

"The work is very admirably done."—*Morning Advertiser.*

Stories of German History for the Little Ones.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. In fifty easy chapters, with Frontispiece in Colours, Illuminated Title-page, and numerous Illustrations.

A NEW SYSTEM OF SHORTHAND.

Shorthand for General Use.

By D. J. Everett, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Queen's College, Belfast. Foolscap octavo. Price 2/6.

HANDBOOK FOR AGRICULTURAL STUDENTS AND FARMERS.

Animals of the Farm: their Structure and Physiology.

By JOHN F. HODGES, M.D., F.C.S., &c. Second Edition, revised by the Author. Numerous Illustrations. Small Octavo, Cloth, 2/6.

"The simplest and best handbook of its kind that we are acquainted with, and we can confidently recommend it to those for whose use it is intended."—*Mark Lane Express and Agricultural Journal.*

"A very useful handbook, and one that can be highly recommended."—*Bath Chronicle.*

"A book for agricultural students and farmers."—*Herts Guardian.*

"We cannot recommend this work too highly: it is the production of an author of the highest eminence in his profession, and it has been well brought out by the publishers."—*Farmers' Gazette.*

"Valuable to the practical farmer as well as to the young student."—*The Sportsman.*

POPULAR SERIES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL CARDS, REWARD TICKETS, PACKETS, &c., &c.

A PACKET OF POESY. Twelve Floral Cards, printed in Colour on Black Grounds. Price 1/–. (25)

BIBLE PICTURES. Twelve scenes from Old Testament History, printed in Colours, with appropriate selections from Scripture. Price 1/–. (15)

BEES FROM THE BIBLE. Twelve Monitory Texts on Cards, with Floral Borders and various Coloured Grounds. Price 6d. (32)

BLESSINGS OF OUR LORD. Twelve Floral Cards, on Black Grounds, with verses from Holy Scripture. Price 6d. (52)

CHRIST THE FIRST FRUITS. A set of Twelve Floral Cards, with Gold Grounds, Texts, and appropriate sacred poetry. Price 1/–. (23)

COMFORTING WORDS FROM HOLY SCRIPTURE. Twelve Floral Cards. Texts from Scripture. Price 1/–. (96)

Digitized by Google

REWARD TICKETS, PACKETS, &c.—*Continued.*

FLORAL REWARD CARDS.—Two packets, each containing Twenty-four Cards, with Floral Borders in Gold and Colours. Price 6d. each. Packet A.—Sacred Verses. (21) | Packet B.—Texts of Scripture. (22)

FLOWERS OF THE MONTHS. A set of Twelve Cards, printed in Gold and Colours, with appropriate Poetry and Descriptive Notes. In Wrapper. Price 1/-. (67)

GIFTS FROM THE KING'S TREASURE. Twelve Illuminated Cards in a Packet, with Texts of Scripture selected by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Price 6d. (64)

GOLDEN PRECEPTS. A Series of Nine Floral Illuminated Texts. Size, 6¼ × 8 inches. In Three Packets, price 1/- each; or in Mounts, Gilt Bevelled Edges, 2/6 each Packet.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS FROM KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR. A set of Twelve Cards, with Floral Borders. Price 1/-. (36)

HYMNS FOR THE LAMBS OF CHRIST'S FLOCK. Twelve Cards of Birds and Flowers for Children. In handsome Wrapper. Price 1/-. (38)

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE. Transcribed and Illuminated after the manner of Religious MSS. of the Fifteenth Century. Price 6d. (33)

MEMORABLE WORDS FROM SCRIPTURE. Twelve Mediæval Illuminated Cards. Price 6d. (41)

MONTHLY MUSINGS. Twelve Illuminated Cards, with descriptive and entertaining notes concerning Birds and Flowers. Price 1/-. (39)

MOTTOES FOR THE MEMORY. Twelve Mottoes for the memory from Holy Writ, Illuminated on Floral Cards. Price 6d. (44)

PEARLS FROM THE WATERS OF QUIETNESS. Twelve Illuminated Cards in a Packet, with Texts of Scripture selected by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Price 6d. (63)

PROVERBS POETICALLY APPLIED. A set of Twelve Cards, with Floral Borders on Gold Grounds. Price 1/-. (37)

PROMISE, PRECEPT, & PRACTICE CONCERNING PRAISE. Twelve Designs, with Illuminated Texts in Panels. Price 1/-. (45)

PROMISE, PRECEPT, & PRACTICE CONCERNING PRAYER. Twelve Designs, with Illuminated Texts, in Roman Letters and Panels. Price 1/-. (53)

SACRED SELECTIONS. A set of Twelve Illuminated Cards, set in Floral Borders and Gold Grounds, with Sacred Texts and Poetry. Price 6d. (35)

SACRED THOUGHTS, in Verse. Twelve Floral Cards, with Black Backgrounds. In handsome Wrapper. Price 1/-. (24)

SAYINGS OF OUR LORD. Twelve Floral Cards, on Black grounds, with Verses from Holy Scripture. Price 6d. (51)

SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. Twelve Hymns, on Cards, with Highly-decorated Borders on Gold Grounds. Price 1/-. (54)

THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD. Twelve Scenes from the Life of Our Lord, printed in Gold and Colours, with appropriate Selections from Scripture. Price 1/-. (14)

Digitized by Google

REWARD TICKETS, PACKETS, &c.—*Continued.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP. Twelve Scripture Texts, on Floral Cards, with Gold Repp Backgrounds. Price 1/-. (46)

THE APOSTLES' CREED. A Packet of Twelve Highly-decorated Cards. In handsome Wrapper. Price 6d. (28)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. Six Double Cards Illuminated. Price 6d. (30)

THE LORD'S PRAYER. A Packet of Twelve Highly-decorated Cards. In handsome Wrapper. Price 6d. (29)

HOLY COMMUNION CARDS. Twelve Cards in a Packet, containing suitable Texts and Verses in Panels. Price 6d. (48)

CONSECRATION CARDS. "Thine for Ever," for Confirmations, etc. Twelve Coloured Illuminated Cards, with Texts and Original Verses. By FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Two Packets. Price 6d. each. (65)—(66)

WORDS OF COUNSEL from the Sacred Scriptures, Illuminated on Twelve Floral Cards. Price 1/-. (34)

WATCHWORDS FROM SCRIPTURE FOR CHRISTIAN WAY-FARERS. Eighteen Floral Text Cards, on Dark Coloured Grounds. Price 6d. (47)

WORDS OF CHRIST. Twelve Cards in Packet, with Illuminated Texts, $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$. Price 1/-. (40)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD CARDS. Twenty-four Floral Decorated Texts. Price 9d. (31)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eighteen Double Cards in a Packet, Two Designs on each, Twelve Texts Repeated Three Times. Price 6d. (26)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Twelve Cards in a Packet, Four Designs on each. Price 6d. (27)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Four Designs on each. Price 6d. (55)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Twelve Cards in a Packet, Ten Designs on each, One Hundred and Twenty Illuminated Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4} + 3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 6d. (56)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Four Designs on each, Forty-eight Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4} + 3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 4d. (57)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Eight Designs on each, Ninety-six Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4} + 3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 4d. (58)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Ten Designs on each, One Hundred and Twenty Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4} + 3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 4d. (59)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Eighteen Designs on each, Two Hundred and Sixteen Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4} + 3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 4d. (60)

Digitized by Google

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS —*Continued.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Eight Cards in a Packet, Twelve Designs on each, Sixty-four Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4}+3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 6d. (61)

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS. Ten Cards in a Packet, Twelve Designs on each, One Hundred and Twenty Illuminated Scripture Texts. Size of Card, $5\frac{1}{4}+3\frac{3}{4}$. Price 6d. (62)

POPULAR PACKETS OF TEMPERANCE CARDS.

THE WATER PACKET. A set of Twelve Cards, with Borders of Water Plants, &c., and Original Verses by S. C. Hall, F.S.A. Price 1/-.

THE TEXT PACKET. Twelve Selections from Scripture, chosen for their bearing on the subject. Beautifully Illuminated in Gold and Colours. Price 6d.

WALL GREETINGS AND TEXTS.

GOLDEN WORDS ABOUT JESUS. Six Floral Illuminated Texts. Size, $6\frac{1}{4}+8$ inches. In Two Packets. Price 1/ each; or in mounts, gilt bevelled edges, 2/6 each.

GOLDEN WORDS ABOUT THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Three Floral Illuminated Texts. Size, $6\frac{1}{4}+8$ inches. In one packet. Price 1/ each; or in mounts, gilt bevelled edges, 2/6 each.

LIGHTS FOR LIFE'S JOURNEY. Four large Floral Wall Texts in a Packet. Oblong. Size, 19+6 inches. Price 2/-.

WORDS OF CHRIST. Twelve Cards in a Packet, with Illuminated Texts. $6\frac{1}{4}+4\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Price 1/-.

A Set of Placards, "A Merry Christmas," "A Happy New Year," "Welcome." Size, $24\frac{3}{4}+9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price 3/- per set.

A Pair of Placards, Garland of Flowers with the words, "A Happy New Year to Everyone;" Garland of Fruit with the words, "A Merry Christmas to You All." Size, $34\frac{3}{4}+13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/ per pair.

A Pair of Placards, Festoon of Flowers with the words, "Welcome to our Hearth," the companion with "Welcome to our Board." Size, $34\frac{3}{4}+13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/ per pair.

Long Wall Text, "Glory to God in the Highest." Size, $68\frac{3}{4}+13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/- each. (D)

Long Wall Text, "On Earth Peace, Good-will towards Men." Size, $68\frac{3}{4}+13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/- each. (E)

Long Wall Text, "Unto us is Born a Saviour." Size, $68\frac{3}{4}+13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/- each. (F)

Long Wall Text, "Behold, I Bring you Good Tidings." Size, $68\frac{3}{4}\times13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Price 4/- each. (G)

Digitized by Google

LIST OF VERE FOSTER'S WRITING COPY-BOOKS.

1. STROKES, EASY LETTERS, SHORT WORDS.—Traced Lines under each Copy, to be written over by the Pupil. ROUND HAND.

1½. LONG LETTERS, SHORT WORDS, FIGURES.—Sanctioned by the Committee of Council as satisfying the requirements of the Second Standard, Revised Code, 1875. HALF TEXT.

2. LONG LETTERS, SHORT WORDS, FIGURES.—Guide Lines to regulate the length of Tailed Letters. SMALL ROUND HAND.

2½. WORDS OF FOUR, FIVE, OR SIX LETTERS, for Practice in forming different difficult combinations. SMALL ROUND HAND.

3. CAPITALS, SHORT WORDS, FIGURES.—Analysis of Capitals. Showing how the stiff Printed Capitals become transformed into Running Hand. MEDIUM HAND.

3½. SENTENCES OF SHORT WORDS, spaced by Perpendicular Lines. This is the first book in which Sentences are introduced. SMALL ROUND HAND.

4. SENTENCES, mostly composed of Short Words. The Perpendicular Spacing Lines are omitted in this and all succeeding numbers. MEDIUM HAND.

4½. SELECT QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKSPERE.—Principally Long Sentences. Suitable for preparing Pupils to write from Dictation. MEDIUM HAND.

5, 6. SENTENCES.—Maxims, Morals, and Precepts, in progressively Small Writing; each Line a complete Sentence. SMALL HAND.

5½. SENTENCES, in Writing of Three Sizes, continuation of preceding Books Nos. 3½, 4½, and 5. SMALL ROUND, MEDIUM, AND SMALL HANDS.

6½. SENTENCES, in Writing of Two Sizes, in continuation of Books Nos. 6 and 7. SMALL HAND.

7. SENTENCES AND CHRISTIAN NAMES.—A collection of over 200 of the Christian Names in most common use, affording scope for a great variety of Elegant Capitals. SMALL HAND.

8. SENTENCES.—One Line on each Page. This Book is prepared for those who prefer at this stage to have only one line on each page. SMALL HAND.

9. SENTENCES.—Two Lines on each Page. Smaller Writing than in any of the preceding books. Some prefer this as a Finishing Hand to Nos. 7 and 8. SMALL HAND.

10. PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL LETTERING.—Single Letters, Words, and Sentences. Alphabets in Thirty-three different Styles. The most perfect Collection yet published.

11. EXERCISE BOOK.—Wide Ruling, with Margin, for Parsing, Dictation, Composition, or other Exercises.

12. EXERCISE BOOK.—Narrow Ruling in Squares, for Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, and proportionate enlargements or reductions.

13. EXERCISE BOOK.—Ruled for Book-keeping.

HOME EXERCISE BOOK.—Same Ruling as No. 12 (but Octavo Size). Price One Penny.

COPY-BOOK PROTECTOR AND BLOTTER.—Price One Penny. Keeping the Books fresh, neat, and clean.

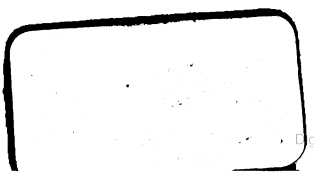
LONDON: 67, CHANDOS STREET, STRAND.

BELFAST: ROYAL ULSTER WORKS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google